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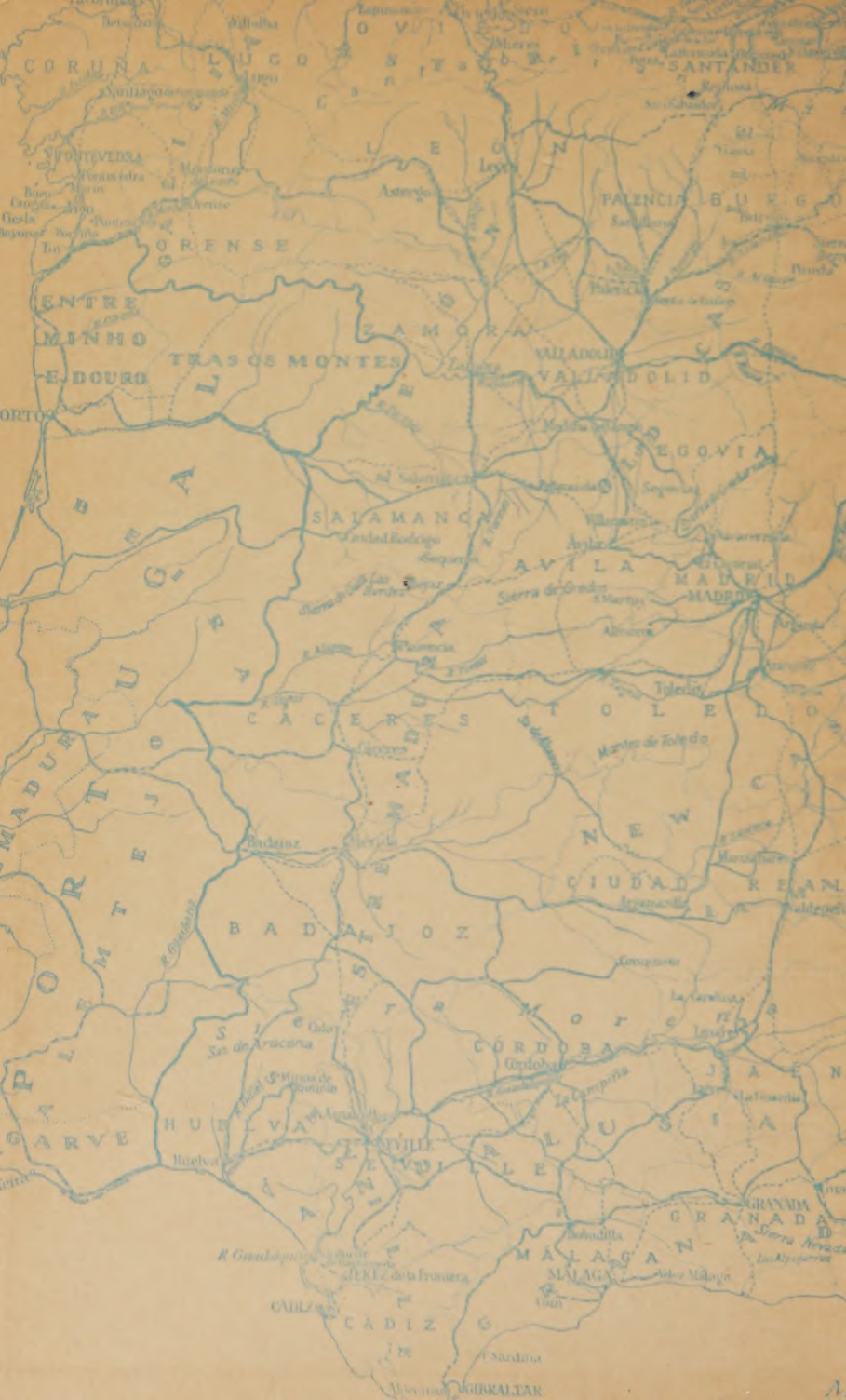
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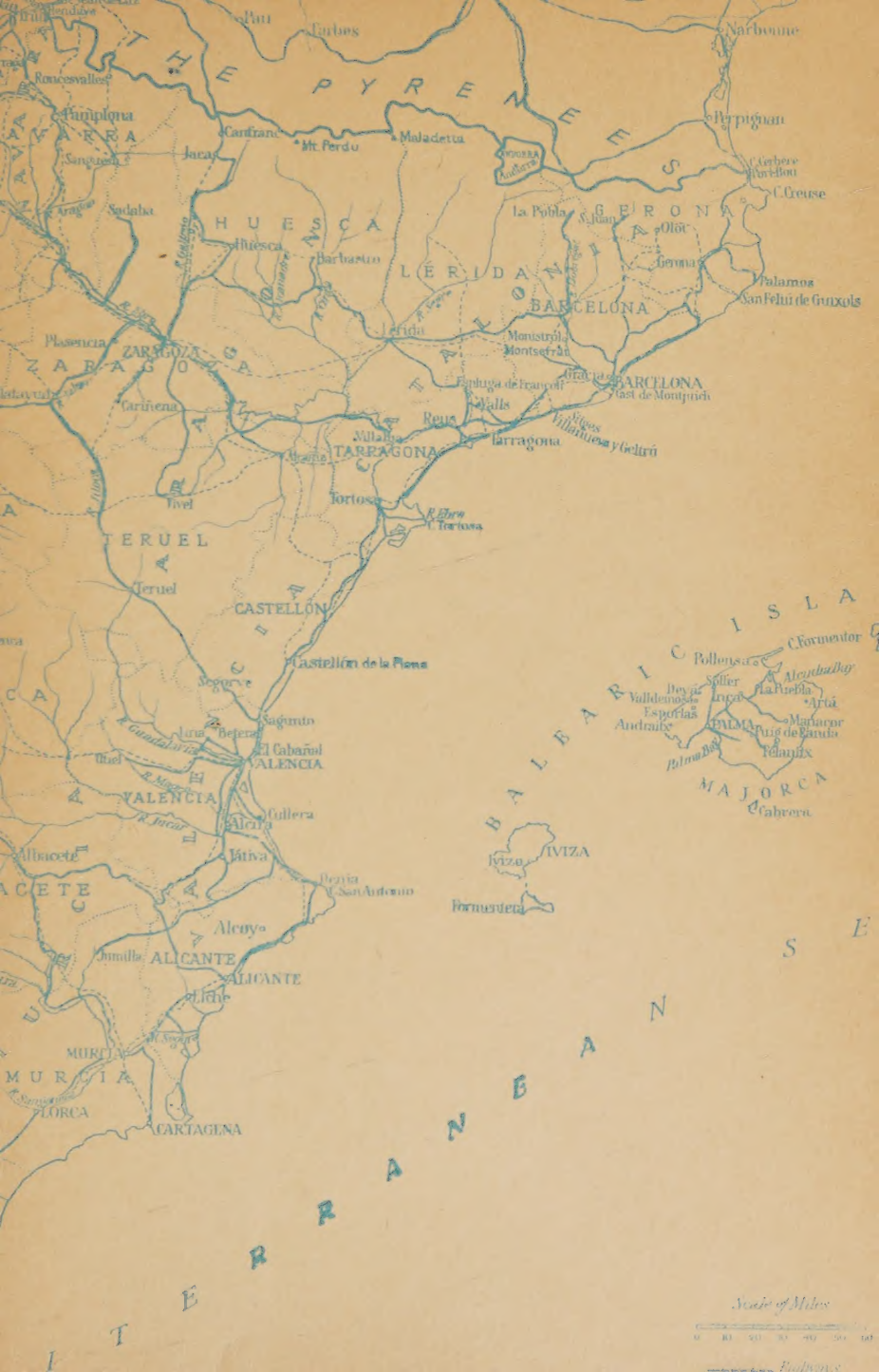
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SPAIN

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A STREET IN GRANADA
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SPAIN

A COMPANION TO SPANISH TRAVEL

By

E. ALLISON PEERS

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TO

CHARLES CARROLL MARDEN

SCHOLAR, TRAVELLER, FRIEND

WITH RESPECT AND AFFECTION

PREFACE

OFTEN, in wandering about Spain (and I have the good fortune to spend approximately one-third of every year in the Peninsula), I meet tourists from English-speaking countries who are finding themselves quite bewildered by the holiday to which they had looked forward with unmixed pleasure. As a rule they have planned a tour too comprehensive to be enjoyable or sometimes even to be practicable. Their guide-book is so full that they have long since despaired of seeing half the sights that it describes with such undiscriminating ease. Its abundant historical allusions are for the most part meaningless to them. Above all, half a hundred questions are in their mind which they are eager to put to the first informed fellow-countryman they stumble upon. Too frequently he never appears, and the questions remain unasked and unanswered.

Some few of them will be found in this volume, ready-answered before the asking. For it is written to be a companion to the tourist in Spain whose aim is to take an intelligent, though not a specialized, interest in what he sees and hears there, and who has no previous knowledge of the country beyond a few reminiscences of his schooldays.

For those who have a turn for more precise and detailed knowledge of Spanish history, literature, politics and art than this book pretends to give, I have

already edited a "Companion to Spanish Studies," written by a group of specialists.[1] I could wish that some such book might be read by all who are contemplating a tour in Spain, for I believe that the more we know of the subjects with which it deals the greater will be our appreciation of a country so much unlike our own. But this present volume has a very different aim—a more modest, but, as I believe, a no less useful one.

It contains just what I should say to my casually met dining-car companion who had asked me to talk to him about Spain. It answers most of the questions that I have been asked by compatriots abroad, and assumes the point of view that has prompted them. It mentions everything in a place that *must* be seen and nothing that is not worth seeing, at least by some. It includes a few out-of-the-way spots which deserve to be better known and which I hope it may make better known. It indicates what I believe to be the best books on Spain, of some of which at least the reader will probably be ignorant. It attempts to give an historical background which is clear and not confused with detail. Above all, it aims at cultivating in the traveller abroad the only qualities which a traveller abroad should ever aspire to—a proper humility and a sense of his own unimportance.

That I have succeeded in doing so much as this is perhaps more than I should hope for. But at least the attempt has been worth making. To go over much of the ground again with the writing of this book in view,

[1] *Spain: A Companion to Spanish Studies* (New York, Dodd Mead, 1929).

and much more in the pages of my travel-journals, has been a genuine delight. And this both for the intrinsic pleasure of such wanderings, and because I am deeply convinced that in a modern world it is as much the duty and the privilege of the professor of Spanish to teach the million outside his classroom about a country entirely unknown to them as it is to teach the twenty or thirty in a million who enter it about a country of which, after all, they know very little more. In such a spirit, and with the utmost humility and seriousness of purpose, I have approached a task, in which the only element I regret is that of the limitation of my space, and the compression consequent upon it.

My best thanks are due to the publishers and authors who have kindly allowed me to quote from their books and so lighten as well as illumine this survey.

E. ALLISON PEERS.

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL
September 1929

Note.—For practical reasons the Spanish forms of proper names are used in the text in preference to English ones—*e.g.*, "San Esteban" for "St Stephen," "San Pedro" for "St Peter."

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SPAIN

INTRODUCTION

THE glamour attending a tour in Spain is something which no possible degree of familiarity can ever obliterate. Few but those who are dead to impressions can cross the Spanish frontier or land at a Spanish port without a thrill of expectation, however many times they may have done the same thing before. Yet, though the glamour never departs, it undoubtedly changes, for in ninety-nine persons out of a hundred who make their first journey into Spain it is based upon false conceptions.

What does the man in the street expect to find when he leaves for his month's holiday in Spain? Intense heat, skies of Southern blueness, orange-groves, plantations of olives, roses blooming all the year round in a land which knows no winter! These conceptions are quite clearly defined, and quite unalterable. Should he be travelling in a part of the country where such conditions do not obtain, he merely remarks, with profound conviction, "This *is not Spain,*" and proceeds to go in seach of the "real Spain" until he find it.

The other parcel in his conceptual baggage is a bundle of vague ideas which fortunately he is quite prepared to discard should experience show them to be false, as experience always does. These ideas, in a well-read man, are derived from Victor Hugo and

George Borrow, with a spice of Gautier, De Amicis, or Blasco Ibáñez, and flavoured with an antiquated edition of Baedeker; in a man who reads little their source is the exaggeration of those same elements as found in the daily Press. The sum total of such ideas is represented by the words brigands, bullfights, guitars, mantillas, castanets, daggers, Inquisition. True, there is generally a notion that these elements are not as strongly represented in Spain as they were, and even that one or two of them may be vanishing. But this degree of vagueness is part of the charm which unknown Spain can wield over foreigners. Spaniards describe any admixture of the ideas that we have enumerated as the "Black Legend." They submit to its misrepresentations placidly, and, remarking with satisfaction that no foreigner passes through their country without suffering disillusionment on this score, are content to wait patiently until the penetration of Spain shall be complete and the disillusionment universal.

Little by little, as this survey of Spain proceeds, it will be seen how largely without foundation are these basic ideas of the English-speaking tourist for whom it is written. Yet it must not be supposed that, if he gradually rejects them, his interest in the country will be over. For every attraction that he had thought to find in Spain and the Spanish people he will find two. It would be premature at this point to describe these, disastrous to relegate the appeal of Spain to the "dull catalogue of common things." In the course of

the introductory remarks to a tour in Spain which follow they should gradually become apparent.

Climates and Seasons

The first thing about which to warn the intending tourist is that if he intends to see any considerable proportion of the country he is not going to "Spain" so much as to "the Spains": that climate, flora, fauna, landscape, type of inhabitant, character, occupations, dialect, and many things more differ, not slightly, or even merely noticeably, but intensely and fundamentally between north, south, east, west, and centre. If he believes this, and is wise, he will limit his first month to one region, or, if his chances of returning to Spain are few, and the temptation to see more than this of the country is too strong for him, he will at least refrain from attempting to rush over the whole ground covered by this book in half as many days as it has pages.

Assuming such limitation, or assuming alternatively a stay in Spain of a year or more, the different months might be planned out thus. Entering the country by Port-Bou late in September, spend the end of that month and the month of October in Aragon and Catalonia, work your way down the Spanish Riviera as far as, or beyond, Valencia in November, and cross to Majorca in December, where that month and January can be pleasantly spent in comparative warmth and sunshine. Some time in February the leisurely journey down the Southern Spanish Riviera might be recommenced, and carried as far as Cartagena. From

this town proceed by boat or brief instalments of the railway-train to Gibraltar and Algeciras, visiting Almería, Málaga, and Cádiz, but avoiding Granada, which is apt still to be cold. March may safely be spent in Andalusia, and the first week or two of April in Granada. From Granada take a direct express to Madrid, and devote the rest of the month and the whole of May (it is unlikely to be too hot) to Castile—the heart of Spain—travelling as far north as Palencia or Burgos, and continuing in June, *via* León, into Galicia. For the end of June and July, leaving the central plateau as the heat becomes oppressive, you have the whole of Galicia to wander in, and, if you will, Asturias, August is pre-eminently the month for the Santander country, as the Spanish royal family knows. In September, when the Court moves from Santander to San Sebastián, move with it: for hot days there is its exquisite *plaza* and there are also numerous excursions to be made by motor-car or *char-à-banc* into the Pyrenees. On the anniversary of the day on which you entered Spain by its eastern gate of Port-Bou you can leave it by the Canfranc Tunnel or by the western gate of Irún.

This itinerary, drawn up for the leisured, will also give some indication of where best to spend a few weeks only. Generally speaking, travellers should be advised to see Castile, by preference, in April, May, and October; to avoid Galicia, Asturias, and Santander except from July to September; to leave the Murcia district as early as the middle of April, the Southern Riviera a little later, and the Northern Riviera by June. Andalusia and Majorca are pleasantly

warm for most of the winter; neither becomes too hot for comfort before late in May; but, in all parts of Spain where the summer is very hot, September is a trying month, and there is frequently a continuance or a recrudescence of intense heat late in September or even in October. The most difficult place for which to plan a stay is Madrid. In spite of what has been said above, April and even May can be both cold and wet there, while February is not infrequently a month of precocious spring, almost comparable with summer. Perhaps the least uncertain and most favourable month for the capital is October.

It will probably be unnecessary to add, after what has already been said, that one's portmanteau, even in summer, should contain an assortment of thick clothing. For one thing, the nights can be exceedingly cold; for another, the chill of dark cathedrals is something more easily remembered than imagined, and a coat to be thrown on as one enters them and taken off outside is a great convenience. In Castile, again, the difference between the shady side of a street and the sunny side is much greater than in a climate less extreme and in places of a lower altitude.

Expense and Equipment

The changing conditions of life in Spain make it impossible to give any figures under the head of expense which may be taken as even approximately reliable, but it is fairly certain that, unless totally unforeseen events occur, travel and life there will con-

tinue, judging by European standards, to be moderately expensive. Not so long ago Spain was one of the cheapest countries in Europe; but prices are now moving upward, not rapidly, but so determinedly that it is unlikely to be as cheap again for some time to come, as the exchange does not greatly vary. On the other hand, so many of the necessities of life must always be comparatively inexpensive in Spain that hotel costs, which are largely confined to bare necessities, are unlikely to rise unduly.

The one thing that is excessively dear in almost any form is comfort. Spaniards have the lowest standards here, partly because their winter, in many provinces, is not a long one. Fortunately but little comfort is necessary on a short vacation in more or less desirable weather; if the reader who has discovered this, however, should contemplate setting up house in Spain for a twelvemonth or more he would find that either discomfort or considerable expense would be unavoidable.

On equipment but little need be spent for a Spanish holiday. Evening clothes are worn in hotels very rarely; tropical dress is never essential, and only advisable in the hottest parts of the country in the height of summer. Much more luggage can be placed on the racks of railway-carriages than any regulations permit, so old portmanteaux, which one might not care to register as baggage, may be used with impunity. In the smaller towns of Spain, on the other hand, it is astonishing what simple articles can by no means be purchased; only in Madrid and Barcelona is it safe

to assume that anything is obtainable which can be bought without much trouble in one's own country. Forethought in preparing one's outfit is therefore advisable. Further, since the sudden changes of climate and violent changes of diet are apt to produce occasional alarming, though not generally serious, indispositions, it is advisable to include in one's kit whatever homely remedies for simple ailments one believes to be invaluable.

One piece of equipment is too often forgotten, which weighs nothing and costs but little—some knowledge of the Spanish language. From what is shortly to be said of the Spanish character it will be gathered that not only is it rare to find Spaniards speaking English with any fluency, but that even one's humblest efforts at speaking Spanish are met very much more than half-way and are taken at very much more than their face value of marks of *simpatía*. Let the most unlearned traveller, then, purchase a phrase-book and get by heart a few score of the most essential words and phrases. Let those with any gift for languages attend some Spanish classes as a preliminary only less indispensable to a smoothly running journey than the possession of a passport. And, above all, let those who have any Spanish not hesitate to use it on every possible occasion. They will soon find that the little they know is doubled!

Roads and Railways

The slowness and infrequency of Spanish railway-trains lead many tourists who have arrived in Spain

by rail or sea to hire a car whenever they have an excursion to make of any length, simply because this is the only practicable method, as often as not, of going where they wish. Many of the main roads—such as those from Madrid northward, from Irún to Santander and beyond, and from Barcelona in all directions—are excellent and well kept. Every year sees them improving, and every year marks a sensible increase in the number of private cars, *chars-à-bancs,* and motor-omnibuses, the last named of which penetrate to all kinds of remote districts where a railway-train has never been seen by the majority of the inhabitants. At the same time, the motorist will do well to make full inquiries of every kind before committing himself to a lengthy tour for which his time is at all limited. Spanish roads at their worst can probably be worse than he has ever imagined, and it is often only a step from the main road where kilometrage is good and garages are frequent to the little-used "secondary" road which is so much "beaten" as to be hardly better than a "track."

It is of interest nowadays to read Richard Ford's description of Spanish railways in his *Gatherings from Spain,* of which the date is 1846. Even in those early days, though the "mania of England" had "surmounted the Pyrenees," its progress was "confined rather more to words than to deeds." The same may be said of the progress that has been made in this direction since Primo de Rivera's advent to power in September, 1923. A few small achievements have been effected, but the future tense predominates in any

account of the much-needed improvements, and Ford's prophecy that before long Spain would "jump at once from a medieval condition into the comforts and glories of Great Britain, the land of restless travellers," has not altogether been realized. Let any traveller take a time-table, or even a railway map, and plan a journey from Valencia to Madrid, from Santander to La Coruña, or from Algeciras to Seville, and the results will speak more eloquently than any diatribe. Unhappily for their own progress, Spaniards are not discontented enough with their railway-system for improvements to take place quickly, and if "restless travellers," or even restive ones, are to be found in Spain they are invariably foreigners.

Yet, except when one is travelling for business, Spanish train journeys have an interest, if not a fascination, which they wholly lack elsewhere. The trains may be slow and infrequent, but with rare and glaring exceptions they are usually punctual, and the carriages are at least as clean as corresponding ones in France. Tickets are uniformly cheap, especially the convenient and widely used *kilométrico*. The pleasure of the journeys depends, however, less on these things than on the exceptional friendliness of the people. Somebody once defined the radical antithesis between a Briton and a Spaniard as consisting in their respective attitudes to travellers in the same railway compartment. The Briton entrenches himself behind his paper at the approach of an enemy; the Spaniard returns the "Good morning" of a totally unknown friend.

Once in Spain, throw off your reserve, and no rail-

way journey, be your Spanish ever so small, will for long seem dull. First-class travelling (recommended, for safety's sake, by guide-books and tourist agencies) is indeed sufficiently formal to ensure a degree of privacy for those who wish it. Third-class travelling is often affected by many who really see nothing agreeable in it except cheapness: it is not every one who can join in the rollicking mirth of a coach full of peasants, or cheerfully, for hours on end, witness the endless and oily meals of humble but enormous families. But in the second-class carriage (if the train is not one of those that carries none) the foreign tourist can mix freely with his fellow-travellers, one and all of whom will be anxious to amuse him, talk to him, educate him, help him, and even feed him. As to the last manifestation of friendship, it is as usual for a Spaniard to offer a stranger a share in his meal (*¿Usted gusta?*) as it is to greet him with a *Buenos* (*días*) or *Buenas* (*tardes*) on entering the railway-carriage. It is equally usual to refuse, pleasantly, with *¡Que aproveche!*, after which the invitation will not be pressed. On the other hand, a foreigner who has established friendly relations with a native will frequently be the recipient of small attentions which it would be churlish indeed to refuse. He will be offered a cigarette, a newspaper, a sweetmeat. On the hottest summer day his companion may buy him a sugar-coated cake at a wayside station: it must be accepted, and eaten, in grateful recognition of the generous, expansive spirit which prompts the kindness.

All kinds of ever-recurring incidents connected with

railway travel in Spain will for long crowd the traveller's memory. The scenes of departure at any railway-station by any train of the day: the kissings and rekissings, the clappings on the shoulder, the ejaculations, deeply heaved sighs, and even floods of tears. The crowds at the village stations: the lottery-ticket sellers, maimed beggars, and water-bearers. The cheery face of the ticket-collector, who walks along the footboard whatever may be the speed of the train, and, returning your ticket with a charmingly deferential little motion of the hand, is quite prepared to come in and chat to you if you invite him. The late arrival at some junction of a *mixto* or a *correo* (mail-train, stopping at every station for the letters); the hurried exit of eighty per cent of the passengers to the amazingly large restaurant, brilliant with many electric lights and gay with piled dishes of oranges and bottles of wine; the serving in a bare twenty minutes of a five-course meal followed by luscious *membrillo* (quince cheese), fruit, and coffee, and the final shout, from the outer darkness, of *Señores viajeros, al tr-e-e-en,* which empties the restaurant, but far less rapidly than it filled. . . .

These memories, and many more, are shared by all who know Spain, save by the few who travel exclusively in south-expresses bound for international hotels in cosmopolitan cities.

Hotels and Boarding-houses

Needless to say, to stay in the international hotel is to surround oneself with barricades through which it

is difficult to see the real Spain at all. Occasionally, no doubt, such places are pleasant, convenient, or necessary; at least one of them (p. 130) is as well worth visiting as are many places starred in guide-books. But as a general rule, and by those not completely ignorant of Spanish, they are best avoided: so inevitably do their haughty or condescending *concierges* who speak English betray them that there is seldom any fear of "descending" in them (as the French say) by mistake. The second-class hotels in most towns, or the best hotels (often called *fondas*) in the villages, can be relied upon in several important particulars. Though their public rooms are few and small and their sanitary arrangements poor, the former drawback is unimportant to holiday-makers and the second is shared by a surprising number of hotels with first-class prices. Against both can be set the facts that they are not expensive, allowing *pension* rates for a stay of as little as twenty-four hours, that electric light is everywhere, the bedrooms are large, the bed-linen is clean, the service (if sometimes careless) is continuous and cheerful, and the meals are plentiful enough for there always to be something to one's taste.

To many who visit Spain for the first time these same meals are a real tribulation. Coffee and rolls at eight (*desayuno*) they have learned to appreciate in France and Switzerland, but to have to wait for a second meal (*almuerzo,* more commonly called *comida*) till one, one-thirty, or two, and then to find that it consists of anything up to eight courses, is a double shock, trying both to the body and to the spirit. That there is no

further meal (*comida,* generally called *cena*) till nine, nine-thirty, or ten is the final blow, and to find at such hours children of tender years plodding through the same number of courses as at luncheon passes a foreigner's understanding. Some tourists inure themselves to these habits, at the cost, occasionally, of considerable physical inconvenience. Others find that a judicious indulgence in "elevenses" makes it possible both to endure until the luncheon hour and to choose cautiously from the menu when it comes. Still more break the later fast with afternoon tea or its equivalent at the un-American hour of six or six-thirty, in which habit, as the crowded and rapidly increasing teashops of Madrid bear witness, the Spaniards themselves are joining them.

In general the discomforts of the second-class hotel in Spain are more than compensated by the almost limitless amount of willing personal service which the staff, however small, continually renders. There is a certain standard, too, below which a hotel that advertises and has its *coche* at the railway-station seldom falls. One can rely therefore, with few exceptions, upon such houses, and book one's accommodation at them beforehand. The *pension,* on the other hand, or *casa de huéspedes,* is to be approached more warily. Madrid, especially in the Gran Vía quarter, has some excellent ones, complete with central heating (turned off, however, on April 1), electricity, telephone, and bathroom. But only in two or three other cities can these be paralleled, and too often the boarding-house in Spain is dirty, malodorous, and insanitary. Nor

should rooms in so-called private families be engaged except after an inspection of them or on unexceptionable recommendation. Spaniards of the better class do not as a rule receive paying-guests in their homes, a fact which one may often regret, but is forced to bear in mind.

It is not unusual for a foreigner, after booking his rooms in advance at a small hotel, to be met at the station by a plausible and ingratiating youth in a peaked cap, who gravely informs him that the hotel he has chosen is closed, its proprietor being dead, bankrupt or in prison, and offers to take him, for the mere love of the thing, to some other hotel or boarding-house which is *muy de confianza* (quite safe). Needless to say, such offers should always be rejected. A taxi-driver will confirm or refute the information, a guide-book will suggest hotels of a similar class if it be correct, and the philanthropic youth will lose both the substantial *propina* to which his services might seem to entitle him and the no less substantial commission from the hotel which he chooses—this, needless to say, is added mentally by the proprietor to the price of the room before he quotes it.

Since the reception by tourists of letters and parcels is intimately bound up with hotel life, some comments may here be interpolated on the Spanish postal system. In some respects this is exceedingly efficient, and in no respect is it as bad as it is frequently said to be. The fact remains, however, that from unexplained causes letters are continually lost in transit both within

Spain and to and from foreign countries:[1] for this reason Spaniards make free use of registration for important letters, manuscript, and even newspapers, as well as for coin and jewellery. The safety of incoming letters from abroad is best ensured by this means, and by instructing correspondents to write legibly, to avoid the mystic appendage "Esq.," and to use the form of one's name that one uses oneself when filling in the hotel's form of arrival. Any doubts of the integrity of a hotel staff may be dismissed by attending the postman's infrequent arrivals or by collecting one's letters from the *poste restante* (*lista de correos*) at strictly limited and sometimes inconvenient hours. It should be added that parcels may take weeks to arrive from abroad and that the articles most frequently lost are newspapers.

The loss of outgoing letters may to some extent be avoided by the precaution of posting them always oneself, at the General Post Office and not in *estancos,* as well as by registration. Stamps may be bought at *estancos,* but the charming consideration with which they are wrapped in paper for the buyer should not blind him to the usually complete ignorance of the sellers on all matters concerning foreign postage.

Sight-seeing and Amusements

So entirely is sight-seeing, in any country, a matter of temperament that there will always be those who

[1] Some indication of the extent of this inconvenience may be given here: in April and May 1928, in Madrid, I lost seven letters and five newspapers out of a total mail, in both directions, of about 300. I have never had personal experience of any registered packet being lost at all.

prefer seeing thirty places in a month to three, and who will pay no attention to any suggestions on what to leave out when a stay can only be a brief one. Others, who have learned that restfulness in sight-seeing brings a rich store of memories, and that what is best worth appreciating in a foreign land cannot possibly be described in a guide-book, will give serious consideration to the attempt made in these pages to revise certain established and received proportions. They may not agree with the revision, which is a frankly personal one, but they will at least not leave it out of account. Could this book persuade all who use it in Spain to spend not less than two nights in Toledo, to give as much time to Tarragona as to Valencia, to visit other parts of Granada than the Alhambra, and to spend an August in the province of Santander, in spite of its neglect by Baedeker, it would in that respect alone, have served a good purpose.

Equally temperamental is the love of examining each of the trees in a wood while omitting to give more than a glance to the wood as a whole. Perhaps in Spain the temptation to do this is greater than elsewhere. Every great cathedral, besides its chief treasures, has a countless number of objects of small interest, together with a throng of unofficial "guides" clamouring to "explain" them. Guides should at all times be refused unless they can produce evidence of their authority to grant admission and competence to describe. More emphatically still should no encouragement be given to the urchins who haunt tourist centres such as Toledo, Granada, and Seville, and accompany any

foreigners who show the slightest disposition to utilize their so-called services or give them pennies. To take no notice of these, beyond dismissing them with a brief and preoccupied *¡Anda, anda!,* is not only to save oneself annoyance, but also to render a necessary, if slight, public service.

The problem of the beggar, so far as it affects the tourist, is chiefly concerned with these ragamuffins, and with older persons who approximate to them in type and should know better. The method of dealing with them is to give them no encouragement of any kind: they will seldom persist for very long, though they may reappear. Genuine beggars, sitting at street corners or at the entrances of churches, will never do more than hold up a maimed limb or a collecting plate. They receive considerable attention from Spaniards: whether the foreigner gives to them or not is a matter for himself only. He can at least speak to them, or look at them, kindly, and have no fear of resulting molestation.

The sightseer will often find himself in Spanish churches, for "the most Catholic country in Europe" has never failed to consecrate its greatest art to the highest purposes. Since many of the smaller churches, and the side-chapels of the cathedrals, are closed for the day after Mass has been said in them, it is as well to be afoot early and do one's business with the sacristan, where business is necessary, as soon as Mass is over. Good taste would presumably deter one from attempting to visit a chapel or a small church while a service was going on in it, but the larger churches and

cathedrals are often so vast that it is quite permissible, and usual, to wander in them while High Mass or other offices are being sung in the choir (*coro*) and sanctuary (*capilla mayor*). At the same time, since it is precisely in those parts of the church that there is most to be seen, the habit of applying for permission to visit them after the principal Mass is in general recommendable.

In visiting museums and picture-galleries it is advisable to avoid days when admission is free, and the buildings are crowded to suffocation. It is by no mere chance that the Board of Education in Spain has come to be named "Ministry of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts." The love of art is so widespread in the lower classes as to make public collections, of which the greatest is the Prado in Madrid, true popular resorts in every sense of the word. A corollary to this statement is the advice that the days of free admission should by all means be chosen by visitors who are less interested in Spanish pictures than in the Spanish people.

It is for the traveller to decide how far he is anxious to witness the most widely advertised of Spanish festivals—such as Holy Week in Seville and Málaga (when here, as elsewhere in Spain, and during the week preceding, all pictures and statues are veiled), Feria at Seville, Corpus at Granada, and St. James's Day at Santiago de Compostela. In all these he will see much that is typical and much also that is extravagant and in no way beautiful. The most important point which

many will take into account is that in the majority of hotels, at such seasons, prices are *exactly doubled.*

Concerts, theatres, and cinemas in Spain are not widely patronized by tourists. Concerts are seldom devoted to the music of Spain, nor does the *cine* often show pictures of home production. The theatre is another matter. Even the stranger ignorant of Spain will pronounce the *zarzuela,* and other types of light entertainment, agreeable, while the student of Spanish literature, though he may regret the infrequency of the classical plays belonging to the Golden Age, will find Benavente, Marquina, Linares Rivas, the brothers Álvarez Quintero, and other modern dramatists quite enjoyable. The hours of the performances (from 10.30 P.M. or thereabouts till 1 A.M.) are to foreigners their principal drawback. This is, of course, a result of the lateness of the dinner-hour; but there are also *matinées,* which begin at about the hour at which the Spaniards comes out from the *café* or teashop.

In spite of the amazing and comparatively recent spread of *fútbol,* the national recreation of Spain remains the bullfight, which shows no signs of being ousted from its position at present. Nor are English-speaking people likely to convince Spaniards of its cruelty while it is patronized by the vast majority of English-speaking tourists. Most of these, it is true, go only to one *corrida;* many of them, to the amusement, or sometimes the annoyance, of the spectators, make a hurried exit early in the performance; few can fairly be said to care for it, still less to be avowed *aficionados.* Yet it is a pity that the enlightened and

cultured Spaniard who has never witnessed a *corrida,* and would gladly see the bullfight suppressed, finds no greater support from nations to whom he owes so many of the ideals which he cherishes. Tourists in Northern Spain who prefer to see *fútbol* at home and dislike the bullfight can find ample consolation in the interesting and manly Basque game called *pelota,* a kind of fives, which demands great skill and draws huge crowds, both in the Spanish Basque country and in that of France.

The Spanish People

It will be readily understood that in a country as large as Spain, with so many different climates, and with communications none too efficient to-day and in the past infinitely worse, regional characteristics are accentuated to a degree which is quite surprising. Spain is not one, but many, and the differences so commonly remarked between the Castilian and the Catalonian are no greater than those between the graceful and somewhat indolent Andalusian, with his boisterous and occasionally disconcerting mirth, and the reserved and industrious Galician, the hewer of wood and drawer of water for the whole of the country. Many of the characteristics of the natives of regions about to be described will emerge in the pages which follow. These being taken into account, it is not impossible to outline briefly the salient features of the Spanish character.

The first trait, as has already been suggested, which strikes the tourist is the geniality and generosity of the

UNA CHARRA, SALAMANCA
Photo Gombau

CORRIDA DE FERIA
Wynne Apperley, R. I
By permission of the Artist

Spaniard, coupled with a courtesy which often becomes courtliness and is perhaps most noticeable, partly because least expected, among the lower classes. The saying that "every Spaniard is a gentleman," if the individual exceptions inevitable to any such generalization be allowed for, falls if anything short of the truth. The innate good manners of those who, by standards of book-learning, are least educated cannot fail, in the most superficial traveller, to excite admiration.

Closely connected with the Spaniard's geniality to strangers is the importance which he attaches to *simpatía* (a word, like its adjective *simpático,* untranslatable into English, but easily understood). This quality he possesses in large measure, and welcomes, often effusively, in others. Therefore, not only in travel for pleasure, but even more emphatically in business relations, it is essential to learn to understand the Spaniard both individually and collectively.

The pride of the Spaniard in his country is perhaps less apparent superficially, since he never ceases to dissemble by "running it down." But he is quick to appreciate the appreciation of others, whether applied to his nation, his *tierra* (native district), or his *pueblo* (native town). In a way which the Anglo-Saxon does not always understand, he is deeply religious. He is a strange mixture of mysticism and realism, is richly endowed with the dramatic sense, and learns less easily from books than from drama and picture. Above all, he is capable, to such a remarkable degree, of self-expression that Spanish mediocrity often cloaks itself

in eloquence and parades as genius, and even a foreigner thoroughly conversant with his Spain cannot always penetrate the disguise.

It is an unhappy thing for Spain that the word *mañana* should have become so firmly rooted in the Black Legend, for that the Spanish people are in general apt to procrastinate the best friend of Spain cannot deny. The Catalans, Basques, and Galicians, however, display this trait less markedly than their fellow-countrymen. All Spaniards love to do things, in their own phrase, "reposefully," detest hustle, and are often suspicious even of efficiency. The moral of all this is that the foreigner will be happiest in Spain if he can take as his motto "Have patience"—and live up to it. The lesson is a hard one to learn, but none of us is the worse for learning it, and, quite apart from its intrinsic value, the results that can be achieved by those that have mastered it are unbelievable.

PART I

CHAPTER I

THE WESTERN GATE

THE exits and entrances of Spain are as varied as only those of a peninsula can be. Those who approach it from the sea have the choice of landing at Lisbon and taking the main-line train across Portugal to Madrid or the slow and tiresome route by Badajoz to Seville and the south; of entering the country at its southernmost town of Algeciras; of cruising in the Mediterranean till they arrive at Barcelona (Chapter XV); of choosing the north-westerly ports of Vigo or La Coruña (Chapter XIII) or the northern one of Santander (Chapter X), which is often the most convenient. The larger proportion of travellers, preferring a more flexible time-table, or fearing to commit themselves to the deep, make Paris their first objective, and depart thence for the Western or Eastern Pyrenees, according as their ultimate destination is the capital of Spain (Chapter III) or its counter-capital, Barcelona, and the Spanish Riviera (Chapter XVII). Until recently they had the choice of two frontier-stations only: Irún, the western gate of Spain, which will be described in this chapter, and Port-Bou, the eastern gate, described in Chapter XIV. In July, 1928, however, the Canfranc Tunnel, or western trans-Pyrenean route,

was opened, and the journey from Paris to Madrid shortened considerably, as a glance at any map will show. Before long the eastern trans-Pyrenean route will be inaugurated also, opening up a picturesque and comparatively unknown district of which the principal feature is the republic of Andorra. Both these routes will be treated more fully in a future volume of this series, to be devoted to the Pyrenees.

We shall make our first entrance into Spain by what has always been the traditional route for travellers to Madrid by railway—the most westerly entrance of Irún. It is by no means impossible that the *détour* which it involves may always be thought worth making, for speed in travelling is not all-important for holiday-makers on new ground, and the Irún itinerary is a very attractive one. Southward from Bordeaux the electrified railway runs through scenery which begins by being picturesque, and, before the frontier is reached, becomes little short of perfect. The traveller may break his journey without effort among the pine-woods and bracken of the Landes, and run out, a few miles only from his beaten track, to unspoiled little resorts like Capbreton, Hossegor, and Vieux-Boucau. He may alight at Bayonne, the twin spires of whose cathedral are hardly less appealing than those of Burgos, in Spain. He may visit Biarritz, a cosmopolitan resort, or Bidart and Guéthary, both of which, though much smaller, are rapidly becoming like it; or he may stay awhile in Saint-Jean-de-Luz, nearer the frontier still, and linger along the stretch of lovely coast-line which leads from that town to

Hendaye. All the time he will have the sensation of getting nearer and nearer to the South. The houses are becoming whiter; everything is becoming brighter. Snow-white villas sparkle in the brilliant sunshine, and the Cantabrian Sea grows bluer and bluer as one vista of it after another is revealed.

The French frontier-town is Hendaye, another *plage* which has become increasingly popular, both with the French and with the Spanish, since the close of the Great War. Scarcely has the international bridge been traversed when the train draws into Irún, and we need go no farther than the station platform, in changing our train, to realize that we are in another country. The French, after all, on a railway journey are very much like ourselves—and as businesslike and as reasonably helpful officials will be found at Hendaye as in Paris. But at Irún, if those who serve us are less businesslike (and they are by no means always so), their helpfulness to those who can understand their language is enhanced by the air of geniality and the grave, leisurely courtesy, so characteristically Spanish, which make us at once feel at home.

The soft tread of the slippered porters is typical of the softness of their manners. You can tell them all your plans, and they will map out your time for you unasked—show you the restaurant, the ticket-office, the *bureau de change,* pilot you to each in turn, and guard your luggage safely while you break your fast or dine. The white-gloved Customs officer will examine your trunks with extreme and deliberate thoroughness, but also with extreme care not to disarrange

them. Should you protest at his surcharging any of their contents, he will be in no way influenced by your arguments, but he will listen to them patiently and sympathetically before regretting that the duty should be payable. The ticket-collector will as likely as not wish you "Buen viaje"; and if you show the slightest disposition to enter into conversation on your route or probable experiences on the journey he will as likely as not discuss them with you for as long as you will let him.

San Sebastián

From Irún two principal railway-lines run together as far as San Sebastián, and it is at this delightful watering-place—the Biarritz of Spain—that the traveller should break his journey, rather than at Irún, an uninteresting modern town, of which the only attraction is the little *plage* (which we must now call by its Spanish name of *playa*) of Fuenterrabía. San Sebastián, on the other hand, sophisticated as it is, can offer some magnificent views of sea and mountain, excellent hotels at prices moderate enough except in its summer season, and numerous and extensive excursions. The best of these are to Pamplona and Roncesvalles (Roncevaux) in the Pyrenees, and to Loyola, the birthplace of the founder of the Society of Jesus. Either of these runs gives an excellent impression of the surrounding country, besides taking in places of historical as well as of scenic interest.

San Sebastián itself is the capital of the Basque province of Guipúzcoa, and the centre of an industrial

region of rapidly growing importance. Its situation is curious, part of the town being built round a bay called the Concha and upon a headland which helps to form it, and part extending to the far side of the estuary of the river Urumea, which runs into the sea to the east of the headland (Monte Urgull). The town has no monuments worth visiting, and little history; but its pleasant climate, good shops, attractive surroundings, and air of gaiety make it an agreeable place for a short holiday. The Royal Family is generally to be found here during the latter part of August or in September, and it is pleasant even later.

Bilbao: Westward and Southward

From San Sebastián the railway will take us onward in two main directions. The less frequented line, which runs roughly parallel to a good motoring-road, goes westward to Bilbao, Santander, and Oviedo. For a while we keep close to the sea, leaving it at Deva, a little *playa* which, from the train, looks an ideal place for a summer holiday, but is by no means so in fact, for the beach is short in extent, hemmed in by cliffs, and overrun by large and noisy Spanish families. Turning inward, we plough our way westward toward Bilbao—a journey of wide and open views, rolling hills and broad plains, distant peaks, apple-orchards, maize-fields, and rustic stations shaded with leafy plane-trees.

Few (not even business men) will stay longer in Bilbao than is necessary, and as there are through

trains (though not many of them) from Hendaye to Santander, the number of these few is smaller than it used to be, not so long ago, before this convenience existed. Bilbao is a large manufacturing town, one of the most prosperous in Spain, situated in an important mining district, to which, and to its position, it owes its affluence. It played a part in Spanish history as early as the fourteenth century, though it suffered most in the Carlist Wars in the early and late nineteenth. Those who have to spend half a day there and have nothing in particular to do will find it worth while to run out by train to Portugalete, the *playa* of Bilbao, which is eight miles from the sea, and has created this outlet for its surplus energies.

In the chapter on the Santander country we shall describe some of the principal features of interest in the journey from Bilbao to Santander, and also in that from Santander to Oviedo. We need not therefore follow this itinerary here, save to remark that the farther westward one travels from San Sebastián the lovelier becomes the country. The same broad views wile away the tedium of the slow Spanish railway as we pass from the province of Bilbao to that of Santander. Still the fruitfulness of field and orchard amazes us and the grandeur of mountain and plain attracts us. Poplar-shaded streams, luxuriant woods, and hills clad with bracken, gorse, and heather grow more frequent. It may not be what we have always imagined Spain to be: it has rather the beauty of a Devon that has grown wilder and more majestic, of a Cornwall that some unwonted brilliant light has made

more radiant. But in the midst of so much loveliness we are not disposed to do anything but accept it gratefully. No one who chooses this northern coast of Spain for a holiday in July or August—its season *par excellence*—is likely ever to regret his choice.

But for every single traveller that boards the little hesitating train for Bilbao at the Amara station of San Sebastián there must be hundreds who pass through the more imposing Norte station in expresses as luxurious as any in Europe, bound for Madrid. And if inexperienced visitors to Bilbao and Santander exclaim with a puzzled enthusiasm, "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas l'Espagne!", how much more vehemently do the equally puzzled and far less enthusiastic travellers exclaim when they pass from the fertile and summer-like Basque province to the arid steppes of Castile! But this is a theme which requires so much exposition that it may best be treated in another chapter.

Motoring Routes [1]

HAVRE—Paris (134 miles).
CALAIS—Paris (170 miles).
PARIS—Bordeaux (367 miles)—Irún (514 miles).
IRÚN—San Sebastián (11½ miles)[2]—Bilbao (121 miles)[3]—Santander (191 miles)—Oviedo (324 miles).

[1] The distances are calculated from the point of departure. The condition of all but the best Spanish roads being often so bad as to make them impassable in unfavorable weather, motorists will do well to plan their journeys with great care. Since 1923, on the other hand, great improvements have been made in many districts, which is another reason for seeking local information where this is available.

[2] By Rentería. By Oyarzun, 14½ miles.

[3] Coast-route. By the interior, after passing Deva, 82 miles.

CHAPTER II

THE ROAD TO MADRID

OF ALL the ways (and they are many) in which the uninstructed tourist in Spain is disillusionized, one of the first, and the least welcome, is in the matter of its climate. He leaves his own country, at whatever time of the year, plentifully provided with all kinds of light summer clothing, for all the world as though he were going to the tropics. In March and April, when cold winds are blowing at home, he sets out cheerfully for Madrid, expecting to find it bathed in the warmth of summer. Judge of his disgust when he discovers that the wind is ten times colder and a hundred times more treacherous than that to which he is accustomed. If he arrives long before Easter, indeed, the last part of his journey will quite possibly have been made through snow.

Those who travel by night from Irún to Madrid are disillusionized suddenly and sharply. They go to sleep in spring (if, as we are here assuming, their journey is made in March or April) and wake up in the depth of winter. Expecting, as they lie down to sleep lightly clad, to be conscious on awaking only of an insufferably stuffy compartment, they are roused by that most disagreeable of all alarums—a freezing

and penetrating cold. Blissfully unconscious that they have climbed, since leaving sea-level at San Sebastián, to a height of over 3700 feet (which is approximately the altitude of Ávila), and that there are points on the route higher than this, they look out of the carriage window for the reason of this unexpectedly severe climate. And something of the nature of Castile seems to strike them.

The traveller by day learns the truth more gradually. As he climbs up from the valleys where the trees are already in blossom, first into regions where they show no more than leaf, and then into heights where there are no trees at all, he grows less and less garrulous about the beauties of the Spanish landscape and at length relapses into a bored if resigned silence.[1] Where is his land of promise, his land of fig-trees and olive-trees, not to say of palms laden with dates and oranges in flower or yielding fruit at all seasons? Before he has been three hours in the train, the country all around him is almost a wilderness. Rolling plains covered with scrub; bare outlines of hills in the distance; stark villages, defenceless against the keen winds, rising infrequently from the barren soil: these are all he has to gaze upon. After a time, as the line mounts still higher, he accepts the inevitable, revises —or rather reverses—his chief, if not sole, impression of the Peninsula, and postpones his entry into the self-promised land *sine die*.

The journey from Irún to Madrid may be averaged,

[1] This is not to say that he does not later revise his first impressions, which is all that are here recorded.

as far as good trains are concerned, as occupying a clear twelve hours. This is not by any means rapid travelling, for, as any booking clerk on the route can tell you, the distance is 631 kilometres (about 395 miles); but the gradients are considerable, and Spanish trains, though more punctual than of old, are not yet much more expeditious. Most holiday-makers, therefore, either get through the journey by night, or use the day service and break their twelve hours by staying somewhere for precisely twenty-four hours en route.

This plan has the double advantage of making the long spell in the train less wearisome and of adding to the number of places one is able to see. We shall now describe some few of these in the order in which they are reached on the journey.

The first stations at which most expresses halt are supremely uninteresting. Tolosa, which is in the province of Guipúzcoa, has none of the interest of its French counterpart, Toulouse: it is a busy, thriving industrial town, without beauty. Zumárraga can boast a fine situation and draws holiday-makers in the summer. Vitoria has a name which thrills both Englishman and Spaniard, for it was here that Wellington fought the decisive battle of the Peninsular War in 1813 and drove the French from the country. But the train passes over the battlefield, and apart from a medieval but partly modernized cathedral the city has nothing more to show us. Miranda, the next stop, is merely the junction for Bilbao. It is only after an hour and a half more that a magnificent church on a

bare hill to our left comes into sight, and, on our right, the graceful spires of one of Spain's great Gothic cathedrals. At which all unhurried and right-minded tourists at once pull down their luggage from its ample racks and prepare to dismount immediately. They have arrived at Burgos.

Burgos

Few cities in Spain are richer in historical and legendary lore than Burgos, which stands not far short of 3000 feet above sea-level on the bleak tableland of Castile. It has a short but intensely hot summer, and a winter so long and so severe that the Spanish proverb applied also to other parts of the plateau, declares it to enjoy nine months of *invierno* (winter) and three of *infierno* (hell). Perhaps for that reason the majority of those who visit it stay no more than a day or two, whether they come over the hills by car from Santander or whether they interrupt their journey to the capital.

Far more than Valencia (Chapter XVIII), which, to distinguish it from similarly named towns, is often called Valencia del Cid, Burgos is connected, by every tie, with the adventures of Rodrigo Díaz de Vivar, the Cid Campeador ("Valiant Warrior") of Spanish history and literature. The Cid appears to have been born near Burgos in the early eleventh century, and certainly died at Valencia in 1099. The great Spanish epic *Poem of My Cid,* which was almost contemporary with its hero, and can be read in English trans-

lation[1] as well as in modern Spanish,[2] begins with a description of how the Campeador—"he that was born in a good hour"—exiled from Castile by Alfonso VI, made his entry into Burgos and won the sympathy of its inhabitants though they dared not give him their aid.

My Cid, Ruy Díaz, into the city of Burgos entered.
In his company went sixty pennons.
All came out to behold him both men and women.
Citizens, both men and women, are seen at every window.
Wept they all with their eyes, so grievous was their sorrow;
And from the lips of one and all issued the self-same sentence:
"God, how good a vassal, had he but a good lord!"

The story connected with the Cid's exile which is best known in Spain is that of his deception of the Jews, Raquel and Vidas, when at short notice he had to find some means of obtaining "gold and silver for his company." He commands two chests to be made, "covered with crimson leather and garnished with well-gilt nails," to be filled to the brim with sand, and fastened securely. Raquel and Vidas, believing the contents of the chests to be of great value, probably tributes exacted from the Moors and kept by the Campeador on account of his quarrel with King Alfonso, willingly agree to advance him six hundred marks on such excellent security.

[1] *E.g., The Poem of the Cid,* ed. Ormsby (London, 1879, incomplete); ed. Huntington (New York, 1909). The versions given in this book, however, are my own.

[2] See p. 263 below.

Said Raquel and Vidas: "We both of us agree gladly.
Bring but the chests forthwith and the six hundred marks are yours. . ."
How happy and glad were the Jews when they felt the weight of the coffers!
Now they rejoice indeed as they think of the treasures within them
Judging themselves to be wealthy for the rest of their days.

In a room adjoining the cloisters of Burgos Cathedral there hangs on a wall a coffer such as the story describes, which is shown to the credulous visitor as one of the two in question.

For further memories of My Cid, go out to San Pedro de Cardeña, a deserted Benedictine convent about eight miles from the city. Miss Carleton Williams, in an excellent little book, recommendable to all who visit Northern Spain, called *The Lure of Castile*,[1] describes the visit as "the most melancholy experience that I have ever known," but admits that the place is one "that all admirers of the Cid feel in duty bound to visit." Here Ruy Díaz left his wife and daughters when he set out on his exile from Castile: I wish I had space to quote from the epic its moving description of the farewell. In the prosperous years which followed, the Cid never forgot the monks who had given shelter to his nearest and dearest, and willed to be buried there, as he was, together with his famous charger, Babieca, which for a time survived him.

If we look for the Cid's remains to-day we shall not

[1] London, Mills & Boon, 1927.

have far to go, for in 1921 they were taken from the Town Hall, where they had lain since 1842 (the French invaders having transferred them to Burgos from San Pedro de Cardeña thirty-three years earlier), and, in presence of the King and Queen, were reinterred with great solemnity in the transept of the cathedral.

Allowing twenty-four hours only for a stay in Burgos, I should recommend the spending of the whole of the morning in the cathedral and the city streets and churches, and, in the afternoon, a double excursion (for which carriage-drivers will quote an inclusive price) to the Cartuja, or Carthusian monastery, of Miraflores and the Real Monasterio de las Huelgas. A longer stay in the city will permit a visit to San Pedro de Cardeña, to the ancient convent of Fres del Val, and, above all, to the Benedictine monastery of Santo Domingo de Silos, nearly thirty miles away, which has been portrayed at length, and with great feeling and skill, by Mrs. Byne, in a book entitled *Forgotten Shrines of Spain*.[1] Here we can give only a few notes for the guidance of those who have but a short time and wish to make the most of it.

The earlier one's visit is made to the cathedral the better, and this, let it be repeated, applies to all large Spanish churches, for, as Masses begin much earlier than in more northerly countries, side-chapels are apt to be closed for the day as early as 9 or 10 A.M. The cathedral is perhaps as beautiful when seen from afar as in any other way: the wonderful octagonal tower

[1] Philadelphia, Lippincott, 1926.

and the twin spires are famous everywhere, and the great south-west door also is attractive, though there are better doors to be seen elsewhere in Spain. Inside, the things on no account to be missed or hurried are the sculptured dome, the choir-stalls, the High Altar, and the Chapel of the Constable (Capilla del Condestable) the sculpture of which is perhaps the finest in the whole building. Burgos Cathedral is exceptionally rich, however, in sculpture of all kinds, and the visitors who enjoy it most are probably those who investigate its beauties at their leisure, returning to it again and again, and finding always some new delight. Those who have not previously seen a Spanish cathedral will remark with surprise that the choir is moved into the centre of the nave and walled on three sides, so as to form with the *capilla mayor* a kind of smaller church within the greater one. They will soon learn to examine the west choir-wall (*trascoro*) of every such cathedral, together with the stalls (*sillería*) of the choir, for here, as a general rule, is to be found some of the most ornate and fantastic carving which the Spanish genius ever conceived and executed.

A walk around the city need not take long, and as the shops are too poor to attract the attention, it is possible to concentrate entirely upon the sights. Leave the cathedral (not before walking in its beautiful Gothic cloister) by the main entrance, and go down toward the river till you come to a sixteenth-century gateway known as the Arco de Santa María, inside which is housed a museum of some merit, containing, among other things, a wonderful medieval altar

frontal, an ivory reliquary from Santo Domingo de Silos, and some fine Renaissance tombs which were formerly at Fres del Val. In the other direction from the main entrance of the cathedral are two more churches which may be visited without difficulty: San Nicolás, the nearer of the two, is somewhat heavily restored, but has a good altar and some sixteenth-century tombs; San Esteban, which dates from about the year 1300, is interesting rather in itself than for its contents.

More time is needed for a visit to the old castle, formerly a royal residence of Castile, where the Cid was married in 1074, and Edward I of England in 1254 to Eleanor of Castile. On the way to it from the town one can pass the fine Moorish gateway of San Esteban, and on the way back the gateway of Fernán González—a famous Count of medieval Castile—erected by Philip II in commemoration of that warrior's exploits. A *détour* will allow a visit to the eighteenth-century memorial of the Solar or site of the ancestral house of the Cid, an inspection of the lock in the church of Santa Agueda on which the Cid swore fealty to Alfonso, and a walk along the Paseo de los Cubos, the fortifications of which are one of the most interesting things in the city.

But nothing in Burgos except the cathedral can even be thought of in comparison with the magnificent chapel of the Cartuja de Miraflores, and, once the cathedral has been visited, the tourist's first thought should be of this. It is the building which he noticed,

high on a hill to his left, in approaching Burgos by railway. It lies three miles outside the city, and, while the hurried visitor will take a car so as to have as much spare time as possible, the more leisured will enjoy the walk (unless the roads are deep in mud!) along the Espolón Nuevo and the shady Paseo de la Quinta, turning off up a steep hill after leaving the river Arlanzón on which Burgos stands.

The Cartuja occupies the site of an ancient royal palace, and, with a foresight which more than once distinguished Spanish monarchs, was founded originally (for it has been reconstructed) by John II of Castile, father of Isabel the Catholic, as his burial place. It contains the finest sculpture in Burgos, and the perfectly magnificent alabaster tomb of John II and his queen, Isabel of Portugal, appeals to me more than anything else of the kind in Spain. Passing through the western part of the chapel, which is kept for the public, and the central part, that of the lay brothers, we reach the eastern section, where the monks worship daily (the stalls again are of some interest), and, after admiring the altar-piece (*retablo*) of Gil de Siloe and Diego de la Cruz, we turn with delight to contemplate the exquisite work of the former, who is responsible both for the sepulchre mentioned and also for that of Isabel the Catholic's elder brother Alfonso, who died at the age of sixteen. To describe these tombs in a few words is impossible. The intricacy and the delicacy of the sculpture, the perfection, not only of each group or figure but of each un-

important detail of each figure, the symbolism of the many parts which compose the whole, most of all, perhaps, the evident love of beauty and love of God which could inspire so magnificent a creation—all these must be seen to be believed. The tombs can be looked at in five minutes, but five hours is not time enough in which to know them, and the most lasting satisfaction from a visit to Burgos will be obtained by those who give themselves leisure to spend as long a time here as they desire.

It is with a sense of anticlimax that we pass from Gil de Siloe's masterpiece to anything else close at hand,—even to the famous lifelike statue of St. Bruno in the chapel dedicated to that saint, the founder of the Carthusian Order. Philip IV's familiar comment on the statue is discussed by all who see it: "He would surely speak, were he not a Carthusian monk!"

The Real Monasterio de las Huelgas (the word *huelga* in Spanish means "leisure") was once a pleasaunce of Castilian monarchs, and became a convent for well-born Cistercian sisters only in 1187. Very little of it is shown to visitors—as a rule only the transept and choir. The figures of the founders, Alfonso VIII and his English consort Eleanor, can be seen, but not their tombs. While the convent is full of memories for students of medieval history, therefore, it repays others less than the cathedral and Miraflores. At the same time, it is only twenty minutes' walk from the city, and is so commonly taken on the return journey by car from Miraflores that most visitors to Burgos manage to see it.

Valladolid [1]

A little more than fifty miles beyond Burgos the Madrid express will halt at Venta de Baños, the junction for Santander, where (as at some of the other junctions on this line) the station restaurant can provide quite comfortable bedrooms at almost any hour of the night and coffee at almost any hour in the early morning. A glance at the current Spanish time-table will show the convenience of this bed-and-breakfast service. Cathedral-lovers may care to change at Venta and travel seven miles northward toward Santander to visit the city of Palencia (Chapter XII). Others will continue southward and in half an hour reach Valladolid.

A stay in Valladolid is chiefly to be recommended to those who know something of Spanish history. In one short chapter of *The Lure of Castile* Miss Carleton Williams has made it live for all such. For my own part, although I have often visited it for library research, and have spent many pleasant days and made many friends there, I find it difficult to penetrate beneath the smugness of its twentieth-century prosperity and to forget its multiple stores and manufactures. And this it is essential to do if one is to live its varied and brilliant life in the days when it was the seat of the Court and the social centre of Spain. Its statues and the names of its streets are reminiscent

[1] The name, like most Spanish words ending in a consonant other than *n* or *s*, is accented on the *last* syllable. *Cf.*, Santan*der*, Pob*let*, Aran*juez*, Guadalqui*vir*, Zocodo*ver*, etc.

of all this, but it has few very memorable ancient buildings. The college of Santa Cruz, now a richly furnished museum, situated near the flourishing University of Valladolid, and the College of San Gregorio, on the way thence to the station, are two fine examples of fifteenth-century plateresque architecture. The church of San Pablo, with its striking Gothic façade, is admired for the richness of its ornamentation. The cathedral, whether it be compared with that of Burgos, or with the Valladolid churches, is severe, restrained, and undistinguished. It was begun in 1585, but completed only in the nineteenth century. None of these buildings can be said to do justice to the wealth and variety of the historical memories of the city, of which no single writer that I know has enumerated more than a small proportion.

Before the Catholic monarchs Ferdinand and Isabel were married here in 1469 and held bullfights in the spacious but now dingy Plaza Mayor, a powerful royal favourite had met his death in the Plazuela del Ochavo (1453). Álvaro de Luna had received almost every honour that his master, John II of Castile, could give him; he was Constable of Castile, Grand Master of Santiago, and for over twenty years virtually ruler of the kingdom. Then came a conspiracy which only succeeded because his sovereign, like Wolsey's, forsook him and gave him "naked to his enemies." And

> Spain's haughty Constable, the true
> And gallant Master, whom we knew
> Most loved of all;

Breathe not a whisper of his pride,
He on the gloomy scaffold died,
Ignoble fall![1]

In 1527 Valladolid witnessed the birth of the great, if unfortunate, Philip II: the house in which he was born is now the Diputación Provincial; across the way is San Pablo, where he was baptized. Some time before—in 1506—Columbus, after spending two years in this city, living in poverty, and experiencing disillusionment, had died in the house known as Calle de Cristóbal Colón, No. 7. Fray Luis de Granada, the celebrated Dominican preacher and stylist (1504-88), began his career at San Gregorio, while Fray Luis de León (?1527-91), an Augustinian chiefly associated with Salamanca, was imprisoned for five years by the Inquisition in a street now named after him. From 1603 to 1606 the author of *Don Quixote* lived at Valladolid, in the Calle de Miguel Iscar; the house, by the way, is now in excellent preservation and contains a Cervantes library. Until the Court was moved to Madrid in 1560, Valladolid was the scene of royal functions too numerous to mention; in the year 1559, too, the first great Spanish *auto de fe* was held in the Plaza Mayor. Nor did the royal interest in the city cease when it was no longer the capital. The Duke of Lerma, who ruled Spain for twenty years under Philip III, favoured it greatly, and in 1601 the Court was moved there in the supposed interests of the country, which was rapidly declining in prosperity.

[1] Jorge Manrique, *Coplas*, tr. Longfellow.

Philip III's son and heir was born there in 1605, and, like his royal ancestor, was baptized in San Pablo, but on his ascending the throne in 1621 Madrid once more became the capital of Spain. In later days Valladolid fell to the French in 1808; it is also known as being the birthplace of the famous Romantic poet, José Zorrilla, author of *Don Juan Tenorio* (1817-93).

Medina del Campo and Beyond

Another half-hour from Valladolid and we are at a new and important junction, Medina del Campo, where a ruined castle tells of departed glory. The little town was in the sixteenth century one of the principal centres of Spanish trade and a favourite residence of Isabel the Catholic, who died there. To-day all we remember about Medina is that five main railway-lines radiate from it. By one of these we have come. A second crosses the Duero and runs in a north-westerly direction to Zamora, a town seldom visited but containing many architectural curiosities (p. 100), and thence to Astorga (p. 184), Asturias, and Galicia. A third runs westward to Ciudad Rodrigo and Portugal, passing Salamanca (Chapter V), one of the most rewarding cities to visit in the whole of Spain. The fourth and fifth lines run south-eastward to Madrid, one by Ávila, and the other by Segovia, joining at Villalba, some twenty-four miles from the capital. As most of the trains from France take the Ávila route, it is easier to visit that city than Segovia. Neither, however, should be missed, and we shall return to them

after a brief stay in the capital, for they are sufficiently near it (especially for motorists who are not dependent on a sparsely furnished time-table) to be visited from that centre.

Motoring Routes

IRÚN—San Sebastián (11½ miles—see p. 33)—Burgos (158 miles)—Valladolid (233 miles)—Medina del Campo (264 miles).

VALLADOLID—Ávila (96 miles).

VALLADOLID—Segovia (68 miles).

ÁVILA—Madrid (71 miles).

SEGOVIA—Madrid (55 miles)—see p. 70.

IRÚN—Burgos (192 miles)—Aranda de Duero (242 miles)—Madrid (343 miles).

CHAPTER III

MADRID AND THE HEART OF SPAIN

For most travellers, Madrid, lying approximately in the centre of Spain, is a more or less obligatory stopping-place on the journey southward. It produces on them a distinct feeling of disappointment. In spite of its broad and handsome streets and avenues, its fine public gardens and its magnificent buildings, it leaves them in a state of somewhat frigid admiration—the more frigid during about seven months in the year because of its bleak mountain climate and penetrating winds. Superficially at least, the city has no specifically Spanish character. It can boast no ancient monuments, no Gothic cathedral, no palaces that take one back to the Middle Ages. The words "European capital" are written all over it. The most surprising thing about Madrid, indeed, is its modernity.

As a modern Spanish writer has said:

> This incongruity between the capital of Spain and the nation to which it belongs is best explained by its history. Madrid has never been the home in which the spirit of a nation has grown up as London and Paris have been. Nor is it, like Rome, the symbol of a racial and historical solidarity. In the critical years of the formation of Spanish nationality Madrid was not the centre of social and political activity as Berlin was during similar years in the history

of Germany. Only in the war of Independence—in 1808—did Madrid give the lead to Spain, and in the national rising against Napoleon become her country's true metropolis.[1]

Though Madrid has a history which goes back to the days of the Moors, and though it figures frequently in the history of Castile before the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabel (1469) and the reconquest of Granada (1492) united Spain definitively, its real importance dates from the sixteenth century. After the death of the Catholic Monarchs, there was considerable unrest until Charles V established himself firmly on the throne of Spain (*c.* 1521), and in this Madrid played a leading part. These troubles being put down, the city began to grow, largely because of its position in the centre of Spain, and by 1560 was of sufficient importance to be made the capital of the country. Valladolid was suitable enough to be the capital of Castile, but united Spain demanded a more central seat of government.

Throughout the Golden Age (*Siglo de Oro*), that period in which art and letters in Spain reached their highest point and which it is difficult to encompass literally in a century (*siglo*), Madrid was the intellectual and artistic centre of Spain as well as the political and social one. From the birth of Cervantes (1547) to the death of Calderón (1681) it has one triumph after another to its credit. Cervantes, born at Alcalá de Henares, not far from Madrid, wrote a number of his works in the capital and spent there the last seven

[1] Angel Sánchez Rivero in *Bulletin of Spanish Studies,* 1923, vol. i, pp. 18-19.

years of his life (1609-16). Velázquez, a Sevilian by birth, lived long in Madrid, made the Guadarrama Mountains famous as backgrounds to his greatest portraits, and died in the capital in 1660. Spain's greatest dramatists, Lope de Vega (1562-1635) and Calderón (1600-81), were both connected with Madrid throughout the greater part of their lives, Tirso de Molina, hardly inferior to them in the drama, and Quevedo, Spain's greatest satirist, were also Madrileños. One could go on for a long time with the enumeration. We are only concerned, however, to make clear the rapidity and unanimity with which artists and men of letters, as well as politicians and courtiers, gravitated to the new capital. Since the end of the Golden Age it has continued to be in every respect the centre of that Spain of which it is as truly representative as any single city can be.

Situated in the heart of the country, on the bare central plateau more than 2,000 feet above sea-level, swept by the winter winds and scorched by the summer sun, Madrid has little to recommend it from the point of view of natural advantages beyond its keen, invigorating air in autumn, winter, and spring, and its outlets in the resorts of the Sierra. Though the keenness of the air has given rise to the universally quoted proverb that it will kill a man and yet not put out a lamp, those who take reasonable precautions and wear suitable clothing find it rather pleasant than otherwise, especially as it is accompanied by a clearness and brilliance unknown in the north of Europe. The real disadvan-

tage, from the holiday-maker's point of view, in Madrid, is that there is little to see in the city itself, while the surrounding places of interest lie some way from one another and are sufficiently far distant from the capital to make a stay there of at least a fortnight necessary if they are all to be so much as seen. In practice, travellers whose eventual goal is Seville or Granada, and who have not much time to spare, will do well to visit Ávila on the way to Madrid, Toledo and possibly Segovia while staying in the capital, and El Escorial on the return journey. They will then have ample time, in the intervals of these longer excursions, to visit the few monuments of Madrid itself. For those who can spare as long as a fortnight—which is surely not an exaggerated allowance for the most characteristic part of a country—the following are suitable proportions, the number of days allotted including in each case the outward and return journeys: Madrid, 2-3 days; Toledo, 3-4 days (*cf.* Chapter IV); Ávila, 2 days; Segovia, 2 days; excursions in the Sierra, 1-2 days; El Escorial, 1 day; Alcalá de Henares, 1 day; Aranjuez (or possibly Guadalajara), 1 day. Some comments upon this time-table will be made later, but we may say at once that any attempt to see Toledo in less than three days (including the journey) can be satisfactory only to tourists devoid of imagination. Better far to sacrifice Aranjuez, Alcalá, or the Sierra—better, indeed, to cut short by thirty-six hours a fortnight's stay in Andalusia—than to ruin what may be an unforgettable experience by hurrying through Toledo.

Madrid—Itself

Primarily I like to think of Madrid as the centre of the heart of Spain. "It has no character of its own," says the writer quoted at the beginning of this chapter,

> but it is the starting-point to all that is most characteristic in the country. In Toledo one sees that blend of Islamic and Christian civilization which stamps Spain so markedly among the nations of Europe. Ávila and Segovia present a picture of the mediæval Castilian city which is the nucleus of Spanish history. To see the monastery of El Escorial is the best commentary on the part played by Spain in the history of Europe. Even the fleeting dream of the Renaissance has left its trace on the stones of Alcalá. This group of cities may be said to compass the whole gamut of Spanish experience.

When we come to Madrid itself there is only one thing which really distinguishes it as a city. As in any continental capital, there are, of course, ways enough and to spare of passing the time. The Puerta del Sol, Madrid's Piccadilly Circus, is always full of what the guide-books call "animation." A walk from the cathedral-like General Post Office up the spacious chestnut-shaded avenue of the Castellana or the busy—yet always pleasantly busy—Calle de Alcalá will give much material for observation both of Spanish life and of human nature. Life belonging to another social stratum may be experienced in the Calle de Toledo and the miscellaneous market of the Rastro, while the forecourt of the Royal Palace, during the changing of the guard each mid-morning, attracts crowds of Spaniards and foreigners alike. This last

visit, by the way, is best worth making on a clear, fine day for the sake of the view from the side of the Palace over the Guadarramas.

As to sights, still leaving out of account its sight *par excellence,* Madrid is well enough furnished to suit most tastes. Its cathedral is new, and it has few churches worth seeing: San Francisco el Grande is the most generally recommended of them. A good deal of history can be picked up from some of its very interesting statues, of which that to Columbus, in the Castellana, and the fine equestrian statue of Philip III, in the Plaza Mayor, are the best known. As to gardens, the extensive and ostentatious Retiro, in the centre of the city, is far less attractive than the too little visited Parque del Oeste, to which trains run frequently. There are museums in plenty (the Archæological Museum, Natural Science Museum, and Armoury—especially the Armoury—being the best of them). In the absence of the royal family during the summer, parts of the Palace may be visited, and those who enjoy such things may find some consolation for the presence of the Court during the rest of the year in visiting the royal stables, which are opened to all the world on Mondays. Any guide-book will provide details of a score of other places which can be visited by tourists who are still unsatisfied.

But the wise man concentrates on the one place in Madrid which is worth all the rest: the Prado. He aims at leaving the capital with a good general impression of its life and attractions, and in addition with one clear ineffaceable impression of a few of its unique

treasures of the painter's art. "For the study of painting," says Sr. Sánchez Rivero,

> Madrid is one of the greatest centres in the world. And this in three senses. First, because it possesses one of the richest, and in some ways most select of galleries. Secondly, because in this gallery is the largest and most important collection of the works of Spanish painters. And finally, because among these painters, two, Velázquez and Goya, though one was a Sevilian and the other an Aragonese, combine to convey the atmosphere of Madrid and portray its life.

No attempt can be made in a brief space to outline even a morning's wanderings in the Prado, and indeed it is hardly necessary to do so, for there exist comprehensive guide-books to the gallery, and no one who has the slightest feeling for art will be satisfied with a cursory tour of inspection. Though Velázquez and Goya are the chief attraction, there are also many works to be seen by El Greco, Zurbarán, Ribera, and Goya, together with those of a number of lesser Spanish artists. Lovers of Italian painting will find at least one masterpiece by Fra Angelico, and some excellent pictures by Raphael, as well as minor works by Correggio, Titian, Veronese, and Tintoretto. Of Flemings, Rubens is well represented, his *Adoration of the Magi* being generally much admired.

Those who are interested in the Spanish people as well as in Spanish art should visit the Prado on a Sunday morning, when admission is free to all, as well as at times when the modest coin demanded at the turnstiles acts as a barrier to the multitude. They will understand what is meant by the saying that the

Spaniards are an art-loving people. Murillo and Velázquez are the idols of the lower-class Madrileño, but particularly Velázquez. Walk round the rooms in which that painter's principal works are displayed, and you will see perhaps a couple of schoolgirls eagerly discussing the composition of *Las Meninas* or the story of *Las Lanzas,* which is generally known in English as *The Surrender of Breda.* Peasants and street-sellers, sometimes with little families of small children—almost babies—will be found gazing at the faces of that wonderful group of peasants known as *Los Borrachos* (*The Drinkers*), while a schoolmaster or an elder brother will be explaining to a group of boys the identity of Velázquez' heroes depicted in the great equestrian portraits of Philip IV, Don Baltasar Carlos, or the Count-Duke of Olivares, or the other royal sitters, the Infanta Maria, the Infante Don Carlos, and the rest. It is difficult in a few lines to say anything that is worth recording about these masterpieces. No guide-book can be expected to do so. The tourist who is interested enough in Spanish art to buy a book or two upon it may be advised to purchase in Paris, on his way southward, M. René Schwob's vivid and often penetrating essays called *Profondeurs de l'Espagne,*[1] to study Justi's *Velázquez,*[2] Mayer's *Murillo,*[3] or Cossío's *El Greco* (p. 83), or at the least to read Mr. Kaines-Smith's illuminating essay on Spanish painters in *Spain: a Companion to Spanish Studies.*

[1] Paris, Grasset.
[2] English edition, London, 1889.
[3] New York, Brentano's, 1913.

El Escorial

Of what may be considered the obligatory excursions from Madrid, that to El Escorial is perhaps the easiest to make, and is certainly the one which suggests itself most naturally. It would be unimaginative to a degree to leave Spain without having seen the great edifice planned and inhabited by Philip II, a monarch of whom all who have read English history believe they know so much, though their idea of him differs significantly from that held by Spaniards.

Barely more than thirty miles from Madrid, on the line to Ávila and nearly twelve hundred feet higher than the capital, the village of El Escorial has grown up around the monastery of San Lorenzo del Escorial, generally called "the Escorial" (or "Escurial"), which Philip erected (1563-84) as a reparation for the destruction of a church in battle and as a place of retirement for his own declining years. He did in fact both live and die here, and the place is full of memories of his personality. In the upper choir of the church, where the King would join the monks at their devotions, his stall is still shown. It is said that one evening in November, 1571, during the office of vespers, a messenger came to him with the news of Don John of Austria's crushing defeat of the Turks at Lepanto a month previously, but this is certainly an anachronism, for the present church was not then completed. That Philip was present here at the requiem for the soul of Mary, Queen of Scots (1587), is more likely, and the fine groups of kneeling figures in bronze,

BURGOS: PLAZA MAYOR
Photo E. N. A.

THE ESCORIAL.
Photo G. E. Thompson

shown in the sanctuary below, and including a life-like representation of Philip himself, make it easy for one to picture his presence. And this the more so when one has descended to the apartments which he occupied, and in one of which he died (1598). They have been preserved as far as possible in their original condition. The writing-table of the King, the chair in which he was carried about, the stool on which he would rest his diseased leg—all these and other relics lend an air of reality to the simple apartments. During his last illness he lay in a room from which (as will be noticed) he could see the High Altar of the church. To construct a room thus was a prevision thoroughly characteristic of his fervent, if somewhat gloomy, devoutness.

There are other things than these to be seen in the Escorial. Those not to be missed are the rich and interesting library, the church, sacristy and chapter-house, the royal pantheon, below the church, in which the kings and queens of Spain to this day are buried, and the adjoining crypt in which lie royal princes and queens whose children have not reigned. The dazzling whiteness of the latter contrasts almost irreverently with the darkness and solemnity of the former, which is by far the more in keeping with its surroundings. So typical of the great, grey, granite pile and its austere surroundings is this gloom, that it seems to me pure bathos to go down, as many visitors do, to the Casita del Príncipe, an inferior eighteenth-century imitation of Versailles, and walk through ornately decorated rooms set out with second-rate pictures, ivory carv-

ings, and royal trifles devoid alike of interest and value. Far better to walk up to the seat in the rocks above the monastery, known as the Silla del Rey (King's Seat), whence Philip is said to have superintended the building of his retreat, or to gaze from any point of vantage over the dusky Castilian plateau, the snow-crested Sierra, and the distant capital.

It is said that Philip cast about for a site for two years before he finally chose one. Certainly his choice was perfect. The primary impression of the desolation and solitude of El Escorial remains with one when memories of its detail are merged in the haze of a traveller's mind. For most foreigners who see it, the monastery gives them one of the clearest and least easily forgotten memories of their sojourn in Spain. I confess to being of their number.

But not all who have seen the Escorial have come away greatly impressed by it. Théophile Gautier, ninety years ago, confessed his "extreme embarrassment" when asked for his frank opinion upon its qualities.

> So many weighty and competent persons, who, I like to think, have never seen it, have styled it a masterpiece and described it as a supreme effort of human genius, that I, poor wretch of a travelling journalist that I am, should only give the impression of trying to make a display of prejudiced originality and delighting in running counter to public opinion. But still, in my soul and conscience, I cannot help considering the Escorial the most wearisome and unattractive monument that a gloomy monk and a suspicious tyrant could conceive for the mortification of their fellows. I know perfectly well that the Escorial had an austere and a re-

ligious purpose. But gravity is not harshness, melancholy is not artistic atrophy, contemplation is not boredom, and beauty of form cannot always be happily united to elevation of the intellect.[1]

Undoubtedly there are others who, "in their soul and conscience"—for it is not the fashion to do so otherwise—share Gautier's opinion. If there are readers of this book among them, I would ask such to take up one of the most understanding volumes of Spanish travel written in this century, Mr. Aubrey F. G. Bell's *A Pilgrim in Spain*.[2] In his all too brief chapter on the Escorial Mr. Bell contrasts two estimates of the place—one written on first acquaintance with it and another born of deeper knowledge and sympathy. There are those to whom the Escorial makes an instant and almost startling appeal; to others it speaks gradually but with increasing vehemence as they return to it, perhaps in spite of themselves. It is significant that though there are sensitive Castilians who speak slightingly of some of their country's monuments about which foreigners grow easily enthusiastic, it is the exception to find one who decries the retreat of Philip II. I believe, and I suggest here and now to the reader of this book, that until one can appreciate the Escorial one is blind to the essential character of Castile.

Aranjuez

Aranjuez and the Escorial are almost antitheses. From the north-west of Madrid we pass to the south;

[1] *Voyage en Espagne*, chapter vii.
[2] Boston, Little Brown 1924.

we leave the bleakness of the Castilian highlands for what seems at first glance the fertility of Andalusia.

Actually we are still but thirty miles from the capital and no more than five hundred feet lower. But the spot which the sovereigns of Spain in her Golden Age chose for a royal residence, and which their successors have since deserted, is watered by the "fruitful Tagus" of proverb and song, and its gardens and avenues should certainly be visited by those who cannot go south to the gardens of Seville, especially if their visit can be made in spring, when the nightingales are at their best, or in the lovely Spanish autumn which is like a more resplendent northern summer.

Yet the impressions of beauty which the traveller will certainly bring back from Aranjuez will as certainly be mingled with impressions of pathos. The gardens are reasonably well cultivated in places, but the garden walks, the terraces, and the long, majestic avenues show signs as unmistakable that their owners have ceased to walk in them as though they could speak. The palace and the impossible Casa del Labrador (the Casita del Príncipe of Aranjuez) are even more irritatingly deserted: show-places purely and simply with very few really personal links with past ages.

It is no part of my task in this book to describe places about which guide-books can say all that needs to be said, and Aranjuez is one of them. Delightful as it is to wander, unattended, for hours on end down the elm-lined avenues of the Calle de la Reina, or to taste the luxuriance of the Jardín de la Isla, it can in no

sense be considered educative, and in no sense a pleasure which is of obligation. Every one who has read Napoleonic history knows how the wretched Charles IV came to Aranjuez to abdicate in favour of his son, Ferdinand VII (1808), who in his turn was to give alternately displays of cowardice and petty tyranny rarely equalled by reigning monarchs in European history. One might imagine that the miserable history of Aranjuez in those fateful years had infected patriotic Spaniards with a distaste for it. There is much in its riot of profuse but neglected beauty which suggests the senseless luxuriance of the Spanish Court in its decadence. The mind travels gladly from a corrupt king and Court to the courage of the Spanish nation, which Napoleon wrongly summed up by the standards of its rulers, finding out his mistake too late when the country had its grip upon him. And that courage is typified rather by the barren plains of Castile, from which, year by year, hardy and enduring peasants drag a living by sheer force and energy, and which we have already described as the heart of Spain. To that heart we shall now return.

Ávila

As seen from the railway, Ávila is a great grey fortress: its walls and towers seem to rise out of the hard, unfertile ground like the walls and towers of a fairy tale. It makes one think of a Roman city, and this it was in fact, before it became the prize of Moorish and Christian warfare and fell in the end to the Cid's "natural lord," Alfonso VI, who refortified it.

As it stands to-day, with its stern eleventh-century walls and eighty-six towers, it is still the Ávila of Alfonso, with many traces of earlier inhabitants than the Castilians.

Its granite cathedral, which lies in the centre of the city, is the visitor's first goal, and few cathedrals in Spain will make a more immediate impression of severity combined with grandeur. It is an excellent experience to see Ávila after Burgos, and to contrast the simplicity and majesty of the one with the richness and ornateness of the other. The other "sight" of the city is the Romanesque church of San Vicente, an edifice of fine proportions and as impressive as the cathedral, though there are many to whom churches which have ceased to be used for worship and are registered as "national monuments" can never have the same attraction as living centres of devotion. The sarcophagus of St. Vincent, and his sisters Sabina and Cristeta, who were martyred in the fourth century, lies beneath the crossing, and is the object of great veneration.

But to most Spaniards Ávila is before all things the home of St. Teresa, the founder of the Barefooted Carmelite Order, who was born here in 1515 and entered the life of religion in the Convent of the Incarnation (Encarnación). St. Teresa was not only a mystic and a saint, but a prudent and practical woman, who in her own person founded no less than thirty-two convents of her reform, and, as we can tell from her letters,[1] kept a firm hold on the realities of earthly

[1] These are published in English (London, Thomas Baker, 1919-24).

life and was never indifferent to the most mundane details. In the hope that every visitor to Ávila will read Mrs. Cunninghame Graham's eloquent and masterly biography,[1] or, better still, the Saint's own Spanish autobiography, I have ventured to translate one charmingly frank and reminiscent passage from the latter:

> One favourite brother I had, of about my own age—though I loved them all dearly and they me. We used to read together the Lives of the Saints, and as I read of the martyrdoms of the Saints for God's sake it came to me that they bought their fruition of God very cheaply. And I wished very much that I might die thus, not for any love that I bore Him, but to enjoy without delay the great riches in Heaven which I read of. With this brother I used to discuss how it might be accomplished. We decided to go to the country of the Moors, begging our way "for the love of God," and to be beheaded there. And I think the Lord had given us courage enough even at so tender an age, if we had seen any way of accomplishing this. Only the greatest obstacle seemed to us to be our parents. It impressed us greatly when we read that the pain and the glory were for ever. Again and again we talked of this, and we liked to repeat many times "for ever—ever—ever."[2]

As we walk along the Calle del Puente and cross the river we can picture the scene admirably which is described by a biographer contemporary with St. Teresa. The two children, it seems, did make an attempt to escape "to the country of the Moors." They set off from home unobserved, but hardly had they got across the river when they were met by an uncle who con-

[1] *Santa Teresa* (London, Eveleigh Nash, 1907).

[2] *The Life of St. Teresa, . . .* written by herself (London, Thomas Baker, 1911), chapter i.

ducted them back to their mother. And Teresa's forebodings as to the attitude of her parents became justified!

The properly disposed pilgrim to Ávila, then, will read of St. Teresa's life and visit the Incarnation, the Convento de las Carmelitas Descalzas, her own foundation, and the convent erected on the site of her birthplace. He may also inspect the Dominican convent of Santo Tomás, which lies at the end of the Paseo of the same name, outside the city, and has in its church another magnificent tomb—the work of an Italian sculptor, Fancelli, and erected to the memory of Prince John, the only son of Ferdinand and Isabel, the Catholic Monarchs. Another tomb, remarkable for the lifelike features of the figure which it portrays, is to be found in the little Romanesque church of San Segundo, both the church and the tomb commemorating the adventures of a warrior-bishop of that name who was renowned for his exploits against the Moors.

But I hope that the traveller who reads these lines in the course of his wanderings will spend some of his time in dreaming as well as in sightseeing. To me Ávila has always been a Holy City. Other shrines of Spain are more splendid, more frequented, and more generally revered than its cathedral, but it is not so much the cathedral as the grey-walled city itself that is my shrine. No other passage in Mr. Bell's *Pilgrim in Spain* rings more truly than that in which he takes leave of St. Teresa's birthplace.

> The chief sound that one carries away from Ávila is the music of the bells. With what a clear shock they ring out in the crystal

air from the moment when the first angelus has announced the coming of day to sleeping Ávila, where prayer and praise go up continually and lamps burn perpetually from a hundred altars. Especially on Sundays and days of *fiesta* the air is full of the ringing of bells. Singly, in silvery cadences, or together, in linked rosaries of sound, dominated but not silenced by the clashing of the great cathedral bells, they fill the sky with mirth and rejoicing.[1]

Segovia

It is possible, of course, to go from Ávila to Segovia by road, through the delightfully named Aldeavieja ("Old Hamlet") and over the Guadarramas. There is even a motor-omnibus which does it, and incidentally supplies the villages *en route* with their correspondence. There are also travellers who prefer to take a slow train back to Madrid, and an express to Segovia the next morning. Perhaps the best recommendation to give here is the traditional one of the guide-book—to "inquire locally."

But it is a safe counsel to place a visit to Segovia as near a visit to Ávila as possible. The one is grey, rugged and severe: the other is fresh and green yet warm and golden. "Those who see Segovia in passing"—once more I quote Mr. Bell's apt phraseology—"leave it with an overwhelming impression of light and colour and a longing to return." As he truly goes on to say, one feels at first no longer in the Castile of El Escorial, Ávila, and Burgos, but closer acquaintance reveals the family likeness of Segovia to all these.

What every one knows about this city is that it

[1] *A Pilgrim in Spain*, p. 90.

possesses a superb Roman aqueduct, which foreigners come hundreds and even thousands of miles to see, and gaze upon in wonder, but which the irreverent natives merely term "the Bridge," or, traditionally, "the Devil's Bridge," referring to the legend that it was built, as a *tour de force,* by his Satanic Majesty in a single night. The perfect construction of the 118 granite arches and the majestic impression of the whole give to Segovia a position of uniqueness which even Tarragona, with its Cyclopean walls, can hardly challenge—still less the other Spanish cities which possess important Roman remains, notably Sagunto and Mérida.

The aqueduct, the view to be obtained from the top of it, and the Plaza del Azoguejo, whence one mounts, will consume enough time to make the hasty visitor at last hurry on, lest he be unable to see the churches. Of these the chief is, of course, the cathedral, a sixteenth century edifice substituted for an earlier one near the Alcázar (or castle) destroyed during the rebellion of the Comuneros against Charles V (1520-21) already alluded to (p. 51). As at Ávila, so here under very different conditions, there is a severity and an absence of ornament which those for whom Burgos was too ornate may find wholly pleasing. The stained-glass windows alone make it worth while returning to the cathedral at as many different hours of the day as possible. The cloisters, in the construction of which the stones of the original cloisters were used, are unusually beautiful. No single feature of the cathedral, however, can be described as outstanding:

what attracts one most in it is the harmony of the whole.

The little Moorish church of Corpus Christi, formerly a synagogue, is too often missed by the hurried visitor, though it is quite near the cathedral: the carved stucco, the horseshoe arches, and the elaborate capitals should be carefully noted by those who purpose a visit to Toledo, but cannot go farther south, where Moorish buildings are much more common. Alfonso VI's Alcázar, though impressive, is perhaps a little disappointing. It has been considerably restored, partly on account of a disastrous fire in the mid-nineteenth century. Its exterior, and perhaps the views from its windows, are longest remembered.

Those who have time to spare should make two more visits before leaving Segovia. El Parral, at the distance of but a short walk from the city, is a deserted fifteenth-century convent: its church is solitary and untenanted, while its cloisters and arches are crumbling into decay, but the imagination peoples it readily with its sixteenth-century Hieronymites, so glorious a ruin is it still.

The other spot which should not be forgotten is the palace of La Granja, built by Philip V, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, where once there had been a farm (Spanish, *granja*) belonging to the Hieronymites of El Parral. "If El Escorial reflects the gloom of Philip II," says Baedeker tersely, "La Granja recalls Philip V's nostalgia." The later Philip was a Bourbon to the core, and a worthy grandson of the Roi Soleil, Louis XIV. Even in Spain he must

have a miniature Versailles, and his immediate successors on the throne loved it as much as he did. Nowadays it is visited as a relief from the severity of the Castilian landscape, for the beauty of its gardens and the attraction of its charming fountains. The excursion is nevertheless one of pure pleasure, like that to Aranjuez, especially in late spring. Indeed, a pilgrimage more in harmony with the spirit of Castile would be to the stern old Carthusian monastery of El Paular, some six miles distant, which Enrique de Mesa, a contemporary Spanish poet, has apostrophized in some exquisite lyrics, and, of writers in English, Mrs. Byne has best described in her *Forgotten Shrines of Spain*.

Motoring Routes

MADRID—El Escorial (31 miles).
MADRID—Aranjuez (31 miles).
MADRID—Ávila (71 miles).
MADRID—Segovia (55 miles[1])—La Granja (62 miles).
ÁVILA—Villacastín (18½ miles)—Segovia (40 miles).
MADRID—Toledo (44 miles).

[1] By the Puerto de Navacerrada; the road over the Puerto de Guadarrama is nearly 4 miles longer.

CHAPTER IV

Toledo

Of the cities that one visits in Spain, some are remarkable chiefly for the "sights" they contain and some are memorable entirely for the impression which they leave behind them. Burgos belongs to the former class: the tourist thinks of it as the cathedral *plus* the Cubos *plus* Miraflores *plus* the relics of the Cid, and so on. Ávila is a clear example of the places which in themselves are greater than the sum total of all their "sights": one returns to them again and again so that the first impression which they have made may sink deeper into one's mind. Toledo, like Córdoba, Seville, and Granada, belongs to a higher plane than any other city in Old or New Castile, for it has the characteristics of both classes. Its "monuments"—to use the Spanish term for "sights"—are so numerous, varied, and impressive that three days is not too long a time for the inspection of them alone. "Toledo the rich," ran the old Spanish tag, "Toledo the rich, Salamanca the strong, León the fair, Oviedo the divine, and Seville the great." But over and above its riches it has an appeal which belongs to *itself*. The sensitive traveller's emotions on mounting the steep ascent to Toledo are comparable to those which he experiences on entering

Seville Cathedral, the Myrtle Court of the palace of the Alhambra, the Mosque of Córdoba, the Bay of Palma, or the domain of Miramar in Majorca on a cloudless day of spring. And these emotions are only intensified as he walks the narrow lanes of Toledo, grows to know and love its churches, and studies its history. So I say again: Do not hurry over Toledo, but live in it for as long as you can.

Impressions

Were it not so unfortunately near Madrid, there would be no need to give this advice, but in respect of its situation it is its own worst enemy. The trains, though few, are comparatively good, and have turned one of the most ancient cities of the Peninsula, Spain's proud ecclesiastical capital, into the goal of a day's excursion. But the proximity of Madrid and Toledo has this to be said for it, that it makes the contrast between past and present, ancient and modern, the more striking. Madrid, with its motor omnibuses, subways, and skyscrapers, is of the twentieth century: Toledo, in spite of a cinema here and antiquity-shops everywhere, still lives in the thirteenth. Visit any half-dozen churches in each city: contemplate the Puerta del Sol of Toledo, and think of the Puerta del Sol that you have left behind in Madrid: contrast (on an ordinary working-day) the tranquillity of Toledo's few thousand inhabitants with the noise and bustle of Madrid's million.

That is one impression: the contrast between the old

Spain and the new. Another, and a more lasting one, is provided by Toledo's geographical situation. It stands on its proud granite heights looking down upon a fertile plain and surrounded on three sides by the horseshoe arch of the swirling Tagus. A rock, clothed with churches, and crowned by the massive square Alcázar, is what the traveller sees as he emerges from the station and looks upward. Of old the ascent was made, after the arrival of each Madrid train, in a long and slow procession of *coches* drawn by teams of mules, followed by a hardly slower procession of eager pedestrians. Now more and more tourists arrive by road; excellent cars, as well as the few surviving mules, meet most of the trains, and the number of the pedestrians grows unhappily fewer still, most of them succumbing, if not to the temptation of taking a car at the station, at least to that of being picked up on its return journey and whirled in a moment to their destination.

But really the zigzag climb on foot is worth while. One can make a stop at the Moorish bridge of Alcántara, overlooking Alfonso VI's castle of San Servando on the left and the Tagus far below; another at the little promenade known as the Miradero, from which there is a splendid view over the *vega,* or plain, of Toledo; and another at the rather ugly little marketplace (Plaza de Zocodover) whence radiate the maze-like streets of the upper city. Thence to one's hotel, for the hotels are all close by: one is pretentious and expensive, the remainder are indifferent.

It is the narrow, twisting lanes of Toledo that give the visitor his first impression of it as a medieval city

long before he has made any detailed examination of its monuments. The stout walls and fine towers which can be seen from the Miradero recall the rule of the Romans, who took the city of Toletum, two centuries before Christ; but actually the walls date from the Visigothic King Wamba, in the seventh century A.D. Soon after, the Moors, in their sweep northward, engulfed the city, made it one of their capitals, endowed it with arts and handicrafts which it has still not wholly lost, and brought it prosperity.

In 1085 Alfonso VI, of whose adventures we have already so often encountered the traces, took Toledo from the Moors and made it his own royal residence and its diocese the primatial see of Christian Spain. Now sprang up churches and convents without number, though Moorish architecture, like other phases of Moorish civilization, continued for some time to flourish. Until the union of Spain (1469), the reconquest of Granada (1492), and the rise of Madrid in the following century Toledo was a city of supreme importance. Now it has become a mere shell of its former greatness.

The story of these successive phases of Toledo's history can be read in its stones: its walls, gates, and bridges, its churches and remodelled mosques, its castle and its cathedral. In no other city of Spain are the successive stages of Spanish history to be read so easily as here. Yet it is not simply as a history book that one thinks of Toledo. It is full of thrilling stories, but also of unforgettable, sometimes almost incommunicable, impressions. This book will not endeavour to com-

municate all these. It will merely suggest a few and leave the traveller to appreciate them and find others.

The cathedral in the evening is one of them. The day excursionists have returned in their char-a-bancs and expresses to Madrid, and once they are gone the beauty of holiness unfolds itself like a flower. Who that has entered at twilight can forget the solemnity of the long avenues of gigantic pillars, the falling of the shadows, the soft diffused light that fills the transept, the glowing of the hundreds of stained-glass windows? The cathedral in the morning is another. Rise early—your hotel is but a stone's throw away—and creep in soon after dawn, when within it is still almost night. Blasco Ibáñez has preserved the impressions of that morning hour in a few vivid lines of his book entitled *The Cathedral* (1903). The cold, clammy atmosphere that as you enter envelops you, like a mantle; the opening of the "magic flowers," which are the windows at the first glow of day; the red lamps of the chapels, which glimmer through the darkness; the wheeling of the bats; the solitary figures of priest or acolyte hurrying to and from their altars, pausing but to genuflect before each image; in the distance, the tinkling of a sacring-bell or the jingling of the sacristan's keys.

Another impression is the view from the Miradero at midday: the fields of red loam and plantations of yellow mustard, the tawny river, the clusters and masses of whitewashed houses, churches and convents of golden brown sandstone: a feast of colour, you say at first, until you realize at length that the colours are those of

your own country and that it is the diaphanous air and the floods of southern light which make them so wonderful, so unreal.

Then there is the labyrinth of crooked, narrow streets, the very narrowness of which is a blessing in the heat of the summer, for wider thoroughfares give no shade. There are the little squares with radiating lanes; the steep and unexpected descents; the picturesque names of the streets, recalling anything from the life of a saint to the history of a forgotten but once noble family, and, as often as not, quite different from the names in the latest street-plan, for they are always changing. The streets of Toledo, more than any other part of the city, take us back to the time when between Christians, Jews, and Moors its walls contained 200,000 inhabitants.

The Cathedral

So full is the cathedral of impressions, and yet so crowded with "sights," that it deserves a separate treatment. It is the great magnet which not only draws visitors to Toledo, but, when once they are there and have "seen" it, draws them back to itself again. One never feels that one knows it: it exercises what can only be called a fascination.

To begin with, its proportions are magnificent. Approximately speaking, its total length is 400 feet, its breadth 200, the height of its central nave well over 100. It is thus one of the longest cathedrals in Christendom, and the comparative narrowness of its five

naves only heightens the impression of dignity which it conveys at all times, especially at dusk and at dawn. In one way it is unfortunate that the cathedral stands in a hollow, and that therefore its tall and graceful tower appears to peep over the heads of the surrounding buildings instead of standing upon an eminence commanding the whole of the plain. On the other hand, the traveller who is unprepared for so grandiose a building is disposed to be grateful to it for refraining from advertising its size in advance. The sensation it gives him is the more overpowering for being so entirely unexpected.

If we make a tour of the cathedral, staying only to look at the treasures that are best worth seeing, this is not to be taken as an ideal, or even as more than a tolerable, way of making its acquaintance. But any guide-book is of necessity so bewildering in its detail, that it is of some service to disentangle the objects which should not be missed.

Of the eight doors of the cathedral, each of which has a characteristic name, that usually most admired is the south-east Door of the Lions (Puerta de los Leones). The central west door (Puerta del Perdón) has a bas-relief representing Our Lady giving a chasuble to St. Ildefonso, an event supposed to have happened in 666, and commemorated in the Chapel of the Descent of Our Lady, as well as in numerous pictures and engravings and by a fervent throng of pilgrims on January 22-23 of each year. The Notaries' Door (Puerta de los Escribanos) is to the south of that last mentioned; by it notaries formerly entered to take

the oaths pertaining to their office. To the north of the central west door is the Puerta de la Torre. Over these three is a colossal representation of the Last Supper, and above it the great west rose-window.

The chapels, which extend round the whole of the interior, are best visited early, both for the reason already given (p. 19) and because some other parts of the building are opened only in the afternoon. Entering by the Door of the Lions, we pass on our right a group of small chapels of slight interest, and enter the Chapter-house, just beyond them. This has a wonderful *artesonado* ceiling, some good stalls, and a number of paintings of varying interest, including a notable series of thirteen mural paintings by Juan de Borgoña and the portraits of past Archbishops of Toledo, a few of whom will be known by name to the student of Spanish history.

Continuing our walk round the ambulatory, we may visit the spacious Chapel of San Ildefonso, immediately behind the high altar, which contains some interesting tombs, and its neighbour of Santiago, built by the unfortunate Álvaro de Luna who was (p. 46) a Master of the famous Order of Santiago and is always remembered in connection with the weak but well-intentioned John II. The Santiago chapel contains monuments to the memory of its founder and his wife, the former lying in state fully armed, and they are also seen in an attitude of devotion on the *retablo* behind the altar. Beyond it is a passage leading to the Chapel of the Reyes Nuevos, which can only be seen in the early morning and has many historical asso-

ciations. It is called after the dynasty descended from its founder, Henry II, who assassinated and so succeeded his half-brother Peter the Cruel on the throne of Castile (1369), and contains the tombs of Henry and his consort, Henry III and his consort (the daughter of John of Gaunt), John I and his consort, together with a statue to John II, whose tomb we have already seen at Miraflores (p. 43).

Passing down the northern nave, leaving on our right the chapel of the Black Virgin of the Sanctuary (Virgen del Sagrario), and walking over the slab covering the remains of a seventeenth-century bishop whose epitaph, "Hic jacet pulvis, civis et præterea nihil," draws more attention to itself than he may have intended, we may look at the Chapel of St. Peter (San Pedro), which is used as a parish church, and then pass a whole succession of chapels of no great interest. Eventually we reach that of St. John (San Juan) which is used as a treasury and visited only with a permit; this is purchased in the cloister, together with tickets for certain other parts of the cathedral, to be considered later. On our way down the northern nave we pass on our left the little shrine of the Descent of Our Lady already referred to.

Crossing the west end of the cathedral we find on our right the famous Capilla Mozárabe, where Mass is said each morning according to the Mozarabic ritual—*i.e.*, the use of Christians who were allowed to continue their cult under Moorish rule after the Conquest; a description of this, for those who are interested in its details, will be found in one of the Alcuin Club tracts

entitled *The Mozarabic and Ambrosian Rites.*[1] The founder of this chapel was the famous Cardinal Ximénez de Cisneros, to whom Spain owed her once great University of Alcalá de Henares. Besides being an ecclesiastic and a patron of learning, the Cardinal was a great warrior, and Juan de Borgoña's mural paintings in this chapel portray him in an expedition against the Moors which led to the taking of Oran.

We need not follow the chapels any farther, but may proceed to the more important parts of the cathedral as soon as they are opened to the public. In the meantime we may give ourselves up to dreams, curiosity or devotion, contemplate the splendid stained-glass windows, walk in the cloister, ascend the tower for the sake of the view, or make a tour of the exterior of the building, which deserves more time than visitors generally give to it. By the time the choir and sanctuary are on view the light within the cathedral is generally fading, except in summer, and the subdued tones are particularly lovely.

The *capilla mayor* of the cathedral is perhaps less beautiful than the plateresque screen which shuts it off from visitors, except when parties are taken round on the tour which we are now describing. The colossal *retablo,* like the crucifix over the screen, is remarkable chiefly for its size, and there is nothing else to see of outstanding merit. Of the statues the most interesting is that of St. Isidro, the ploughman-saint who, after his death, is believed to have guided Alfonso VIII to victory over the Moors at the battle of Las Navas de

[1] W. C. Bishop, New York, Oxford Univ. Press, 1924.

Tolosa (1212), and later became patron of Madrid. Beneath the sanctuary are buried kings and archbishops, whose remains lay there before ever it was constructed: their tombs will be seen on either side of the high altar.

The choir is difficult to appreciate because of the poorness of the light, and the brief moments during which electric lights are turned on here and there by vergers in charge of parties are insufficient for more than a cursory inspection. The stalls are some of the finest in Spain, the work mainly of Alonso Berruguete and Rodrigo Alemán. We can trace in their elaborate carving the history of the siege and conquest of Granada (1492). The three bronze lecterns, the choir altar at which Mass is said at dawn, the massive gates, and the Archbishop's throne are details both excellent of their kind and typical of the choirs of Spain's great cathedrals.

From the choir we proceed to the treasury, where monstrances, vestments, and statues in silver and gold, of dazzling splendour, are exposed, behind glass, to the admiration of the public. Thence vergers hurry us on to the sacristy and to the adjoining apartments where, in more glass cases, are displayed century-old vestments. The human element is so conspicuously lacking that one's interest in so much display is dulled in spite of oneself. The last time I "proceeded" round these rooms in guide-book fashion, and gazed at the rows of vestments on their stands, I thought longingly of an afternoon spent a few months earlier in a convent of Northern Spain, where the Prior himself took me

into his sacristy, opened the drawers, one after another, and with loving hands took out chasubles, dalmatics, and copes, describing the history of each, the particular occasion when it was used, and here and there incidents and reminiscences which showed how precious they all were to him. Go round in the perfunctory procession by all means and see the wonders of Toledo, but lose anything rather than an opportunity of being shown such things in humbler surroundings by those who have no worldly possessions of their own.

The great sight of the Toledo sacristy is El Greco's famous picture *El Espolio* (*The Parting of the Garments*): "a wonderful composition," writes an artist,

> the tall, majestic figure of Christ, quiet and serene; behind him——a piled-up mass nearly filling the canvas—the heads of the turbulent soldiery, vehement in gesture, a violent, surging mob; and in the foreground the sinister figure of the workman bending down to drill the holes for the nails in the cross. Though in some respects less interesting than the later works, I regard this as perhaps the most perfect of his works, excepting only some of the later portraits. It bears no marks of immaturity, it is a work complete in every sense, and marks fittingly the culmination of the first stage of the artist's growth.[1]

Sights

Having now made an inspection of the cathedral, and concluded what will probably be only our first visit to it, we may wander for a time about the city. A suitable starting-place, for those who have just seen

[1] Stewart Dick, *The Heart of Spain* (Philadelphia, Jacobs, 1907), pp. 131-132

TOLEDO BY MOONLIGHT
From a painting by J. Littlejohns

TOLEDO PUERTA DEL SOL
Photo G. E. Thompson

El Espolio, will be the church of Santo Tomé, originally a mosque, where, surrounded by much that, either by its gaudiness or by its untidiness, or perhaps by both, is wholly unworthy of it, hangs one of the most famous of all El Greco's canvases, the *Burial of the Count of Orgaz,* a work remarkable for its precision and detail, to which it would need pages to do full justice.

> There is a great deal that is fine in the picture—much that is magnificent. The beautiful head of the little boy; the dead count lying cold and stiff in his damascened armour; the gorgeously arrayed patriarchal figures bending over him; above all, the wonderful frieze of heads of the attendant mourners—all these are admirable. It is this last feature that has captured the plaudits of the Toledans. It is hailed as a unique series of portrait studies of the most absolute fidelity . . . (But) all the company are dominated by the one emotion. They are all taking part in the sacred rites of the burial.[1]

Some may wish, after seeing these two pictures, to make an El Greco tour and study that artist's work at the various stages of its development, aided, if they can read Spanish, by Sr. Cossío's great work on the subject,[2] or, if not, by the English translation of Julius Meier-Graefe [3] or the excellent thirteenth chapter of Mr. J. B. Trend's interesting though rather unequal *Spain from the South.*[4] They will need first to return to the cathedral, for the striking *St. Francis* (in the

[1] Stewart Dick, *The Heart of Spain* (Philadelphia, Jacobs, 1907), pp. 134-135.

[2] M. B. Cossío, *El Greco* (Madrid, Suárez., 1908).

[3] *The Spanish Journey* (New York, Harcourt, 1927).

[4] London, Methuen, 1928; New York, Knopf, 1929.

Vestuario), if they have not seen this already. Then they will naturally make for the painter's house (Casa del Greco) past Santo Tomé and down by the river, to which urchins innumerable will probably have been screaming for permission to conduct them since their arrival at the railway-station. Here El Greco lived for eleven years, and here and in the neighbouring Museo del Greco are a number of his canvases, notably his fine panorama of Toledo and other views of the city and its surroundings. There are also the *Christus,* the *Holy Family,* and *Cardinal Tavera* in the Hospital of San Juan Bautista, a *St. Joseph* in the little chapel dedicated to that saint near the Cristo de la Luz, and less noteworthy pictures in the churches of Santa María Magdalena, San Vicente, Santo Domingo el Antiguo, and San Juan Bautista.

Sightseeing in Toledo for those who have no particular object in view will more naturally follow a chronological order, beginning with the ruins and Roman amphitheatre outside the city and passing to its old walls and gates. The finest of the gates is the Puerta del Sol, already mentioned, which happily, though quite easily accessible, lies some way from the bustle of main-road traffic, in a memorable and commanding position. Its horseshoe arches, over one of which reappears the subject of the Virgin Mary and St. Ildefonso, remind us at once of its Moorish origin. The Puerta Visagra, some little way below, is a sixteenth-century gate, not far from the Puerta Visagra Antigua, at least seven hundred years older, through which in 1085 Alfonso VI and the Cid rode into the

newly conquered city. The Puerta del Cambrón and the Puerta de San Martín, to the south-west of the Visagra gates, are also frequently visited; the Puerta de Alcántara we have already seen.

Near the Puerta del Sol is the Cristo de la Luz, a small mosque over a thousand years old, to which is attached a picturesque legend. Alfonso and the Cid, it is said, were riding past it during their triumphal entry, when the Cid's famous charger, Babieca, suddenly fell on her knees in adoration, and, as no self-respecting Christian horse would do such a thing before a mosque, excavations were made in the walls and a crucifix with a light burning before it was found to have been miraculously preserved there since before the Moorish invasion of the eighth century when the Toledans had hidden it. The legend has given its name to the mosque, to which additions were made by the Christians after the Reconquest. The six naves, the horseshoe arches, and the numerous tall pillars (*i.e.,* compared with the size of the church) are suggestive of the immense mosque of Córdoba: neither those who are going there nor those who are travelling no farther southward will wish to miss this little architectural gem of the first water.

For lack of space the remaining curiosities of Toledo shall be described with brevity. Santa María la Blanca, not far from the El Greco Museum, was a synagogue transformed into a church in 1405, and, later, suffered various unenviable vicissitudes. Again we note the horseshoe arches, of which the ensemble, together with the arabesques and the richly carved

capitals, form the attraction of the building. Near it is a former synagogue termed El Tránsito ("the Passing" —*i.e.,* of Our Lady), which dates from the fourteenth century, and was built at the expense of Peter the Cruel's Jewish treasurer: this is a simpler building of surprising loftiness, well lit by small, high windows, and covered also with arabesques and with Hebrew inscriptions. Very different from these early examples of medieval architecture is the neighbouring church of San Juan de los Reyes. This, with its beautiful, light, and delicately adorned cloister, is generally admired, if only for the contrast which it presents to so much Moorish work, but it is really too ornate and florid for the taste of northerners. It was built by the Catholic Monarchs, in 1476, as the church of a Franciscan convent, and destined as a pantheon for themselves and their successors on the Spanish throne: they had not then conquered Granada and discovered a better resting-place. For many years after the Reconquest of Granada it remained unfinished, and this ill-fortune was repeated when immense damage was done to it by the French troops during the War of Independence. It has much that is admirable in the way of ornamentation, but most people who visit it carry away no very definite impressions, save the general one of excessive decoration in the midst of desolation and barrenness, and a minor but a very vivid remembrance of the chains of ransomed Christian prisoners which hang on the outer walls.

There still remains much to be seen in Toledo by those who can spare the time to do it justice. The

Posada de la Sangre, in the Calle de Cervantes, was the lodging of the great novelist, and is kept very much as it was in his generation. The sixteenth-century Hospital de Santa Cruz has a façade and a *patio* and its church a carved ceiling that repay a visit. In the Hospital de San Juan Bautista we must not miss the tomb of its Cardinal-founder, whose portrait, by El Greco, we have already seen. The factory where the famous Toledo blades are still manufactured can also be visited. And, finally, there is the Alcázar, which, if seen at all by a vistor to Toledo, seems always to be left by him to the end of his stay. Its chief distinction may be thought to be that of its position as the highest point in Toledo—the site of a building which was a Roman castle and a Visigothic fortress, before it became a governor's residence for the Cid, and so, by easy stages of enlargement and reconstruction, a royal palace. Since the monarchs of the Golden Age finally enlarged it, the Alcázar has twice suffered from fire, and being now, like the palace of Aranjuez, no longer needed as a residence for the sovereigns, it is used to-day as a military college for young officers. It has a fine *patio* and staircase, which only those going to Seville should feel justified in leaving unvisited, and a view as enviable as any in the city. It is the first building to attract the attention of the new arrival at Toledo, and probably the last which he comments upon as he leaves. For that reason, if for no other, it deserves a position in this narrative of as great prominence as the geographical one in which it rejoices.

CHAPTER V

SALAMANCA

OF ALL the cities in Spain which it may fairly be said that no thoughtful traveller should miss, Salamanca is undoubtedly the one which is actually missed most often. Principally it owes this misfortune to its situation. It is on the main line to Lisbon—but few English-speaking tourists go to Lisbon except by steamer. It is easily accessible from Ávila—but Ávila is generally taken as a day excursion from Madrid, or as a day's break in the journey to or from the French frontier. From Madrid it is too far (especially by train) to encourage visitors with no special purpose. So as a rule Salamanca is left out of the tourist's itinerary, to be relegated to the "next time" which so often never comes.

There is also a notion among tourists that in Salamanca there is "nothing to see." This chapter, it is to be hoped, will dispel that error. Nevertheless, it is true that, like Ávila, it is primarily worth a visit for its "atmosphere." Its buildings, of a sandstone which time has mellowed to a warm golden brown, are individually magnificent enough, but in the *ensemble* unforgettable. To see them for the first time on a brilliant sunlit morning is to thrill with a sense of welcome perhaps never experienced elsewhere. To walk among

them in the heat of a drowsy midday is to see a city which time has neither ravaged nor devoured, but only caressed. Much as one learns to love the cathedrals of Salamanca, the broad and lazy Tormes on whose banks they sleep, the hospitable convents with their generously displayed treasures, the stately old houses and their beautiful, even romantic, *patios,* one learns, too, the truth of the axiom which is false in Euclid, but familiar to every one who travels in spirit as well as in body—that the whole can be very much greater than the sum of its parts. Cervantes' apostrophe, perpetuated by being engraved in stone, remains no less durably in the minds of those who have learned to love the city: "Salamanca, that captivates the affections of all who have tasted the sweets of her hospitality, and draws them back to her. . . ."[1] The language of the eulogy, even in this somewhat free translation, is archaic, but the sentiments which lie beneath it are still expressed, openly and fervently, for we are in a loyal and affectionate country where such sentiments are not denied expression.

Though it has a long and venerable history, going back even farther than that of Toledo and continuing through Moorish and Christian times till, like Toledo, it lost its importance in the seventeenth century, the most powerful memories which Salamanca stirs within us are not martial, but intellectual. In the Middle Ages, Salamanca University, founded by Alfonso IX of León late in the twelfth century, was counted with Paris, Bologna, and Oxford as one of the four great

[1] *El Licenciado Vidriera.*

universities of Europe: it is said to have numbered, in its hey-day, as many as 10,000 students (to-day there are less than four hundred, and once there were less than forty). At one time Salamanca University led Europe in the study of Arabic and Greek, and under the Catholic Monarchs and their two immediate successors it had a striking renaissance. Names of men like Francisco de Vitoria, Domingo de Soto, Melchor Cano, Bartolomé de Medina, Luis de León, so well known in the history of Spanish thought, live again in the shadow of Salamanca University. In modern times, Miguel de Unamuno, formerly its rector, and one of the outstanding personalities in twentieth-century Spain, has become its chief intellectual representative. His essays and other varied prose works may be read anywhere, in Spanish or in English, but his poems, in Spanish, should be read in Salamanca itself, for they are instinct with feeling for the city of his adoption.

More than one celebrated Spanish work of fiction has its scene in Salamanca. Some believe that city to be the background of the famous dramatic novel known as the *Tragi-comedy of Calisto and Melibea* (1499), also called the *Celestina*. It gives the name of its river to the picaresque story of *Lazarillo de Tormes* (*c.* 1554), the delightfully told adventures of the clever little son of a rascally father and a poverty-stricken mother who rises in the world through his own shrewdness till he ends as the proud husband of an Archdeacon's housekeeper! It reappears in a verse romance by the "Byron of Spain," José de Espronceda (1808-

42): *El Estudiante de Salamanca.* And its misfortunes during the War of Independence are treated by Pérez Galdós in his *Episodios Nacionales* (*La Batalla de los Arapiles*).

The Cathedrals

Salamanca has not one cathedral only, but two: the "new" cathedral (Catedral Nueva), which has attained to the respectable antiquity of over four hundred years, and its adjoining elder sister (Catedral Vieja), which was built in the twelfth century and is no longer used for public worship. We realize that we have travelled from Toledo the rich to Salamanca the strong when we look at its walls—the walls, not of a church, but of a fortress. But though there is interest in it for the architect and archæologist, most visitors will probably soon pass back into the New Cathedral, which they will have visited first and in which they will gladly linger.

The proportions of this cathedral are so magnificent that they will probably surprise even the previously instructed visitor. In surface measurement, it comes not far short of Toledo and makes a general impression hardly less striking. The fact that it has so little in the way of treasures—the choir-stalls, the founder's tomb in the Capilla Dorada, and the Cid's famous crucifix are the chief—allows one more time to drink in its grandeur.

A common question asked by those who are staying over Easter in Madrid is: Where shall I go for the ceremonies of Semana Santa? To stay in the capital

is the last thing to be done by those who are interested in the ecclesiastical side of Holy Week. The most magnificent church services will be found in Toledo, and, though its cathedral is apt to be crowded with chattering parties of foreign tourists, that is probably the best answer. For besides the splendour of the cathedral services by day there is the attraction of the evening processions, which wind their way slowly along the hilly and tortuous streets, the gloom masking their occasional tawdriness and adding to their solemnity. But from the purely devotional point of view, which may mean a great deal to some readers of this book, I should personally recommend Salamanca. Three times I have been there shortly before Easter for purposes of library research (some of the libraries of the city are particularly rich in *incunabula*) and each time the cathedral services, with their excellent music and usefully annotated handbook to guide the visitor through the week's offices, have attracted me more. There are few present at the services but worshippers—and Spaniards are among the most devout worshippers in Europe. The cathedral itself is singularly helpful to devotion. The enormous and intensely reverent congregation at the morning's Passion Sermon on Good Friday is surely unsurpassed in Spain. The outdoor processions—even the Sacro Entierro on Good Friday evening—can certainly not be described as well arranged, inspiring, or in any way admirable. But the splendid Procession of the Palms, on Palm Sunday, in the cathedral, is sufficient to make up for anything.

The University

After the cathedrals, or some might say before them, we must visit the university—rather a sad visit to those who know British or American universities, for the predominant feeling is one of lost opportunities. In May 1928 King Alfonso XIII, visiting Salamanca for the quatercentenary celebrations of the birth of Luis de León, delivered a striking speech on the decadence of Spanish university teaching. "The universities," he said,

> must not submit to the indignity of living on memories of the past. I rely on you, and I look to you of the older universities, to follow modern paths; I long that you may aspire to heights equal to those of the sixteenth century and show that we of the twentieth are worthy of the greatness of our ancestors."

There are signs already that these frank and moving words have not been spoken in vain. And when they find their fulfilment, and Salamanca University again numbers its students by the thousand, not only its traditions but also its lawns will be kept green, washing will no longer hang from the windows of the courtyard which fronts its noble façade, and, within and without its buildings both, due honour will be paid to the noble names of those who in the past have made it great.

Ere we enter the university we must pause for a moment to glance at the statue which looks toward its doorway—that of the greatest of its past professors, Fray Luis de León.

It is the representation of a tall, grave friar, his eyes

cast down, his right hand lowered in deprecation, his left holding a book. It suggests a life lived in seclusion, study, tolerance, and good-will. But as I have said elsewhere,[1] and as Mr. Aubrey F. G. Bell has shown at greater length in his *Luis de Leon*[2]—a magnificent biography which is a credit to British scholarship—the life of the Augustinian friar, who is perhaps Spain's greatest lyric poet and one of the most prominent figures of the Spanish Renaissance, was beset with calumnies, enmities, and persecutions, nor can his own temperament and dealings with his colleagues be entirely exempted from responsibility for his troubles.

Entering the university, we find on the ground floor the classroom where Fray Luis taught, with its narrow, comfortless seats and in front of them the pulpit-like *cátedra* ("chair") which at the age of forty-four he was forced to exchange for the prison cells of the Inquisition at Valladolid.

If we are fortunate in our guide, we may hear, in this very room where the scene is supposed to have taken place, the story which has done more than anything else to perpetuate the legend of Luis de León's placidity. On his acquittal by the Inquisition, after more than four years' imprisonment, he returned to Salamanca, escorted in triumph by those who took his part. "Timbrels and trumpets" accompanied him, says the authoritative account of the proceedings, and he had "a great following of doctors, masters, and other gen-

[1] *Studies of the Spanish Mystics* (New York, Macmillan), vol. i, 1927, chapter vi, "Luis de León."

[2] New York, Oxford Univ. Press, 1925.

tlemen." His professorship having been filled, a new one was created especially for him, of which he took immediate possession.

The traditional story runs that a vast audience filled the lecture-room, for the professor had defended himself notably and vehemently against the inquisitors, and it was hoped that he might unloose once more the torrents of his eloquence. But to the surprise of every one, when the long-absent friar stood up in his place it was to utter the words, *"Dicebamus hesterna die . . ."* ("As we were saying yesterday . . ."), and to proceed with the thread of his argument which had been cut nearly five years earlier.

Lazarillo—and Others

From the university, which is quite near the cathedrals, we might cross the Plaza del Colegio Viejo and wend our way along the Calle del Tostado to the Dominicans' church of San Esteban, where there is a good deal to be seen, though nothing of irresistible interest. Its Renaissance façade attracts many whom the heavily loaded and gilded Churriguera altars only repel, though even from these the *retablo* of the high altar often evokes unwilling admiration. The convent, which adjoins the church, has some tranquil cloisters where one is tempted to linger. The names of the great Domingo de Soto and Melchor Cano live in San Esteban. Neither is a household word in modern Spain, but in this backwater of Spanish life the memory of the Tridentine scholar (*"Qui scit Sotum scit totum"* ran the witty saying) and his renowned

contemporary are kept alive among the people by several monuments which the monks will gladly point out. A name even less remembered than these is that of Fray Diego de Deza; yet because it is linked to the universally renowned one of Columbus it will never die. The monks show a cell which belonged to Deza and an inscription marks the room where he met the future discoverer of America, before the latter had been able to persuade nobles to espouse his cause, monarchs to fit him out an expedition, or bishops to bless it.

In a museum of no great value which can be entered from the cloisters of San Esteban, one exhibit delights the lover of Spanish literature. For a somewhat shapeless stone animal, no lovelier than the lions of Granada (p. 144) recalls one of the well-known episodes from *Lazarillo de Tormes,* which may be read most conveniently in David Rowland's contemporary translation, published in pocket form, with several other short stories of the Golden Age, in the "World's Classics" series.[1] The animal is none other than the "beast of stone, fashioned much like a bull," which Lazarillo and his master passed in crossing the Roman bridge over the Tormes that leads out of Salamanca. (From beyond this bridge there is a fine view of cathedrals and city.) Let the story of how the blind man taught the boy caution be told in the version of Rowland.

> As soon as we came near it, the blind man willed me to approach, saying:

[1] *Spanish Short Stories of the Sixteenth Century* (Oxford University Press).

SALAMANCA: THE NEW CATHEDRAL
Photo Gombau

CIUDAD RODRIGO
Pinx. Gambaro

"Lázaro, put thine ear to this bull, and thou shalt hear a terrible noise within it."

As soon as he had said the word, I was ready like a fool to bow down my head, to do as he had commanded, thinking that his words had been most true; but the traitorous blind man, suspecting how near it my head was, thrusteth forth his arm upon a sudden, with such force, that my sore head took such a blow against the devilish bull, that for the space of three days my head felt the pains of his horns.

Wherefore he was right glad, and said: "Consider now what thou art, thou foolish calf; thou must understand that the blind man's boy ought to know one trick more than the devil himself."

How well the boy bettered his master's instruction may be described in the delightful episode of the bunch of grapes, which took place near a village on the way out of Salamanca:

One of the vineyard gave my master a whole bunch (of grapes) . . . As soon as we found a valley fit for the purpose, we sat us down, and my master said:

"Lázaro, my boy, I will now use a great liberality towards thee; it is my pleasure that both of us shall eat friendly together this bunch of grapes, whereof thy part shall be as much as mine. We will part it after this sort: thou shalt take one grape and I another, promising me faithfully that thou wilt not take above one at a time, and I will do the like to thee, and so we will quietly end our bunch, without any fraud or guile on either part."

Upon that condition we agreed and began our banquet: but my master belike forgetting his promise did soon change purpose, for immediately he began to pick the grapes by two and two, thinking peradventure that I would do the like, as he might well think. Indeed, I was not far behind him, for, as soon as I perceived that he had broken the law, I was not content to go by two and two as he did, but went before him, taking up by two and three together, and sometimes more as I was best able. When the bunch

was ended, he took the stalk in his hand, and, wagging his head, said:

"Lázaro, thou hast deceived me. By God, thou hast eaten by three and three."

I utterly denied it, and said: "Indeed, uncle, it is not true: why should you think so?"

Then he like a crafty blind man answered:

"I did perceive straightways how the matter went, for when I began to take up by two and two, thou never didst find fault, but didst keep silence." [1]

What more shall we find to interest us in Salamanca? A few isolated "sights," of varied nature, can easily be taken in the course of a single stroll through the city. Let the central point of it be the handsome arcaded square, known very fittingly as the Plaza Mayor, for it is the finest of its kind in all Spain. Not far from it, past the Romanesque church of San Martín, and on the way down to the cathedral and the river, is the celebrated Casa de las Conchas ("House of the Cockle-shells"), the walls of which are covered with the pilgrim shells of Santiago. Perhaps one's time is better employed, however, in contemplating its handsome barred windows, its fine *patio,* and the ceiling of its pleasing staircase than in staring unintelligently at the *conchas,* as most Spaniards seem to do, and waxing enthusiastic over the shadows of them which the sun throws on the walls.

A minute or two from the Casa de las Conchas, at one corner of the Plaza de Colón, with its modern statue of the discoverer, is the fifteenth-century Torre del Clavero, a handsome tower which always attracts

[1] *Spanish Short Stories of the Sixteenth Century* (Oxford University Press).

attention. There are a number of houses, such as the Casa de la Salina, the Casa del Palomo, and the Casa de las Muertes, which are worth visiting if only for their exteriors, but one really derives most enjoyment from them by discovering them for oneself. Every English-speaking visitor is urged by his hotel proprietor, chambermaid, porter, waiters, and boot-cleaner —for the less frequented is a city in Spain the more insistent are these kind friends with their recommendations—to see without fail the Colegio de los Nobles Irlandeses, a seminary for Irish students housed in the sixteenth-century Colegio del Arzobispo, on the Paseo de San Vicente. This has a dignified *patio* of two stories, a notable façade, and a good *retablo* in its chapel. But it is rather apt to disappoint those who do not realize that it is recommended to them so warmly because they are credited with a desire to see everything that is "English" (and no Spaniard distinguishes between English, Welsh, Scottish, and Irish) in whatever country they may be travelling.

There is one picture in Salamanca which must on no account be missed—namely, the great *Conception* by Ribera, which hangs over the High Altar of the Convento de las Agustinas Recoletas and is remarkable alike for its beauty of form and its colour. It should not be forgotten that it cannot be seen between Passion Sunday (seven days before Palm Sunday) and Easter Even, as during that period all such pictures, crucifixes, etc., in churches are veiled.

We have said nothing of the broad, placid, and picturesque River Tormes, of the bare but attractive

country around Salamanca, of its vineyards and cornfields, its pines and poplars and its brown and white villages, parched in summer and frozen in winter. Nothing of the thrilling, if rather lengthy, excursions to be made from the city: to Ávila, on the east, which we have already described; to the old frontier town of Zamora, on the north, with its grand Romanesque cathedral; to Ciudad-Rodrigo, of Peninsular fame, almost as far west as the Portuguese frontier, whose cathedral should be visited for its façade and quite unusually realistic choir-stall carving; and even to Plasencia, finally situated a hundred miles southward, if one thinks of going on to the picturesque old town of Cáceres and thence to see the Roman bridge and theatre at Mérida.

Finally, a word must be said about the district of Las Hurdes, a strange and barren region which can be visited (by those who like primitive conditions) from Salamanca, by way of Fuente de San Esteban and Sequeros. But none should go there without first reading Mr. Bell's realistic chapter on "Villages of Las Hurdes" in *A Pilgrim in Spain,* and, better still, studying what will for a long time be the standard book on its subject—*Las Jurdes,* by Maurice Legendre,[1] a work written in French and built up with characteristic French thoroughness from many visits to this almost unknown country and much converse with its inhabitants.

Motoring Routes

MADRID—Ávila (71 miles)—Salamanca (135 miles).

[1] Bordeaux, Feret et Fils, 1927.

PART II

CHAPTER VI

SOUTHWARD TO SEVILLE

NO FOREIGN traveller in Spain, I imagine, can wholly suppress the thrill which comes to him when he finds himself at last in the Madrid express, bound for Seville. Even those who have travelled again and again in lovely Andalusia—*tierra bendita de Dios*—even those who are fully alive to the greatness and the sternness and the grandeur of Castile cannot help but sympathize with the Duque de Rivas, greatest of nineteenth-century narrative poets in Spain, as he contrasts the bareness and desolation of Christian Burgos with the luxuriance and fertility of the Moorish Córdoba (his native city) of which he writes in his *Moro Expósito* (*The Foundling Moor*). While as for those who have come to Spain expecting to find it a land of orange-groves and olive-yards, of palm-trees, bowers of roses and perpetual summer, to them the stay in Castile has been an experience primarily of disillusionment, though an experience not perhaps without its compensations. They believe now that they are going at last to the Spain of their dreams—of guitars and gipsies, matadors and mantillas, date-palms and orange-blossom. Perhaps, as we shall see, a measure of disillusionment still awaits them, but in the main they are

right. It was a true instinct for beauty, and not merely senseless civic vanity, that prompted the saying: "Quien no ha visto Sevilla, no ha visto maravilla,"[1] or that provoked the *riposte* of the Granadino: "Quien no ha visto Granada, no ha visto nada."[2]

Madrid to Córdoba

On the whole, those who are expecting much from the scenery of Andalusia, and who have to make economies of time, would be well advised to travel from Madrid to Córdoba by night. The eight hours can be better spent in the south than on the way, and it is more agreeable for an exacting wayfarer to find himself half an hour from his destination among a flora of considerable luxuriance than to spend the best hours of the day looking out over plains hardly more attractive than those of Castile, till hope deferred drives him back to the morning's newspaper.

The journey, too, is done by most people at a stretch. Aranjuez (p. 61) is so near Madrid as to be easily reached by car or train in an hour or so, and only those with ample time to spare will face the long branch-line crawl thence to the highly picturesque little town of Cuenca. We pass through the *Don Quixote* country, but readers of that great romance (which should be in every traveller's coat pocket at this stage, but rarely is) will remember that its scenery is not exciting. A Spanish aviation company recently started excursions

[1] "He that has not seen Seville has seen no marvel."
[2] "He that has not seen Granada has seen nothing."

by aeroplane from Madrid illustrating Don Quixote's adventures in La Mancha, landing at his Dulcinea's El Toboso, some twenty miles from the nearest railway station, and passing the village of Argamasilla (which is served by a station of that name), where he was born. The landscape has recently lost many of its windmills, which electricity, so plentiful in Spain, has rendered useless, but it is pleasing to see that many more have been repaired so that the *Don Quixote* country may still retain its character. To readers who know sufficient Spanish to read in that language easily, Azorín's delightful and suggestive essay *La ruta de Don Quijote* can be cordially recommended.

Of the remaining possible breaks in the journey southward, Alcázar de San Juan, the junction for the south-east (p. 105), is sometimes an involuntary halting-place; Valdepeñas is of course celebrated for its *bodegas,* and Espelúy is the junction for the interesting but seldom visited city of Jaén, where there is not only a Renaissance cathedral which may be compared with that of Granada (p. 152), but also much character in the streets, buildings, and *patios,* which might be envied by many a southern city of greater fame.

Córdoba

"Little can be said with respect to the town of Córdoba," wrote Borrow in his *Bible in Spain,* which is a mean, dark, gloomy place, full of narrow streets and alleys, without squares or public buildings worthy of attention save and except its far-famed cathedral."

Aside from the cathedral of Córdoba, only its situation appealed to him as being "beautiful and picturesque." "Before it runs the Guadalquivir, which, though in this part shallow and full of sandbanks, is still a delightful stream; whilst behind it rise the steep sides of the Sierra Morena, planted up to the top with orange groves."

All that Borrow says of the situation of Córdoba is true, and much more than either he or later authors of travel-books can say might be added to it. Visitors to Córdoba who, seeking in it the luxuriance of the Murillo Gardens or of the María Luisa Park of Seville, find only the pleasant but modest Jardines de la Victoria are wont to speak of them very disrespectfully, especially as Córdoba is often the first stop made in a tour of Andalusia. It must be remembered that the gardens of Córdoba are its Sierra. Excursions are numerous and easily made, and though no places of unusual historical interest can be found in the locality, the beauty of the countryside affords ample compensation.

Córdoba itself is an agreeable place to spend a few days in, though again Borrow speaks truly when he says that there is "nothing to see" in it except its celebrated cathedral. The narrowness of its tortuous streets is intriguing rather than annoying, unless one happens to be driving a large car through them and meets another! The snowy whiteness of the houses, the broad-brimmed Andalusian hats of the men, the flower-twined hair of the women, the olive skins and dark, flashing eyes of the children—all these traits

CÓRDOBA: THE MOSQUE
Photo G. E. Thompson

CÓRDOBA CATHEDRAL: THE COURT OF THE ORANGE-TREES

Photo by [illegible] Thompson

impress one with the differences between Andalusia and Castile. But perhaps the principal delight of a short visit to Córdoba is the discovery of the little flowery *patios* behind the iron railings of even the smallest houses and those with the most unpromising exterior. Many will love to linger in Córdoba in order to take photographs or make watercolours of some of these, though no photograph suffices to represent what is before all things a feast of colour, and not even a painting can recapture the unexpectedness and surprise which is one's principal sensation when first one encounters these oases of beauty.

Standing as it does on the majestic Guadalquivir,[1] Córdoba has behind it a history many centuries old of commercial prosperity. Renowned in Roman times, and only less so under Visigothic rule, it was raised to the height of its fame under the Moors in the ninth and tenth centuries, becoming the capital of the Spanish caliphate, one of the principal centres of Moorish civilization, and almost (as indeed it has been called) "the Mecca of the West." A few generations before its reconquest by St. Ferdinand, its prosperity declined somewhat, though the Christians found it, nevertheless, a city of great importance. But, since they entered it in 1236 with the triumph of conquerors, Córdoba has never reached so high a point again.

The cathedral of Córdoba is, as all the world knows, the Christian adaptation of the great mosque (*mezquita*) which the Moors built in the eighth century to serve those of their faith as a Western centre of devo-

[1] The name is accented on the last syllable. *Cf.*, p. 45, *n.*, above.

tion. As Córdoba grew, and the influence of Islam grew, the Cordoban mosque grew correspondingly, till its forest of columns and arches, of which happily so large a part still remains, was famous throughout the civilized world. The Christian conquerors did it perhaps less harm than might have been feared. A relatively small church was planted, as it were, in the heart of the mosque, and small chapels were added wherever possible. Even this amount of reconstruction, however, besides spoiling the harmony of the building, meant the destruction of over sixty columns, and the reproof which Charles V is said to have addressed to the Chapter on beholding its handiwork is still repeated daily: "You have built what can be found anywhere, but in doing it you have mutilated what can be found nowhere else in all the world."

The mosque of Córdoba forms a broad rectangle—almost a square—adjoining the longer side of which runs its original court of ablutions, called the Patio de los Naranjos (Court of the Orange-trees): by entering this, generally through the handsome Puerta del Perdón (Door of Pardon), we make our way into the building. The general effect of the court is imposing, but a closer acquaintance with it produces a contempt which is not by any means the result of familiarity. The orange-trees are poor specimens; public conveniences displayed even more prominently than is usual in Spain, and groups of guides awaiting their prey, disfigure the *patio;* and, most inexcusable of all, grass and weeds growing unchecked in the crevices of the rough stone paving emphasize the evident marks of

neglect and dilapidation which are all around. No greater opportunity of creating an impression of beauty and tranquillity can be imagined than here. The rows of trees without, preparing one for the rows of columns within, the colonnade running round the three open sides of the court, the five fountains in the centre, and, above all, the vastness and the atmosphere of the place —all these are the component parts of an *ensemble* which potentially can only be described as splendid, but actually is to a large degree spoilt by lack of care.

Crossing the court, and entering the mosque by the Puerta de las Palmas (Door of the Palms), the visitor at once finds himself in its oldest part, with the first and second enlargements, the work of successive Moslem rulers, stretching beyond it in the order indicated. The third and final enlargement was made by extending what is now the shorter (but was then the longer) side of the rectangle: that is to say, that as one enters from the Court of the Orange-trees it is on one's far left, and covers the entire breadth of the building.

It is unnecessary to describe in detail the impression made by the eight hundred and fifty columns of the mosque, the maze of horseshoe arches, the ever-changing perspectives. Only height is lacking, and perhaps to those who have so often seen pictures of the mosque before seeing the reality a slight sense of disappointment is conveyed by this characteristic, which they had not expected. Curiosity and gratification are the sensations aroused rather than wonder and awe.

We have not, however, seen more than a fraction of

the mosque when we have stood for a few minutes at the doorway. *The mihrâb* or Arab chapel, with vestibule and inner shrine, is a construction found only in a few places in Spain. Neither the *segundo mihrâb* nor the *mihrâb nuevo,* situated at the far side of the first and second extensions respectively, is anywhere surpassed in Spain. The latter especially, both by its grace of form and wealth of ornamentation, provides as much delight as any single apartment in the more celebrated Alhambra. The massiveness and richness of its marble paving, walls, and ceiling are wonderful, but even more so are the gorgeous colourings of stucco and mosaic which Granada can nowhere surpass, or even equal.

The other attractions of the mosque belong mainly to its Christian additions, and, though not to be despised, are hardly comparable with those which we have seen already. If we can overcome the sense of incongruity which they inspire, the barroco choir-stalls and pulpits, the high altar, and the chief gems of the treasury, are all worth a glance. But it must be confessed that the most sensitive observers find in the Christianized part of the mosque very little to detain them.

Nor, outside the mosque, is there a great deal to see, other than the life of the city itself, which will be prized the more by those who have stayed in modern Seville and modern Granada. The Alcázar is merely imposing, and the guide-books would hardly recommend it as a "sight" had they not so little else to recommend. The Moorish bridge, with its sixteen arches,

is a noble construction, and, for all the shallowness of the Guadalquivir at this point in its course, the river itself, and still more, the view from its banks of the city dominated by the graceful tower of the mosque and standing out against the background of the Sierra, are fascinating in the extreme.

To the traveller for whom this book is written, however, there are but two facts of interest about Córdoba. One is that it has a mosque—which he has seen. The other is that it is hardly more than eighty miles from Seville—which he wants to see as speedily as possible. Too many, alas, are content to see what they can of Córdoba between the early morning train from Madrid and the afternoon train for Seville. The city deserves a better fate that that, for it has character which elsewhere is fast disappearing. But, as few who have a month to devote to Spain will give it more than a day or two, we must get into our train once more and make our way down the valley of the Guadalquivir, through fertile, low-lying country, planted with olives and oranges, and hedged with aloes and prickly pear, until we reach the Mecca, not of the Moslem, but of the tourist: Seville.

Motoring Routes

MADRID—Aranjuez (31 miles)—Ocaña (40 miles)—Manzanares (108 miles)—Valdepeñas (124 miles)—Córdoba (224 miles)—Seville (312 miles).

CHAPTER VII

ROYAL SEVILLE

DECIDEDLY it deserves the adjective. Even had it not engendered the proud hyperbole "He is no king that is not king of Seville"; even had not Spanish sovereigns from the earliest times made it a royal residence; even were not its Semana Santa queen of all Spain's Semanas Santas and its *feria* of all her *ferias:* even then it would be "Royal Seville" to the tourist. And for this simple reason, that in it all his fondest dreams of Spain are crowned with the joy of realization.

He must shut his eyes to a great deal, of course, if he really desires to dwell for long in his city of enchantment. Pseudo-Parisian shops, disappearing alleys, widened thoroughfares have been the rule for a quarter of a century. Distressingly businesslike blocks of buildings have been appearing everywhere since the great Spanish-American Exhibition was first mooted. Motor-cars speed along the *paseos* where once luxurious but leisurely carriages crawled. Gramophones and piano-organs grind out melodies which long tradition has made almost sacred. Bullfighting, even in the city that once was its strongest fortress, has had to reel before the shock of combat with its ever more powerful rival *fútbol.* Yet if Seville is now

much that it was not in the past, it is also all that it ever was. The Seville of the past has to be looked for, but it can still be found. Still there are narrow and winding streets which seem made for panniered donkeys rather than for man-invented carts and waggons. Still, if seldom, the guitar can be heard, and the *sereno* or night-watchman goes on his melodious rounds. Still Holy Week re-echoes to the throbbing emotion of the *saeta,* and if a few thousands of foreigners invade streets already thronged with Sevilians, the long processions which wind their way through the city are the same processions that have gone out annually for centuries. Still Seville is a city of flowers, of all but perpetual spring and summer. No writer has yet exaggerated the blueness of its sky at midday, and it is unlikely that any writer ever will. "To me, at least, it is the perfect city. . . . There is not another place like Seville."[1]

> Who that has been to Seville in winter or spring would not willingly recapture that first thrill of joy which was his as he emerged from so prosaic a place as the station? First impressions never fade when they are like these. The radiance and warmth of an Andalusian midday in early spring; the whiteness and brightness of the streets; the air laden heavily with scent of orange and jasmine; the avenues shaded with palms; the wealth of winter roses in the gardens; or the flowering of the lemon and wistaria and acacia in spring.

More hardened tourists than would care to admit it leave Seville with such memories predominant, and

[1] The quotations in this chapter for which no other source is given are from my *Royal Seville* (New York, Harper, 1926).

approach it again with such memories reawakening, if indeed they have ever slept. "There is not another place like Seville."

Seville and Its Cathedral

The Guadalquivir, on which the city stands, becomes at last the "Great River" which is the meaning of its name. Placid, but broad, it now bears on its bosom great boats which make one think of the days when the discovery of America brought Seville a prosperity making it unique among the ports of Spain. From the earliest times it was this river that founded, refounded, nurtured, and prospered the city. Before Julius Cæsar conquered Seville (45 B.C.) it was on the great north road of Spanish commerce. With the Romans it became an important colony; with the Visigoths a royal residence; with the Moors, for some time, an independent kingdom. Twelve years after Córdoba fell it too was taken by St. Ferdinand (1248); but while Córdoba declined, Seville grew and flourished, and has never, in fact, lost its position of pre-eminence in Andalusia. "Right noble, right loyal, right heroic, never conquered" kings have named it in pride and gratitude: its device is the knot of fidelity, with an inscription playing upon the word "knot" (*madeja*) and reading "No m[e h]a dejado," or, in English, "She has not forsaken me."

As in most cities of Christian Spain, the centre of the life of Seville is its great cathedral. It is the custom in some parts of Spain—especially in Castile—to speak of Seville Cathedral somewhat disparagingly:

SEVILLE CATHEDRAL
Photo G. E. Thompson

SEVILLE CATHEDRAL: THE TOMB OF COLUMBUS
Photo G. E. Thompson

impossible as it may seem, that of Granada is occasionally preferred to it. Though it has not the austerity which gives some of the lesser cathedrals of Spain a dignity and an impressiveness out of all proportion to their size, it can boast a vastness, a grandeur, and a richness of detail which, to my mind, put it all but beyond reach of rivalry in Christendom.

"Notre Dame of Paris," said Borrow,

> is a noble building, yet to him who has seen the Spanish cathedrals, and particularly this of Seville, it appears almost trivial and mean, and more like a town-hall than a temple of the Eternal. The Parisian cathedral is entirely destitute of that solemn darkness and gloomy pomp which so abound in the Sevillian, and is destitute of the principal requisite to a cathedral.[1]

The force of the comparison, however, depends largely, though not wholly, on size. "Notre Dame," calculated Théophile Gautier, "might walk erect in the centre nave." St. Paul's Cathedral in London has about half the surface area of Seville Cathedral. In a building of this size, and with length, breadth, and height so well proportioned, the effect of the position of choir and sanctuary (p. 41) can only be the more striking. If the massive pillars are in themselves impressive, what must be the effect of looking up one of those avenues, nearly four hundred feet in length, which they bound, and in which light and shade blend and alternate so that the prospect is never twice the same.

> Happy the traveller who enters the cathedral for the first time at the culminating moment of the eve of a great festival! He finds

[1] *The Bible in Spain,* chapter xlviii.

himself in another world. As arresting as the hollow, vault-like coolness of the incense-laden air which strikes his brow is the majesty of those wide naves, with their gigantic pillars rising into the immensity of the unknown; the dim light which filters through the fourscore darkening windows; the preternatural stillness of the temple, deserted by all save perhaps a few unseen, belated worshippers in some far chapel; the calm broken only by the faintest murmur, which is all the distance records of a last evening rite. Caring not to move, the traveller stands hushed before the work of man, in presence of the glory of God. This moment he will never recapture. In the mystical sense, which is truth, he is ALONE.

When, at first gently, then gradually springing and swelling to a climax of beauty, then suddenly sinking to a murmur which is all but lost in the cathedral heights, breaks forth the music of some organ—not the mighty instrument which will accompany the crowded Mass of the following day, but a vesper organ whose muffled *crescendo* betrays its distance and sorts well with the vastness of the temple. And as it sinks to rest the voice of a single chorister rises in the most wonderful of motets ever written. The spell is broken, and my traveller, roused from his trance, walks on.

And it is here that he experiences the first of those surprises which the cathedral of Seville has in store for him. Slowly, musingly, as the hymn proceeds, he walks around the vast cathedral in search of the invisible worshippers. It is only when he has reached the most easterly of the chapels that he finds them; and, instead of the mere handful which the solitude of the precincts and the silence of the church had led him to picture, he sees a congregation of perhaps five hundred about to disperse. Such on the eve of a great festival is the cathedral of Seville.

There is not the same reason here for describing the cathedral in detail as there was when we were at Toledo. Every traveller spends a number of days in Seville, and is there for perhaps five or six times as long as in the ecclesiastical capital. He has therefore

ample time to make his own discoveries and experience his own surprises without the aid of a guide-book. And for that matter there is no space in a brief chapter so much as to enumerate Seville's treasures. The chief are the imposing *retablo* of the High Altar; the tomb of Columbus with its brave symbolic device representing the homage of the four kingdoms—Castile, León, Navarre, and Aragón; the immense riches of the treasury, which include the keys said to have been surrendered to the conqueror of Seville; the tomb of Alfonso the Wise and the remains of St. Ferdinand in the Capilla Real behind the High Altar; and finally a very large number of pictures, of which the best are those in the chapels of the northern aisle.

Two of these have won praise from the most celebrated foreign travellers in Spain who have ever narrated their experiences; they are both the work of Murillo, whose paintings can be seen all over Europe, but who is at home in his native Seville just as El Greco is in his adopted Toledo. The first, in the northwest Baptistery chapel, is *St. Antony of Padua and the Child Jesus,* which had as romantic a history of theft and recovery as the *Gioconda* of the Louvre. "Never," wrote Gautier,

> has the magic of painting been carried farther. The saint is kneeling in ecstasy in the middle of his cell, all the poor details of which are rendered with that vigorous realism which characterizes Spanish art. Through the door, which is ajar, we see one of those long, white, arcaded cloisters so conducive to dreaming. The upper part of the picture is enveloped in a transparent, golden haze of light and thronged with groups of angels of a beauty truly ideal. Drawn by the force of prayer, the Child Jesus is descending in the

clouds till He reaches the arms of the Saint, whose head is bathed in an atmosphere of light. . . . Without seeing this *Saint Anthony* it is impossible to know the Sevilian painter well.

Then there is Murillo's *Angel de la Guarda* (*Guardian Angel*), the "small picture which stands at the bottom of the church and looks up the principal aisle." This was the painting which so entirely captivated Borrow.

The angel, holding a flaming sword in his right hand, is conducting the child: this child is, in my opinion, the most wonderful of all the creations of Murillo; the form is that of an infant about five years of age, and the expression of the countenance is quite infantine, but the tread—it is the tread of a conqueror, of a god, of a Creator of the Universe; and the earthly globe appears to tremble beneath its majesty.[1]

The Court of the Orange-Trees at Seville is smaller, meaner, and more neglected than that of Córdoba, but by those who love books and manuscripts there are many treasures to be seen in the Biblioteca Colombina, founded in 1539 by Columbus' son as a cathedral library, and situated in a building overlooking the court on the side of the Giralda Tower. This tower, three hundred feet high, is another of the unique monuments of Spain. While the cathedral stands on the site of Seville's principal mosque and was not begun till 1401, the Giralda is the minaret of that mosque, dates from the late twelfth century and, though more than once restored, has been rebuilt only above the belfry. It is possible to ascend the tower—a toilsome

[1] *The Bible in Spain*, chapter xlviii.

but not an unprofitable walk—to see (and perhaps hear!) the massive bells, and to obtain a wonderful panorama of the white and brown hazes of the city, the silvery course of the river and the fertile *vega* all around.

The City

From the cathedral the usual route taken leads to the Alcázar, close by it, a palace constructed in the Moorish style by Peter the Cruel and Henry II, and added to considerably by the Catholic Monarchs, by Charles V and, to a lesser degree, by some later Spanish sovereigns. Ample time should be allowed for visiting the Alcázar: it can be walked through in an hour, but not appreciated. Its restorations and modern additions go far toward spoiling it for some; these should spend their time in the two courts named the Patio de las Doncellas and the Patio de las Muñecas, the grace of which, especially that of the former, cannot but charm them. In general the Moorish arches, the fine wooden ceilings, and the coloured tiles (*azulejos*), the manufacture of which last is an industry of modern Seville, can be admired in almost any part of the palace, and it is perhaps best to stroll here and there in order to preserve a general impression of the whole. There is more colour here than in the Arab Palace of the Alhambra, at Granada, but we shall find that the latter is more real and more living to us. In spite of the close connection of parts of the Alcázar with Peter the Cruel and María de Padilla (*e.g.,* the Patio de las Banderas), and of other parts with Charles V

(*e.g.*, the Salón de Carlos Quinto) whose device of *Plus ultra* is everywhere, many who see it are unable to think of it save as a deserted palace, uninhabited for centuries. Considering that parts of it are still used as a residence, this is perhaps curious. Readers of this book who visit the Alcázar will note their own sensations and form conclusions accordingly.

There can be no two opinions about the loveliness of the Oriental gardens of the Alcázar, with their splendid palm avenue, their wealth of oranges, jasmine, and roses, their paths edged with myrtle, their charming summer-house called after Charles V, and the baths associated with María de Padilla. But we will spend no more of our space describing either these gardens or the delightful, though public, gardens named after Murillo, outside their walls, still less the spacious Parque de María Luisa outside the city or the fashionable Paseo de las Delicias which runs alongside the river on the same bank. Every visitor will find his way to these haunts, with or without a book to help him. No pen can convey anything approaching an impression of the loveliness which in greater or lesser degree captivates every one. Let it suffice to say that they are among the most beautiful gardens in Europe.

Though the other sights of Seville can be counted by the score, it may be worth while to name a few of them in the order of their approximate interest, omitting altogether streets like the characteristic Sierpes, which it is impossible not to see, and the river with its Tower of Gold (Torre del Oro), formerly a fortress of the Alcázar and a prison under Peter the Cruel. First

may perhaps come the Casa de Pilatos, a sixteenth-century palace, said popularly, though of course erroneously, to have been modelled on the house of Pontius Pilate. Its vestibule is famous, and in general it is as good a specimen of its type and period as one could wish to see.

Next in interest comes the Museo de Pinturas, or picture-gallery, chiefly remarkable for its Murillos—a *Conception,* an *Annunciation,* a wonderful painting (said to have been in Murillo's own view his masterpiece) of St. Thomas of Villanueva, an Archbishop of Valencia renowned for his deeds of charity. More Murillos will be found in the chapel of the Hospital de la Caridad, an edifice connected in legend with the dissolute early life of its saintly founder, Miguel de Mañara. The picture-gallery has also a good number of Zurbaráns, while the hospital, like several other buildings in the city, can boast some striking pictures by the Cordoban Valdés Leal.

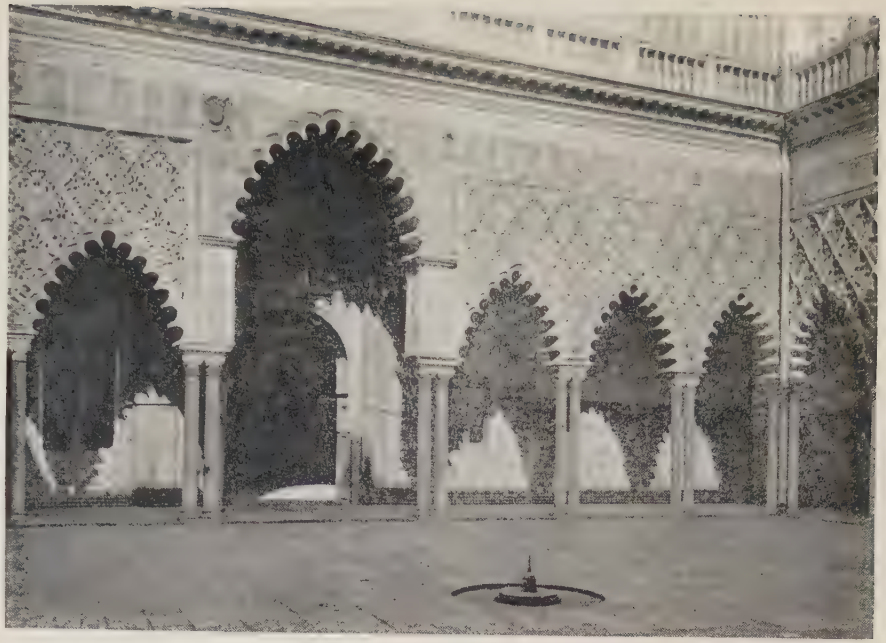
After these places, which are all *de rigueur,* have been visited, opinions will differ as to the best continuation of one's rambles. The churches, apart from the cathedral, are of less interest than might be expected, though there are many of them and some are of great antiquity. Omnium Sanctorum, for example, was built by Peter the Cruel, Santa Ana by Alfonso the Wise, and the Convent of Santa Clara by St. Ferdinand. The old Carthusian church of Nuestra Señora de las Cuevas is worth a visit for two reasons: it has a fine *mudéjar* façade and it is situated across the river in the working-class suburb of Triana, which should

be seen by those who wish to gain an idea of the extent and variety of Seville. On our way back, we can pass the Capilla del Patrocinio, where one of the most characteristic works of sculpture is venerated of all that are "taken out in procession"—to use the Spanish phrase—in Holy Week. This is the *Cristo de la Expiración* of Montañés.

Of the remaining sights, some will choose the tobacco factory associated with Bizet's *Carmen* and Sr. Palacio Valdés' charming novel *La Hermana San Sulpicio.* Others will visit the university, which has a pleasant *patio* and a few good pictures in its chapel; the town-hall (*ayuntamiento*), one of the finest in Spain, or the various flowery little *plazuelas* dotted about the city. There are easy excursions to be made to the Roman amphitheatre of Itálica, the necropolis of Carmona, or the villages on the Guadalquivir. In short, as though Seville itself had not attractions enough to hold the stranger, its environs combine to make it more attractive still.

Holy Week and Feria

Seville during Holy Week, and during its annual fair, or *feria,* which is held shortly after Easter, deserves a few paragraphs to itself, since so many who visit the city aim at doing so during one of these two periods. Prices are doubled (p. 20) and hotels are overrun with tourists, for which reasons the city can only be recommended then to those who think the cost and the discomfort worth while, and are not more anxious to see Seville in her everyday costume.



SEVILLE: A COOL SPOT IN THE ALCAZAR
Photo G. E. Thompson

A SEVILIAN PATIO
Photo by C. A. Thompson

Nowhere else in Spain—not even in Málaga—can popular outdoor processions be witnessed which are in themselves more brilliant or are attended by so much enthusiasm and fervour. Some of them I have described fully in my *Royal Seville*. It would be difficult to enumerate them all, for, beginning on Palm Sunday evening and ending about midnight on Good Friday, they continue daily, and on Good Friday itself they start as early as two o'clock in the morning. The total number of *pasos* (sculptured figures or groups carried ceremonially through the streets) is not far short of seventy.

In the cathedral itself are held a number of unusual ceremonies (which I have also described) and these cannot be seen elsewhere: the display of the sacred banner (during Vespers on Palm Sunday and on Wednesday in Holy Week), the rending of the white veil (during High Mass on Wednesday), and the rending of the black veil (during the ceremonies of Holy Saturday). The Palm Sunday procession around the cathedral, the singing of Eslava's *Miserere* (at Tenebræ on Wednesday and Thursday evenings), and the washing of the feet, or *lavatorio* (on Thursday afternoon), though not peculiar to Seville, are probably carried out here in as stately and impressive a fashion as anywhere in Christendom. Yet the invasion of the cathedral by non-Sevilians in their thousands has been known to spoil the effect even of these gorgeous ceremonies upon those who prefer above all things to see Spain as it is in itself. Go to Seville in Holy Week, then, if you are in search of impression,

sensation, emotion; if you want to see, or even to share in, the devotion of a people go rather to Toledo, Salamanca, or any of the great cathedral cities of Old Castile.

Feria is another matter. For that you *must* come to Seville. Long ago heretics were burned on the Prado de San Sebastián, where it is held each year; now heretics bring the Fair quite a respectable proportion of its adherents. Mid-April is quite the most delightful time of the year in Seville. Its flowers, always plentiful, can only be described now by superlatives: the Parque de María Luisa and the Paseo de las Delicias are simply bowers of blossom. And to the gaiety of nature in this garden of Spain is added every kind of gaiety which the Southerner can devise. Flowers by day give place to fireworks by night. Fortune-tellers, roundabouts, circuses, swings, and sideshows have been muzzled in the comparative restraint which precedes Easter. Now they are set free from their bondage, and the Sevilian, who also is freed from the fetters of Lent and Holy Week, patronizes them in earnest. For others—for all, indeed—there is dancing: dancing in the afternoon, the evening, the night, and dancing till quite a late stage in the *madrugada* or early morning. Temporary houses are erected within the fair-ground for the well-to-do and furnished with Feria-like luxury and abandon. All Seville, in short, gives itself up to a few days' unbridled enjoyment in a gigantic playground. And all who want to see the Southerner at play should come to Seville for Feria.

CHAPTER VIII

SOUTHERN COAST-TOWNS

FROM Seville, all good tourists go to the City of the Alhambra (Chapter IX). By train this involves a long and uncomfortable journey, which has the disadvantage of a change at Bobadilla ("the Clapham Junction of Southern Spain")—an experience, to be sure, with which few travellers in Southern Spain remain for long unfamiliar, but which few are anxious to repeat.

Even those who propose revisiting Andalusia often take Seville and Granada in one short itinerary: they would do better, from every point of view, to take Granada, Málaga, and perhaps Murcia, Elche, and Alicante on one occasion, and Córdoba, Seville, Cádiz, Algeciras, Gibraltar, and Ronda on another. For convenience of arrangement there are grouped in this chapter places belonging to both these itineraries, but it is not suggested that they should in any case all be visited in one short holiday, at any rate until both the roads and the railways of Southern Spain have improved greatly.

Mr. Trend, in his *Spain from the South,* travels from Cádiz to Seville on the Guadalquivir, which, for those who have time and opportunity, is the best method. The train journey is not uninteresting but is certainly

slow, the greatest consolation for some being a stay at Jerez de la Frontera, and a visit to the well-known *bodegas*. The rich vegetation from Seville to Cádiz, the orange-groves and cornfields, the little white houses and churches gleaming in the distance—all would be even more charming from the deck of a steamer than from behind the window of a stuffy carriage of the so-called "day express." The best part of the train journey is the extensive salt marshes and canals leading to the final run across a stretch of sand, with the sea on one side and the calm, deep blue of the bay on the other.

Cádiz

Cádiz, of all cities in Spain, is one of the most difficult to describe—or to forget.

Imagine a long, narrow strip of land running out from the coast for five miles into the sea, and all but completing the enclosure of an already considerable bay. At the end of that projection imagine a city set on a low rock, with the ocean and the bay around. Imagine that, and you have

> Fair Cádiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea

which Byron paints so enthusiastically in *Childe Harold*.

"Paints" is the right word, for every one who visits Cádiz tries to paint it. The contrasting hues of the azure sky, the Atlantic and the Bay of Cádiz, the whiteness of plaster and marble, the whitewash which

covers not only the houses, but everything capable of being whitewashed, make a striking and indelible impression. The Gaditanos themselves speak of their city as *una taza de plata:* a silver dish. Fernán Caballero, a woman novelist of the early nineteenth century, calls it "an ivory model set in emerald." The Italian essayist, De Amicis, in his book *Spagna,* says: "It is the whitest city in the world; a city more completely and more superlatively white could not exist." He expresses his first emotions on arriving at Cádiz by writing the word "white" with chalk on a piece of blue paper.

Théophile Gautier, whose sense of colour was one of the keenest in all literature, describes Cádiz as a "huge silver crown sparkling in the azure setting of sky and sea," the dome of the lofty cathedral representing the tiara:

> Neither the painter nor the writer has bright enough colours or luminous enough tints on his palette to reproduce the impression that Cádiz made upon us on that glorious morning. Two colours, and two only, strike one—blue and white. But the blue has all the brilliance of turquoise, sapphire, cobalt, and every other superb blue imaginable, while the white is as pure as silver, milk, snow, marble and the most finely crystallized white sugar. The blue is the azure of the heavens, enhanced by the azure of the sea. The whiteness is that of the city.[1]

There are other charms in Cádiz than its colouring: the unexpectedness of the glimpses of the sea which reward one for walking its narrow streets is the most

[1] *Voyage en Espagne,* chapter xv.

striking. Another is the strange sensation, after climbing the stairs of a house and issuing on its flat roof, of finding oneself surrounded (as it were) by houses—only these are the little turrets or *miradores* which "tiptoe curiously over their neighbours' shoulders," as Gautier puts it, "to catch a sight of the sea beyond the ramparts."

But the greatest charm of Cádiz is supplied by the imagination as one remembers the history of that unconquerable stronghold, when, just over a hundred years ago, the whole of the south of Spain had collapsed against Napoleon's forces, and that conqueror attempted to drive the Spaniards into the sea. The Sierra Morena had been forced; Seville had fallen; and "this Spanish business is all but concluded," wrote Napoleon to a minister in 1809. And then he turned his thoughts to the taking of this little rebel. Five days after Seville fell, the French troops arrived outside Cádiz. But Britain kept the sea and outside Cádiz they remained. So the continued siege enabled Wellington to prepare those famous Portuguese lines of Torres Vedras, and the French troops left in August, 1812, only a few months before the forty days' campaign which drove them also from the north. Well might Byron sing in that same year (1812):

> Adieu, fair Cádiz! Yea, a long adieu!
> Who may forget how well thy walls have stood?
> When all were changing, thou alone wert true,
> First to be free and last to be subdued.[1]

[1] *Childe Harold,* I, 85.

Algeciras

From Cádiz to Algeciras is a journey by road of some eighty miles, worth making in a private car, and perhaps worth making even in the inside of the local motor omnibus, where eleven passengers (all of them smoking except two or three women with market-baskets), are squeezed into an interior made for ten and insufficiently ventilated.

The first half-hour takes us to San Francisco, the old Villa de la Real Isla de León, where the Cortes sat from 1810 to 1813 after Madrid had been occupied by the French during the War of Independence. Thence we run across a fertile plain with long, straight roads and flat-roofed and domed houses which, with the palms in front of them, convey an impression of the East. Next comes a hilly road, a magnificent reach of view and a corkscrew descent, followed by a run over marshes and between salt lakes till we come again in sight of the sea.[1]

Tarifa is our next stop, and here the car is greeted by as dusky a little crowd as can well be seen out of Africa. Yet it has memories of the British, for it was garrisoned by British soldiery in December 1811, when Soult attempted to capture it for Napoleon. From Tarifa the car climbs up, winds in and out on the cliff road among the hills in the gathering darkness, until it reaches the last of the heights. We look down. There, on opposite sides of Gibraltar Bay, are, first, the twinkling lights of the little town of Algeciras, and,

[1] Cape Trafalgar (see p. 168 *n.*) is a few miles away, on the right.

second, a huge, crouching, lion-like rock outlined against the sky, the lights around its base gleaming like a thousand votive candles. That a description of Gibraltar lies beyond the province of this book [2] and that there is nothing except atmosphere to describe in Algeciras would be sufficiently good reasons for going no farther were it not for the Reina Cristina.

This is, without exception, the most delightful hotel that I know in Spain. Situated a little way outside Algeciras, it is completely internationalized, and affords the tired traveller a possibly welcome rest after much time spent in studying Spanish life in the other hotels of the country. I have no love for first-class hotels in general and seldom from choice enter one. But the Reina Cristina is more than a hotel to be stayed in: it is a beauty spot to be revelled in, a delight to be remembered. Heavily carpeted lounges, exquisite service, and the latest newspapers in five languages can be found in hotels of its class all over Europe. But it is not everywhere that one can breakfast to the music of a fountain in the cloister of a palm court open to the azure sky; hear from one's bed the murmur of the sea and see the flashes of summer lightning illuminate the Rock; pass days in spacious but secluded terrace gardens, their long walks bordered with sea-pinks, lavender, and heliotrope, their seats shaded by giant palms, the air made fragrant with the blossom of rose-bush and orange-tree. Anyone may be forgiven for falling a victim to such temptations, and for deciding

[2] On the English possession of Gibraltar, see Angel Ganivet's *Idearium Español.*

to spend a longer time than he had intended in sketching or photographing the squalid but picturesque little town of Algeciras, contemplating the bay, and visiting Gibraltar. Which done, and the southernmost point of Spain having been touched, there is nothing for it but to return regretfully northward.

Ronda

In order to go from Algeciras to Málaga, the next coast-town on our list, it is necessary to make a long *détour* and change at the inevitable Bobadilla, there being no railway over, or through, the intervening mountains. It is a common practice for tourists to start early from Algeciras, travel as far only as Ronda, and complete the journey on the day following. From Algeciras to Ronda is a slow, uphill, but picturesque journey of rather more than sixty miles, between mountains, through cuttings, past swift, muddy torrents and all the time among luxuriant vegetation.

Ronda was one of the last Moorish strongholds to fall to the Catholic Monarchs (1485) before the siege of Granada. It stands—or rather nestles—at an altitude of well over two thousand feet, an eyrie among mountains which in places reach the height of six thousand. More prosaically, it might be compared with a rather small cup inverted in a large bowl. What makes it so attractive is principally a vertical crack in the cup, the famous gorge, or *tajo*. From the Puente Nuevo (an eighteenth-century bridge) one can look down on the huge boulders of solid rock, at the foot of which runs a stream, or rather a continuous waterfall.

More than one point of view can be obtained from different parts of the bridge before the return is made through the new town to the very pleasant lilac-scented Alameda gardens, from which there is an excellent view of the sides of the bowl—*i.e.*, the green grass and olive slopes of the *vega*—and of its edge—the sharp sugar-loaf crests of the Sierra. Of this last one has often one's longest, though hardly one's best, view, from the station platform, for trains are, I think, less punctual on this line than in any other section of main line in Spain.

From Ronda to Bobadilla the country has no particular interest, but thence to Málaga (the line turning southward again) it is famous. It descends steeply through no fewer than a dozen tunnels, between which fleeting glimpses—unhappily no more—can be caught of the steep mountain-side, and the deep gorge, which the river has formed, called the Hoyo de Chorro. Emerging from the tunnels, we seem to have entered another country entirely. Bleak hills there still are, but they are far away. In the widening plain grow the oranges and lemons, palms and figs and standing corn which we left behind near Algeciras. So soft is the climate in this sheltered stretch of country that bananas, sugar and cotton are cultivated here. The slopes become more and more beautiful as we draw nearer the sea.

Málaga and Almería

Málaga is of course a winter resort greatly recommended to Northerners for the mildness of its climate,

and the centre of a small English-speaking colony, which no doubt adds to its attractiveness to those who are exiled there for reasons of health. It is as Southern-like a town as can be found in Spain, not only in its geographical position, but in its habits and customs. Whitewashed houses, elaborate *patios,* goats being milked in the streets, a tropical exuberance of flowers, a predominance of men, women, and children with the most ambiguous complexions—all these and other traits can be paralleled in Spain, but hardly surpassed in their frequency and intensity.

With them all, Málaga has many evidences of civilization. The fertility of its surrounding country has brought it commercial prosperity. One forgets that it was a Phœnician foundation which traces its history through Roman, Visigothic, and Moorish times till it was conquered by Ferdinand and Isabel in 1487. Its striking cathedral is the only monument that one associates with it in the memory, though in fact it has a number of others. Its true atmosphere seems to be that of its small but splendid modern park, with eight rows of spreading palms enclosing fragrant and shady gardens, or of the numberless little villas spreading eastward along the coast ever farther, and not all of them inhabited, as some might suppose, by foreigners.

The cathedral of Málaga is so strikingly situated and so well proportioned that, despite its ornateness, it creates a distinctly pleasing impression. There are more evident signs about it of the eighteenth century, when it was restored and partly rebuilt, than of the fifteenth, when it was converted from a mosque into a

cathedral. The wearying ascent of the north tower is rewarded on a clear day with a magnificent view. It is not far from here to the Alcazaba, in the oldest and gipsy quarter, or to the fortress called the Gibralfaro, whence a second view can be obtained—extending, it is said, at seasons when there is no trace of mist, to the coast of Africa.

Just as at Salamanca the united forces of each of the hotels insist that every English-speaking visitor shall see the Irish college, so here, from similar well-meant motives, we are all sent, with even greater insistence, to the English cemetery. It is perhaps worth seeing. A hundred years old, it lies right up on the hill-side, shaded by trees, looking out over the blue Mediterranean. Many of the graves are in decidedly Victorian taste; others are more modern. Not only Englishmen who have died at sea, or in the city, are buried here, but also French, German, Spanish, and Swedish Protestants: their tombstones, often quaintly adorned with shells, reveal some sad stories. The flora of the cemetery is unusually rich; one corner grave I remember in particular as being almost covered by a creeping plant with flowers of brightest purple which had strayed from its walls and was flourishing greatly.

It must not be forgotten that Málaga has an increasingly advertised and particularly beautiful Holy Week. (This phrase is expressed in Spanish fashion: *"No tiene Semana Santa,"* a Spaniard will often say of a city in which he is staying, meaning "The Holy Week ceremonies which take place outside the churches are not at all characteristic.") Perhaps many

would see more and appreciate more in Málaga than in Seville. There are over twenty confraternities which take part in the outdoor processions and have one or more *pasos* each—all of them, including that of the gipsies, very sumptuous and splendid. The one exception here is the most striking procession of all—that of the *Servitas* or Confraternity of the Servants of Mary, founded in the seventeenth century, recruited from persons of gentle birth and admitting no paid bearers. Late on Good Friday night this procession passes through the streets of Málaga. The crowds are hushed into something approaching silence. All lights are extinguished, save those of the *pasos* and their voluntary attendants, and candlelight and starlight alone illuminate the rare spectacle of Southern restraint and simplicity.

Almería

Almería will hardly be visited from Málaga except by motorists. It may be a week-end excursion from Granada, or it may serve to break the monotony of the long train journey from Granada to Murcia: the junction is at Guadix (p. 281). It is a large port, doing, as all the world knows, a prosperous trade in grapes and in various other products of its district too miscellaneous to mention. Neither its Moorish Alcazaba nor its sixteenth-century cathedral merits a visit for its own sake; the ideal situation of the city, its almost tropical flora, its delightful climate, and the many characteristics which it shares with Málaga entice many travellers down to it from Granada, though not perhaps as

many as might be expected were its even passable hotels more numerous and its communications more rapid.

Motoring Routes

SEVILLE—Jerez de la Frontera (61 miles)—Cádiz (97 miles).
CÁDIZ—Chiclana de la Frontera (15 miles)—Tarifa (65 miles)—Algeciras (79 miles).
MÁLAGA—Ronda (81 miles).
MÁLAGA—Algeciras (88 miles).
MÁLAGA—Granada (80 miles).
GRANADA—Guadix (34 miles)—Almería (103 miles).
GRANADA—Almería, by Adra (111 miles).
MÁLAGA—Motril (68 miles)—Almería (159 miles).

CHAPTER IX

GRANADA

If to the majority of tourists Seville stands for the satisfaction of their desires, it may safely be said that Granada represents, in another sense, the climax of a visit to Spain. It is unique of its kind, even more truly so than the mosque of Córdoba—and the unique must never be missed. It was the last city in Spain to yield to the Christian reconquest, and there is always force in a superlative. Pictures of the great fortress-palace of the Alhambra standing proudly upon its height have made us familiar with its exterior from our childhood; and even more insistent in their appeal are the vague ideas which most of us have formed of the beauties which are to be found within. So, when at length we start upon our promised tour of Spain, the Alhambra of Granada is our unconscious goal.

Some return from it with feelings akin to disappointment, which is due mainly, as a rule, to two causes. First, they have not imagination enough (or have not allowed themselves leisure enough) to people the halls and gardens of the palace with the shades of those who once inhabited it. Secondly, they treat the Alhambra as the only thing to be seen in Granada, whereas it is the centre, and nothing more, of an intensely attrac-

tive region, which in this chapter we shall survey, however rapidly, in detail.

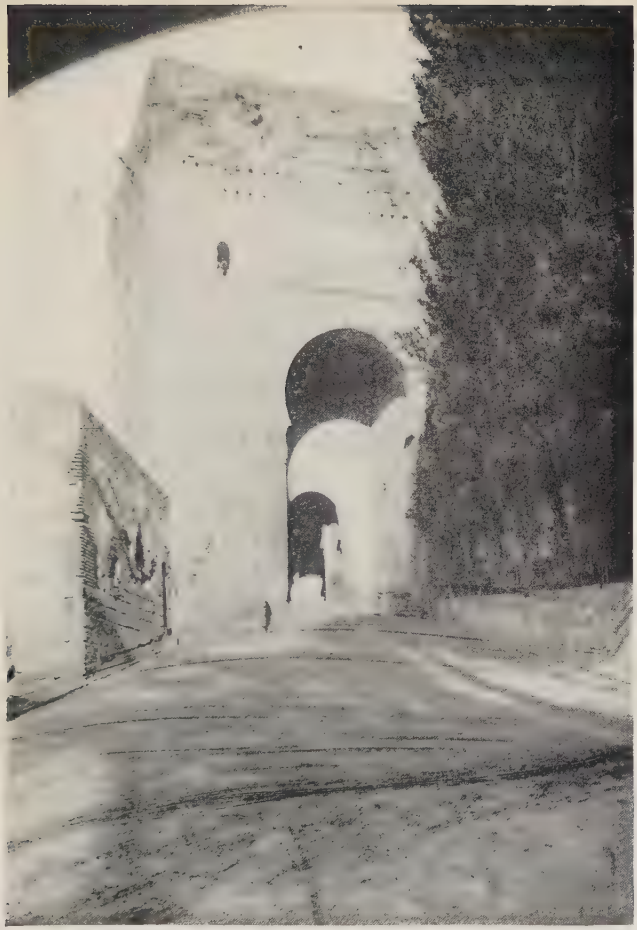
However we approach Granada, we are conscious, long before we reach the actual city, of the great snowy presence which broods over it—the Sierra Nevada.

> The pride and delight of Granada; the source of her cooling breezes and perpetual verdure, of her gushing fountains and perennial streams. It is this glorious pile of mountains that gives to Granada that combination of delights so rare in a southern city: the fresh vegetation and the temperate airs of a northern climate, with the vivifying ardour of a tropical sun, and the cloudless azure of a southern sky. . . .
>
> These mountains may well be called the glory of Granada. They dominate the whole extent of Andalusia, and may be seen from its most distant parts. The muleteer hails them, as he views their frosty peaks from the sultry level of the plain; and the Spanish mariner on the deck of his bark, far, far off on the bosom of the blue Mediterranean, watches them with a pensive eye, thinks of delightful Granada, and chants, in low voice, some old romance about the Moors.[1]

Let us resolve, before ever we climb the Alhambra hill, to devote one day of our sojourn in Granada to the lower slopes of the Sierra. Whether we have come over the hills by car from Málaga, or by train from Seville, we shall find a road and a railway, either of which will take us in comfort and safety up the Genil valley as far as Güéjar-Sierra. Near here a first-class hotel (full in summer only) will tempt us to stay and climb. This is a region of great tranquillity.

> Scarcely a dwelling of any kind is to be seen. No human being, save some solitary climber, stirs. The only life is that of butterfly and lizard; the only sounds, the murmur of the rivulet far below

[1] Washington Irving, *The Alhambra*, "The Tower of Comares."



GRANADA: THE ALHAMBRA, GATE OF JUSTICE
Photo G. E. Thompson

GRANADA: THE ALHAMBRA. PEINADOR DE LA REINA
Photo G. E. Thompson

and the rush of air which sweeps the ridges and crests. No attraction is here but that which spurs the climber, unless it be to linger in some spot o'erhung by a spreading tree, to contemplate the velvety slopes across the valley, to search for the mountain viola, the rare yellow oxlip and the white Nevada crocus, or to lie on the sunny mountainside till the shadows creep across the ranges.[1]

Some may like to make the acquaintance of these slopes as a relaxation after many days' sightseeing; others will consider the experience a fit preparation for the study of Granada as a whole. To see the Sierra from afar as one approaches the city is to realize something of what it has meant to it, but to stay for a few hours in its solitude is to have one's mind carried back over the years of fighting on the *vega* which surrounds the Alhambra. Somehow from the heights it seems to be more real than from the plain. And, for those who are ignorant of the story, Washington Irving's *Conquest of Granada*[2] will supply their own deficiencies. It will tell them how, two hundred and seventeen years after St. Ferdinand's reconquest of Seville, the ruler of the Moorish kingdom of Granada ceased, from defiance, to pay his yearly tribute to the newly ascended monarchs of Christian Spain, Ferdinand and Isabel. How feuds in the Alhambra contributed to the Christian hope of success when they first made a new move against the infidel kingdom, and how Ferdinand (to use his own jocular expression) was able to pick out one by one the seeds of the Moorish

[1] *Granada* (New York, Knopf, 1929), p. 114.

[2] A convenient cheap edition is that of the "World's Classics" (Oxford University Press).

pomegranate,[1] till Alhama, Ronda, Málaga, Almería, and all other neighbouring strongholds had fallen. How at last the *fainéant* young Abu-Abdallah (Boabdil) came to the throne of Granada. "Allah alone commands the fate of empires!" the Court astrologers had exclaimed at his birth. "It is written, indeed, that this child shall ascend the throne, but also that in his reign shall be accomplished the downfall of our kingdom."

To read the story of Boabdil's impotent struggles with Ferdinand, of the final siege of Granada, and of its spectacular fall— and to read it in the very shadow, even within the precincts, of the Red Castle (for this the word 'Alhambra' means)—is surely as tempting an offer as can be made by either historian or tourist agency. Further, the villages on the *vega* which saw the last throes of the struggle still survive in modern form, and a few excursions to them based on the *Conquest of Granada* will make the pages of the book more vivid still. To the south of Granada is La Zubia, whither Queen Isabel was led at her own request so that she might feed her desire upon the city which she hoped soon to win. To the west is Santa Fe, where, a few months before the reconquest, the Christian camp caught fire one summer night, to be rebuilt within eighty days in a form more durable. Nearer Granada is the little chapel of San Sebastián, marking the spot where Boabdil, riding out of the surrendered city, gave up its keys to Ferdinand. Thence he rode on in dejection over what is now the plane-shaded Motril road, toward the seclusion of the hills and an

[1] The word *granada* means in Spanish 'pomegranate.'

enforced retirement. Far on the left is a low eminence with the curious name of "The Moor's Last Sigh." Let Irving tell the story of its title:

> Having rejoined his family, Boabdil set forward with a heavy heart for his allotted residence in the valley of Purchena. At two leagues' distance, the cavalcade, winding into the skirts of the Alpuxarras, ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Granada. As they arrived at this spot, the Moors paused involuntarily, to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city, which a few steps more would shut from their sight for ever. Never had it appeared so lovely in their eyes. The sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lit up each tower and minaret, and rested gloriously upon the crowning battlements of the Alhambra; while the *vega* spread its enamelled bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenel [Genil]. The Moorish cavaliers gazed with a silent agony of tenderness and grief upon that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures. While they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and presently a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost for ever. The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself. "Allah Achbar! God is great!" said he; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into tears.
>
> His mother, the intrepid Ayxa, was indignant at his weakness. "You do well," said she, "to weep like a woman for what you failed to defend like a man!" . . .
>
> His tears continued to flow. "Allah Achbar!" exclaimed he; "when did misfortunes ever equal mine?"
>
> From this circumstance, the hill, which is not far from Padul, took the name of Feg Allah Achbar: but the point of view commanding the last prospect of Granada is known among Spaniards by the name of *El último suspiro del Moro,* or "The Last Sigh of the Moor." [1]

[1] *The Conquest of Granada,* chapter xcix.

The Arab Palace

Having thus, so to say, walked seven times round the Alhambra before taking legitimate possession of it, we may now enter the precincts, of the reconquest of which we have been reading the story, and learn something of their construction and subsequent history. Like the Mosque of Córdoba, the Arab Palace of the Alhambra, which we shall visit before the outer fortifications, has been added to considerably both by Moors and by Christians. Originally the royal palace was situated not on the Alhambra hill, but on the hill of the Albaicín, across the river Darro, which, with the Genil, waters the city. It is possible, and very desirable, to visit the different parts of the palace in the approximate order of their erection. Having made our way, therefore, up the exquisite elm-lined park which leads to the Alhambra, passed through the imposing Moorish Gate of Justice, and gained the plateau whence there is an effective view of the city, we shall enter a rather insignificant looking doorway and find ourselves after a turn or two within the Patio del Mexuar.

This, the oldest part of the palace, dating perhaps from the twelfth century, is called after a Moorish official who had his quarters in it. The council-room, adjoining the *patio,* was until recently fitted up as a chapel: a progressive architect, whose work will be further alluded to, has done away with this and other anomalies. Leading out of the Mexuar Hall is the Mosala, or original chapel of the palace, which has a small *mihrâb* (p. 110) of its own; next to it is the

Cuarto Dorado (Golden Chamber), with its splendid and massive roof; it unites these few remains of the earliest Arab palace with those of its first addition, which was made about the fourteenth century. This comprises the beautiful Hall of the Ambassadors (Sala de Empajadores), the ajimeces or twin windows of which catch every eye; the tower of Comares, of which the Hall forms the ground floor; and the spacious rectangular Court of the Myrtles (Patio de los Arrayanes), on a brilliant day one of the unforgettable sights of Spain. This court is also called after the clear, myrtle-fringed pool (*alberca*) which adds so much to its beauty.

> It is a lovely sight. No one is there to spoil it but a sleepy attendant in the shadows; no sound can be heard but the fluttering of a flock of pigeons from the roof to the pavement. Not a soul is astir. How easily in such silence and splendour, can we imagine this court in its Moslem days, when those fantastically pictured walls, now a dull terra-cotta, blazed and shone with every colour that art could give them. As we sit there, and our fancy recreates the shimmering jets which played into the pond, the sun strikes them playfully, and there emerge who can say what phantoms of the past, to those who have eyes to see them!
>
> We dream on in the sunshine. And the spell which the scene can wield may be judged from this—that not only is it long before we are moved to inspect the walls with their delicate traceries, but even when we do so they have little of the power to charm us that others, in themselves less beautiful, have in the courts and halls around.[1]

Below the Court of the Myrtles are the underground baths with their reclining room (Sala de las Camas), which has been somewhat drastically restored. From

[1] *Granada,* pp. 30-31.

here it is easy to pass to the simple cypress-guarded Patio de la Reja, named from the railings of its gallery, and the luxuriant Patio de Daraja, both of which date from the Christian epoch. If we return to the higher level at the place at which we left it, a few steps lead to the third palace—which became the women's quarter—built round the celebrated Court of the Lions (Patio de los Leones), a construction dating only from the end of the fourteenth century, a little more than a hundred years before the Reconquest. This court is small, but dainty and graceful in the extreme, perhaps even to excess. The central fountain with its rudely carved lions, the hundred and twenty-four columns which form a kind of cloister around the court, the *templetes* or pavilions projecting into it from the eastern and western sides,—all these excite general admiration. Four halls, almost equally lovely, flank the Court of the Lions. The Hall of the Two Sisters (Sala de las Dos Hermanas), named after the two huge slabs of marble on either side of its central fountain, commands a view of the Daraja Patio below as well as an excellent view of the Lions' Court from an anteroom called, after its twin windows, Sala de los Ajimeces. The Sala de la Justicia (Hall of Justice, called also Hall of the Kings) affords some magnificent perspectives and is too often passed through unseeingly. The Hall of the Abencerrajes (the name is that of a Moorish tribe) is famous for its ceiling, windows, and great wooden doors and for the bloody legend of the six-and-thirty Abencerrajes murdered in it. The narrow Sala de los Mocárabes

was seriously damaged by an explosion in 1591 which also harmed the Court of the Lions.

One portion of the palace added in Christian times remains still to be visited. A corridor leads from the Hall of the Ambassadors through the rooms where Washington Irving lived a century ago and wrote some of his *Tales;* becoming then an open-air gallery it ends in a charming little pavilion built by Charles V for his queen and called the Peinador de la Reina (Queen's Boudoir).

In all parts of the Arab palace, and elsewhere in the Alhambra precincts, we shall find decorative *motifs* of quite peculiar intricacy and in great profusion which are worked on plaster of Paris laid in plates upon the smooth surface of the walls. Little or none of their colour remains, as it does in the Cordoban mosque and the Alcázar of Seville, nor is there much colour left in the wonderful ceilings which are made up of innumerable tiny cells forming immense honeycomb-like domes, with pendants similarly formed hanging like stalactites from symmetrical positions. The *azulejos,* on the other hand, used on walls and roofs, are full of brightness and varied colour. Many of them bear the arms of Moorish sovereigns; others the ambitious *Plus ultra* of Charles V.

In admiring these effects, however, the visitor is rather apt to overlook the more subtle beauties of perspective which, of all the treasures of the Arab palace, are those longest remembered and most loved. The beauty of stucco, tile, and mosaic readily cloys. But the imagery of arches receding in the distance, of for-

ests of graceful columns which move as one walks among them is a permanent heritage which grows on all who, not content with one brief visit to the palace, return to it and dream in it constantly.

Nor must we forget the many and dissimilar vistas from the windows, galleries and balconies of the palace, both those of halls and courts through which we have passed and stay a moment to look back upon, and those of the city. The tranquil sea of grey and white houses that can be seen from the Queen's Boudoir is but a part of the panorama: the wooded gorge of the Darro, the cave-riddled hills, the brown-towered churches of the Albaicín, the slopes clad thickly with *chumbera* (prickly pear) complete the picture.

The "classical" environment in which to see the Alhambra is that of moonlight, when it is, indeed, a succession of fairy scenes that the visitor gazes upon, a palace quite unearthly in its beauty. I suspect that it was Washington Irving's enthusiasm that first gave the authorities their profitable idea of making a special charge for opening the Alhambra to parties when the moon is full:

> I have given a picture of my apartment on my first taking possession of it; a few evenings have produced a thorough change in the scene and in my feelings. The moon, which then was invisible, has gradually gained upon the night and now rolls in full splendour above the towers, pouring a flood of tempered light into every court and hall. The garden beneath my window is gently lighted up; the orange and citron trees are tipped with silver; the fountain sparkles in the moonbeams, and even the blush of the rose is faintly visible. . . .

GRANADA: THE ALHAMBRA. PATIO DE DARAJA
Photo G. E. Thompson

THE GENERALIFE, WITH THE TOWERS OF THE ALHAMBRA IN THE DISTANCE

Photo G. E. Thompson

The effect of moonlight on the Alhambra has something like enchantment. Every rent and chasm of time, every mouldering tint and weather-stain disappears; the marble resumes its original whiteness; the long colonnades brighten in the moonbeams; the halls are illuminated with a softened radiance until the whole edifice reminds one of the enchanted palace of an Arabian tale.[1]

The Alhambra Precincts

Of the Alhambra towers, thirty-six in all, only a few are in good condition, and some are no more than ruins. In recent years, both here and elsewhere in the precincts, good though unobtrusive work has been done in strengthening the lower parts of doubtfully secure buildings, while the Torre de las Damas (Tower of the Ladies), a noble erection which for a long time was private property, has latterly been the subject of anxious consideration. Spain is thoroughly alive to the uniqueness of the Alhambra, and, whatever it may have suffered in the past from her neglect, it has little cause for complaint to-day.

The most interesting towers of the Alhambra may be quickly enumerated. Siete Suelos (the Seven-storied Tower) should be seen both from above and below: stupendous treasure is supposed to be hidden beneath the seventh vault, but in actual fact there are not seven vaults but only two. The Tower of the Princesses (Torre de las Infantas), one of the last in date of the Moorish buildings in the precincts, vies in richness and intricacy with the finest hall in the Arab palace while the views from its windows are even there unsurpassed.

[1] *The Alhambra* ("The Alhambra by Moonlight").

In this town must be read Irving's story of the daughters of Mohammed the Left Handed in the *Tales of the Alhambra,* which the tourist should now have in his pocket as well as the *Conquest.*

The Tower of the Captive Maiden (Torre de la Cautiva) is said to have been the prison of Isabel de Solís, a Christian girl who eventually became a wife of Boabdil's father and figures in the Spanish Romantic literature of a hundred years ago. Near the Tower of the Ladies, alluded to above, is the terrace garden of El Partal, which has recently been remodelled and planted with both taste and splendour. A more melancholy visit may be made to the ruined Convent of San Francisco, founded immediately after the Reconquest and for a time the burial place of the Catholic kings. It is particularly regrettable that it should have been allowed thus to deteriorate.

On the far side of all these towers from the Arab palace stands the Alcazaba or Moorish citadel, the oldest part of the whole Alhambra, set in a defensive position overlooking the valley which is nothing short of perfect. The outstanding feature of the Alcazaba is the watch-tower (Torre de la Vela), where on the triumphal re-entry of the Christians into Granada, the Archbishop-designate planted with his own hands the silver cross and the pennon of St. James, Patron of Spain. Outside the city walls, the main body of the Christian host fell on its knees at the sight, and then acclaimed it, crying, "Santiago! Santiago! Ferdinand and Isabel!"

We have left till last the building which is unhappily not least in size and self-assertiveness among those in

the Alhambra precincts—the ostentatious, though in itself fine and dignified, palace of Charles V. Uncompleted and deserted, it is used only for occasional celebrations, as, for example, the open-air concert which is held on the high festival of Corpus Christi, kept in Granada with unusual magnificence. So entirely is it at variance with the delicacy and grace of the Arab palace that it is hard to see how it ever came to be erected so near to it. The Dean and Chapter of Córdoba Cathedral may have offended the susceptibilities of artists (p. 109), but the person to rebuke them was certainly not the only begetter of Charles V's palace.

Above the Alhambra lies the summer residence of the Moorish kings, called the Generalife, of which the most attractive part is the gardens. Neither the disused chapel, once a belvedere, nor the various rooms and corridors of the so-called palace can offer any interest save that of the excellent views of the surrounding country which are to be obtained from them, views which all take in the Alhambra. For the most part they are posterior to the Reconquest, and one is glad to leave them for the upper gardens, which are more worthy of attention than the large rectangular lower Court of the Canal (Patio de la Acequia) most commonly connected with the Generalife in the minds of tourists. The path to the upper gardens leads through a high-walled water-garden called the Court of the Cypresses, and thence by flights of steps to the terraces which inspired Washington Irving with another of his *Tales,* that of the sensitive Prince Ahmed and his cautious father. The terraces are paved with pebbles

arranged in intricate patterns, planted with magnolias, laurels, and quaintly cut cypresses, bordered with low hedges of myrtle and box, studded with fountains and adorned with flowers of all kinds.

Once at the Generalife, it is a pity to descend too soon. On any day which is fine and not unduly warm there are excellent walks to be had by turning to the left on emerging from the handsome cypress avenue which leads to the gardens, and continuing to walk up the hill —the "cemetery road" as the inhabitants of Granada term it.

> Away to the left, that path leads upward through the olive groves to a height termed the Silla del Moro. And that is only the beginning of its course. When it has passed the slopes made golden with buttercups and the fragrant musk orchis, still it winds upwards, over grassy meadows and sun-baked hills, merry with the humming of the bees among the lavender, and swept clean by the northern breeze. At last, away beyond an oasis of shade formed by a cluster of acacias, it reaches a ridge, all pink and white with cistus and mountain rose, looking down upon the long steep hillside and the winding course of the Darro. All around are more hills, with the unescapable Sierra above them, and I doubt not that we could roam for days among the close-cropped grass and shrub, the scented thyme, and the tulips of maroon and white that announce the high season of spring.[1]

If one prefers to keep to the cemetery road there soon appears a spacious panorama of Granada, of the broad *vega,* dotted with villagers, of the sunlit Genil, of the low, grey mountains in one direction, and, in the other, the snowy Sierra with its sugar-loaf peaks clear-cut

[1] *Granada,* pp. 67-68.

against an azure sky. So lovely is the prospect that it seems a crime that ninety per cent of those who visit Granada should be ignorant of it.

When I build a house in Granada, I shall build it somewhere near this paradise. A little white cottage on the hillside it will be, with a path hedged by *chumbera* and soft, grey aloes. White almond-bloom will deck my garden in winter, and olives of grey and silver all the year round. That garden will be bright with butterflies by day and echoing with the cricket's song at night-time. Never do I hear the cricket but I think of it, never smell the perfume of charred wood, never feel the cool wind blowing off snow, but my mind goes back (or forward) to it unfailingly.

All day and every day this cottage of my dreams has a charm that is all its own. In summer it sparkles and shines from early morning till the sun goes down behind it in a blaze of gold; till on the Vega, wrapt in its bluish haze, there suddenly falls the dusk, and here and there appear twinkling lights like ships on the darkening sea. No less attractive are the gleam and gloom of a cloudy day, when bursts of sun light up patches of green meadow and a solitary cluster of white houses.

When the wind howls in the mountains, and the Vega is covered in dense grey mist, my little white house, like a ship becalmed at sea, is outlined against it still. And on the rare days of storm and rain, when the sky is dark save for one narrow rim of light that circles the horizon, then the sun will shoot a single ray through the clouds, and pick out my cottage in purest white. Now, once upon a time, that would have been thought supernatural.[1]

The City and Its Environs

The Cathedral of Granada looks like what it is—a monument of conquest. It was begun in the Gothic style thirty years after the taking of the city from the

[1] *Granada,* pp. 69-70.

Moors, on a site adjacent to that of the principal mosque, which stood where we now find the Sagrario. Diego de Siloe came from Burgos in 1525 to continue it in the plateresque style, and, though still unfinished, it was consecrated in 1561. After a considerable time were added the tower and west front, and the interior was completed at a later epoch still. At all times except when a subdued effect is aimed at—such as in the offices of Good Friday—the white and gold of the cathedral leaves an ineffaceable impression of dignity and splendour. It is probably the finest church of its style in Spain.

If but five minutes can be spared for the cathedral, four of them should be spent in the Chapel Royal (Capilla Real); the grassy courtyard and fine Gothic front of this are very noticeable from without. The total effect of the chapel is one of singular tranquillity. Its fine grille (*reja*) is unsurpassed in Spain. The *retablo* behind its High Altar depicts scenes in the Reconquest of Granada. But the chief reason why it should be visited is of course that Ferdinand and Isabel, the Catholic Monarchs, are buried in simple leaden coffins in the vault below it, and that their magnificent tombs of Italian marble lie above, together with those of their daughter and son-in-law Joanna the Mad and Philip of Austria. Various relics, here and in the sacristy, should also be noticed. Other things to see in the cathedral are the Capilla Mayor, with its pictures by Alonso Cano and Pedro de Mena's statues of the Catholic Monarchs; Siloe's Puerta del Perdón (this is the north-east door), which is better

even than the great door at the west end; and the little shrine between the Chapel Royal and the Sagrario (used as a parish church) recalling the exploit of Hernán Pérez del Pulgar, who created a sensation during the final siege of the city by entering it at dead of night through an underground passage and affixing with his poniard to the door of the chief mosque a parchment bearing the inscription *Ave Maria.*

There are some curiosities to be seen in many of Granada's smaller churches, but three visits only can be suggested in this necessarily brief survey. The ex-convent of San Jerónimo has been used for more than a century as a barracks, but it was founded by the Catholic Monarchs as early as 1492 and is the burial-place of the "Great Captain," Gonzalvo de Córdoba. In the west gallery are some good choir-stalls by Diego de Siloe, and an *Entombment* (*Sacro Entierro*) is worthy of notice in one of the northern chapels. The other two visits are meant only for those who like *barroco* work. The Hospital of San Juan de Dios, near San Jerónimo, is better seen than described: its wood-gilt is to the uninitiated almost alarmingly terrible. Outside the city the secularized Carthusian convent (Cartuja) has a sacristy about which every visitor has strong feelings, either of admiration or of dislike: it is impossible to be indifferent to it.

Before leaving Granada it is essential to make a tour of the "old town," or Albaicín, once the residence of the Moorish aristocracy, and situated on the opposite hill to the Alhambra, of which there are some splendid views to be had from its points of vantage. Now the

poorest part of the city, it adjoins the gipsy quarter and the cave-dwellings of Granada, which every tourist visits and finds of less interest than he had imagined. It is a pity, however, not to mount the Carrera del Darro, a picturesque street following the course of the river of that name; after visiting the Roman bath in this street, and the Casa del Chapiz, a deserted palace in the Moorish style, just above it, we may turn to the left and find ourselves in streets as winding as those of Toledo. The churches of San José, San Juan de los Reyes, and San Nicolás are those which are best worth seeing. But the real sight of the suburb is its character, and the amazement of foreigners is that, in the midst of so much filth and squalor, ancient houses, inhabited by well-to-do families, still stand behind high walls, and surrounded by large and romantic gardens, which, with the houses belonging to them, are known as *cármenes* in the city. These are all private property, and admission to them can be gained only by the kind offices of Spanish friends: the Generalife, however, it must be remembered, was but the *carmen* of the Moorish sovereigns and will serve as a type of the rest, while readers who are unable to visit this can feast their eyes on the beauties of Mr. and Mrs. Byne's sumptuously illustrated volume *Spanish Gardens and Patios*.[1]

When the poet Zorrilla, in his long narrative poem entitled *Granada*, described the city as "reposing amid flowers" he was probably thinking, not only of its *cármenes*, but of the fine public gardens, which are no less beautiful in our day than they were in his. They are

[1] Philadelphia, Lippincott, 1924.

known as the Paseo del Salón and the Paseo de la Bomba, and follow the course of the Genil upward, between the statue which represents Queen Isabel receiving Columbus, and the Puente Verde, where the little railway starts for Güéjar-Sierra. Perhaps these gardens show to greatest advantage in April, when the Judas-tree is a mass of purple blossom and the wistaria and roses are at their freshest. But except at the height of summer they are always lovely, and even in the dog-days they have still their incomparable background, the Sierra.

"The Alameda of Granada," wrote Gautier, "is certainly one of the pleasantest places in the world," His description of sunset as seen from the Salón, attractive as it is, falls far short of the beauty of the reality.

> The Sierra Nevada, the indented outline of which surrounds this part of the city, takes on shades of colour which it is impossible so much as to imagine. Each of its escarpments, each of its crests, when the light glances upon it, turns to a rosy hue—and a rose which is dazzling, unreal, fairy-like, shimmering with silver, shot with all the colours of the rainbow and with opalescent reflections, which would make the freshest tints of the painter's palette look by comparison muddy. These mother-of-pearl tones, these ruby-like transparencies, these agate and aventurine veins would rival all the fairy jewellery of the *Arabian Nights*.[1]

Motoring Routes

MADRID—Jaén (213 miles)—Granada (276 miles).
MADRID—Córdoba (224 miles) *cf.* p. 111)—Baena (265 miles)—Granada (330 miles).
See p. 136 for routes to Málaga and to Almería.

[1] *Voyage en Espagne,* chapter ix.

PART III

CHAPTER X

SANTANDER IN SUMMER

FEW would visit the north coast of Spain for pleasure except in summer. The dry, invigorating, winter climate of the Castilian plateau, however low the thermometer may be, is easier to endure in the winter months than the damp, bleak cold of the provinces of Santander and Asturias and the violent northerly gales of the Cantabrian Sea. Nor can the spring and autumn be relied upon in these regions. Often it is hardly warm enough for comfort until June, while the holiday-making crowds melt away from the coastal resorts at the end of August, and bathing becomes a chilly occupation by mid-September. Santander, with which this chapter is concerned, has a season of three months only and a high season of barely one month—August—during which the Court is generally in residence at the Magdalena Palace before going on to the more sheltered resort of San Sebastián.

But if Santander—to vary the well-known proverb—enjoys *invierno* for nine months of the year, it has its compensation in that the time remaining is not *infierno* but *paraíso*. There is no place in Europe where I would rather spend the months of July and August. Little by little the English-speaking world

is finding out this new summer resort as it always finds out such resorts before proceeding to make them its own. When in 1921 the University of Liverpool held its first Summer School of Spanish there, hardly a word of English was spoken except by the little group of students. Now the group has multiplied tenfold and become an army; yet it is not because of these invaders that the hotel-keepers of the Sardinero have engaged interpreters, that even chambermaids can murmur "Otwaterre" and boot-blacks on the Terraza "Bootyshine." It is because there are frequent services of boats from Liverpool and Southampton with chances of a return "Transat." passage to Plymouth; because it is often possible to go from Boulogne to Santander by train with only one change—at Hendaye; and because "summer in Spain," written "summer in Santander," no longer calls up visions of torrid heat, inertia, and sunstroke.

The city of Santander, which is the capital of its province (spoken of locally also, and loosely, as "La Montaña") stands in an unusually fine position on a small but picturesque bay; the *playa*, known as the Sardinero, is a mile or more out of the town, at the point where the bay widens into the ocean. One of the loveliest sights in Spain is the traveller's first view of the Sardinero on a brilliant August morning when, climbing the long, dull street that leads to it from the old town, he makes the discovery of its unsuspected magnificence.

Below, and all around, is the calm azure of the bay; beyond, a low and grassy shore, with pearl-white cottages dotted about, and

> long tracts or narrow tongues of golden-red sand projecting into the water. Tall hills, not seldom veiled in mist, rise up behind the farther coast, a foil to the clearly outlined landscape below.[1]

Small sign of life can be discerned at this point. But over the brow of the hill there is animation enough. The first and second *playas,* as the two long stretches of sand are called respectively, are alive with bathers. The Concha, the Piquío Gardens, the raised Terraza, or terrace, overlooking the *primera playa,* are so many hives of activity. Only at the two farther promontories can tranquillity be found: Cape the Less (Cabo Menor), to which leads the long grassy walk on the left of the *segunda playa,* and Cape the Greater (Cabo Mayor), out of sight, beyond the familiar lighthouse.

For lovers of such things there is a Grand Casino on the Sardinero, and a Grand Hotel; for those who demand super-luxury, the Hotel Real, a palatial edifice on the upper cliff, will provide it according to the best international standards. To others Santander, city and province, can offer less ephemeral delights. It has been said that while Bilbao, the great industrial city which is Santander's half-way house to Hendaye, lives on its properous present, Santander evokes memories of its past, and looks forward to a no less prosperous future. Anyone with the gift of imagination can foresee the future of Santander, both as a centre of culture and as a Biarritz, if not a Nice, of the late twentieth century. Let us look for a time at its *ayer glorioso,* its splendid past.

[1] *Santander* (New York, Knopf, 1927), p. 37.

Santander in History and Literature

Like the provinces of Asturias and Galicia, that of Santander bears few traces of the Moorish occupation of Spain, either in its architecture or in any other feature of its civilization. We hear of it both in Roman and in Gothic times, though it must be owned that there is much legend intermingled with its historical memories and the legendary contribution has frequently been interpreted as history. The name of the city is derived from that of one of its patron saints, St. Emeterius, a Roman soldier who, with his brother St. Celedonius, was martyred at Calahorra, a city some hundred and fifty miles distant. Details of the event are uncertain, but to the children of Santander, and perhaps to others who are children only in credulity, nothing is more certain than that their heads reached the city by sea (Calahorra is an inland town) in a boat made of stone. This boat is supposed to have passed through all obstacles, including a rocky island in the bay, known as the Rock of the Martyrs, and eventually, piercing the foundations of the city's ancient castle, to have reached the crypt of what we now know as the cathedral. Beneath the cathedral, say the children, the boat of stone still lies, emitting miraculously blinding light so that none may enter and discover it!

We shall perhaps do well if, penetrating no farther back in the history of Santander than to the foundation of its abbey, about the eleventh century, we pass rapidly to the charter granted in 1187 to the town

which had grown up around it, and thence to its prosperity as a port in the Middle Ages and later. This port sent ships to St. Ferdinand for the expedition which led to the reconquest of Seville, and in gratitude the King aided the town to build the church which became its cathedral. From it many royal travellers embarked for foreign lands during the centuries of Spain's pre-eminence, and when some of its rivals declined through plague, fire, or other misfortune, such maritime importance as still remained to the north of Spain was concentrated in it. While La Coruña and Cádiz were "rapidly hastening to decay," wrote Borrow in 1837, Santander, having "almost entirely engrossed the commerce of the Spanish transatlantic possessions," had "rapidly increased in wealth and magnificence."[1] The loss of the last of those possessions, some sixty years later, found it too securely established to suffer serious harm, still less eclipse.

There are few traces of Santander's past in the old town, and none whatever on the Sardinero. Having enjoyed the views of the port and its background of mountains, and visited the cathedral (of interest only to those who have seen no other in Spain), we might at once begin our tour of the province, where such traces abound, were it not for the interesting literary reminiscences which Santander has preserved of the last century.

Those who read Spanish must at all costs purchase at one of the local bookshops, José María de Pereda's *Sotileza* (1885), the delightful, if in places rather diffi-

[1] *The Bible in Spain,* chapter xxxiv.

cult, story of the orphan daughter of a shipwrecked Santander fisherman. This done, they can visit the rather squalid Calle Alta described in the book, and descend by the Rampa de Sotileza above the North (Norte) Station. Most of Pereda's novels have their scenes in the Montaña, and are full of local history, atmosphere, and charm.

Another of the leading novelists of the nineteenth century, Benito Pérez Galdós, was a native not of Santander but of the Canary Islands. Nevertheless, he spent most of his summers, and wrote many books, in a house which he designed (Casa de Galdós) on the way to the Sardinero, and in which his books, manuscripts, and other treasures are now preserved.

Other memories in Santander are those of the novelist, essayist and poet Amós de Escalante, whose writings, though less noteworthy than those of Galdós and Pereda, can be read with pleasure for their local interest, and of a woman novelist, still living, Concha Espina, whom English girls will probably appreciate less than Spanish ones. But the greatest son of Santander, and the greatest critic Spain has ever known, was Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo (1856-1912), a man whose whole life was a story of ardent devotion to knowledge and is an inspiration to every student who reads it.

In Menéndez y Pelayo's library, which he bequeathed to his native city, and which has since been enlarged and enriched with a statue of its donor, visitors will be shown not only some of the treasures which

SANTANDER: CASKS OF WINE LYING IN THE PORT
Photo E. N. A.

LEÓN: THE OLD TOWN WALLS
Photo E. N. A.

he acquired in his lifetime, but also the simple study, destitute of all comfort, in which he worked.

His tastes were of the most unpretentious. Nothing but what was quite essential would he spend on dress or food. "Don Marcelino," said a servant to him one day, "these boots are really of no more use. They are falling to pieces." "They will have to do," he answered, unconcernedly. "I haven't a penny in hand, and there are still several books that I want to buy." And that was the order of importance in which he ranged things: books before boots. "How sad to have to die," he is reported to have said when near his end. "How sad to have to die, when there is still so much to read!" [1]

Solares and Liérganes

So excellent are the roads in the Santander province that motor-car tours and charabanc excursions are more popular here than anywhere else in Spain. Rather than describe a number of isolated places of interest, therefore, we shall complete this chapter by making three representative and comprehensive expeditions by road, chiefly to historic sites and monuments of which there are so few in the city.

The first and shortest takes us along the shores of the bay to Astillero and thence eastward to Solares and Fuentes del Francés. From this point we may either return to Solares and follow the Miera to Liérganes, or alternatively continue on our road to

[1] Cf. *Santander*, pp. 33-34.

Villaverde and Hoz de Anero, two delightfully fresh little villages, turning thence sharply and rejoining the former road at La Cavada, near its eighteenth-century cannon factory. From Liérganes a return may be made either directly, or by a *détour* such as that which leads through Vargas and Torrelavega.

This is essentially a quiet country run which includes no startling sights but gives an excellent idea of the type of scenery—hills, woods, and water—which characterizes the greater part of the province. Solares is typical of the quiet little village which has been invaded by holiday crowds for a long summer season since the mineral waters found in its locality have been developed and a Grand Hotel has sprung up to exploit them. The Fuentes del Francés ("Frenchman's Springs"), a couple of miles from Solares on the Bilbao road, are said to have been discovered by a French priest who emigrated here during the Revolution. They are set in a most picturesque situation, and have quite recently come rather more into favour than they were a few years ago, when the *balneario* showed every sign of becoming permanently deserted. The valley of the Miera has only this disadvantage (to Englishmen)—that it is above all things "English" in its scenery. The blue hills in the distance are perhaps higher than our hills at home, but the wooded slopes of Solares, the purling river, and the luxuriant green foliage remind one at every turn of Devon. Liérganes has a number of houses with escutcheoned façades of the kind we often meet in this province, telling of great families which once had residences there. Its Cross of

Rubalcaba is also admired, and there is tea to be had—real tea!—at its *balneario.*

Limpias, Laredo, and Castro-Urdiales

The second excursion also takes us eastward, toward Bilbao, its first stop being at Limpias, a pleasant little village which is the centre of a very modern devotion to the image called the *Christ of the Agony,* supposed to have opened its eyes on various occasions through miraculous agency. From Limpias we retrace our way for a mile or two to Colindres, and thence pass to Laredo, one of the principal ports of the northern coast of Spain in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and now the centre of a profitable trade in tinned sardines. It is sad to look on the degradation of the town which sent a fleet to attack the Turks in Otranto, bade farewell to the ill-starred Joanna when she left Spain to marry Philip of Austria, and welcomed the emperor Charles V for the last time when he landed here on his way to the monastery of Yuste. But the fact remains that Laredo is squalid and uncared-for: Santoña, across the bay, which can be reached either by boat, or by a long *détour* through Treto and Gama, is older, cleaner, and quieter.

From Laredo, a hilly but extremely picturesque road of some fifteen miles takes us to Castro-Urdiales, a town more interesting than either Laredo or Santoña. There was once a Roman fortress here, then a colony, and lastly a town which grew into importance on receiving its charter in 1163. Like Santander, it sent

ships to besiege Seville and was favoured by St. Ferdinand ever after. Its vessels, to the number of fifteen, went at a later date to join the Great Armada, and later still it was represented at Trafalgar. Its monuments include a church, which is small and dark but rather strikingly situated; a fortress which was formerly a castle of some magnitude; and what was once the hermitage of Santa Ana but has now almost disappeared.

Santillana, Comillas, and San Vicente de la Barquera

The road leading westward from Santander toward the province of Asturias has better sights to show still. A short run takes us to Santillana, one of the wonders of Spain, but the wise motorist will stop for a moment at the ancestral house of Calderón, near Viveda, and, if time allows, will turn sharply to his right at Barreda in order to make the steep descent to the unknown but brilliant little summer resort of Suances. Santillana, however, is by far the most important stop in this itinerary, and merits as long a visit as anyone can give it.

The average man knows Santillana only as the home of the famous Gil Blas, and the recently established "Parador de Gil Blas," which enables one for the first time to get adequate refreshment in the village, emphasizes the fictitious connection. Its real history is more venerable. Derived from "Santa Juliana," its name recalls the martyrdom of this virgin in Bithynia, early in the fourth century. Its collegiate church is certainly

not earlier than 1150, but long before this, on the same site, there was a Benedictine monastery. During the whole of the Middle Ages Santillana was a place of importance, its marquisate, renowned for the literary merits of its first holder, dating from 1445. After a long history of royal favour and firm prosperity, the town declined with Spain's greatness, and with the transference of its abbatial dignity to the see of Santander its last remnants of glory vanished.

> And now the only life of Santillana is a life in death. The ancient shell is there, but the brilliant adornments of medieval days are gone. The nobles have fled; their escutcheoned houses remain, but only as the houses of labourers; within their strong, enduring walls all is poverty and decay. The outlying parts of the town have disappeared entirely. From a distance none would suspect that he was looking upon a place with so venerable a history; the little town lies in a cleft between two slopes, and only a cluster of red roofs and brown, grey, or golden-red walls can be seen.
>
> To enter by the broad, unevenly cobbled street is to realize everything at once. It is all so beautiful: the houses with broad eaves, their walls often overgrown with pure white nightshade; the finely-wrought balconies covered with geranium or jasmine; the patient resigned oxen rumbling over the stony road; the girls carrying wooden frames containing pails of water; the glimpses of flowery garden and cool *patio*; the windows wreathed in vines.[1]

The oldest houses, in the Calle de Juan Infante, are of the fourteenth century, but the Torre del Merino, in the *plaza* to which it leads, must be at least three hundred years earlier. The most attractive houses are in the Calle de Cantón, which leads down steeply to the

[1] *Santander*, pp. 71-72.

beautiful sun-baked church, as mellow in its golden warmth as the churches of Salamanca. The façade, with its open gallery of thirteen arches, and the graceful, tranquil cloister, can hardly be over-praised by visitors who have seen no other part of Spain. And indeed it has a position of its own even in comparison with better-known churches.

The real claim of Santillana to uniqueness, however, lies across the fields and over the brow of a hill, in the depths of the Cave of Altamira. Discovered only a little more than fifty years ago, this cave, with its remarkable specimens of Palæolithic art, is already world-famous. The paintings for which it is known are for the most part in red and black, on the walls and roofs of the cave; they represent boars and bisons, less frequently also horses, deer, wolves, and oxen. The lifelike attitudes in which these are portrayed, their detail, and the freshness of their colour draw expressions of frank incredulity from the uninitiated. But one and all find the cave a fascinating place, and have difficulty in tearing themselves away from it.

Yet the onward journey to Comillas and San Vicente de la Barquera is not to be despised, the former town being noteworthy for its picturesque situation and the latter for this and also for its history. Stay but for a short time at Comillas, for its seminary, its parish church, and the ancestral home of its marquises all combined are not worth the least of the sights of San Vicente. This town, not far from the Asturian frontier, has in the first place an unusual situation. It is built round a bay which widens toward the shore; into the

bay at either corner runs a river, each spanned at its estuary by a bridge. And between the two rivers is a hill, on which stands the ancient castle and the church dedicated to Our Lady of the Angels.

I must not be tempted to dwell on the beauties of San Vicente: on the more imposing of the bridges with its eight-and-twenty arches; on the ruins of its medieval castle; on the tomb of the Inquisitor Corro, which one discovers in the church with a shock of surprise, so beautiful is it. I will only sum up my own feelings by saying that to spend a bright, warm day in July or August motoring to Suances, Santillana, Comillas, and San Vicente and to make the return journey in the wonderful evening light by way of Treceño and Cabezón de la Sal is to return to one's starting-point crediting oneself with a day perfectly spent—a day that it would be difficult to spend to greater advantage anywhere else in Spain.

Motoring Routes

IRÚN—Santander (see p. 33).

MADRID—Aranda de Duero (101 miles)—Burgos (151 miles)—Santander (246 miles).

MADRID—Medina del Campo (100 miles)—Valladolid (131 miles)—Palencia (160 miles)—Reinosa (241 miles)—Santander (288 miles).

SANTANDER—Solares (12 miles)—Liérganes (19 miles).

SANTANDER—Laredo (32 miles)—Castro-Urdiales (47 miles).

SANTANDER—Cabezón de la Sal (29 miles)—San Vicente de la Barquera (41 miles).

SANTANDER—Santillana (19 miles)—Comillas (30 miles)—San Vicente de la Barquera (36 miles).

SANTANDER—Burgos (95 miles).

CHAPTER XI

THE PEAKS OF EUROPE: ASTURIAS

SINCE the Peaks of Europe (Picos de Europa) lie between Santander and Asturias, and may be approached from either province, it will be convenient to continue our journey westward from San Vicente de la Barquera, and turn southward into the mountains before passing on into the heart of Asturias.

So near the Asturian frontier is San Vicente that a very short drive brings us to Unquera, the last town in the province of Santander, whence there is a daily automobile service—of the Cádiz to Algeciras type (p. 129) but more primitive—to Potes, one of the principal centres in the Peaks for climbers. The route proceeds along the valley of the Deva (a quite different Deva from that which gives its name to the seaside resort near San Sebastián), entering Asturias near a little town called Panes, and then leaving it again near La Hermida.

We are in historic country again now: nor far from the "land of epic," as Asturias was called by Pérez Galdós. The grey crags which, as we enter the splendid Gorge of La Hermida, stand out against the clear blue sky, remind us of this. They are called the "Tears of St. Pelayo," and are said to mark the spots where the

saint of that name performed eremitical penance. But the name Pelayo, in this district above all, recalls the stubborn fight which the heroic native remnant put up against the Moorish hordes when these overran the Peninsula early in the eighth century. Covadonga, not far from here, which we shall shortly visit, was the scene of a fierce battle (*c.* 718) where the Christians repulsed the Moors and retreated triumphantly to the mountains—a small but determined band from which sprang the armies of the Reconquest. Pelayo was their venerated leader who became the first Asturian king. As the boulders which strew the river-bed are also called the "Tears of St. Pelayo," we may wonder if the name was not given in irony, since hurling boulders from rocky ambushes upon armies in the valleys was a common form of warfare in those distant times.

Continuing our way through the ravine, with towering cliffs bounding the narrow road on either side, we come to the church of Lebeña, a national monument dating from the tenth century. The next village of any size is Potes, which might almost be called a town, and is certainly the centre of civilization for miles around. It has a fifteenth-century tower, and some good medieval houses, but most of its older buildings were destroyed during the War of Independence. Near Potes are the venerable monastery of Santo Toribio and the interesting church of Piasca. For serious climbers there is less at Potes than at Espinama, though tourists often make the easy ascent of the Viorna, the hill so prominent from the town, together with the harder climbs of Peña Sagra and Peña Labra,

going for the latter expeditions, as far as Frama and Cantalaguardia respectively, on horseback.

To Espinama the main road still follows the Deva upward and leads us past the village of Mogrovejo, which is said to take its name from a warrior who was Pelayo's standard-bearer in the battle of Covadonga. Neither Potes nor Espinama is famous for the excellence of its accommodation, and my own experience is rather in favour of the former, but, once the Peaks are developed from the tourist's point of view, Espinama will, I imagine, soon outstrip it as a climbing centre. Peña Vieja makes an excellent two-day excursion, the only disadvantage to which is that all provisions have to be carried. Andara, with its lake 6000 feet above sea-level, is another good objective. But in order to taste the delights of climbing in this region, a Spanish guide is essential, and a Spanish handbook, obtainable at Potes, is, though not all that a handbook should be, at least a desirable addition. D. Julián Fresnedo's Spanish guide to the province of Santander[1] has also some useful information on the Peaks of Europe.

COVADONGA

As the cradle of the Spanish nation, the Asturian retreat of Covadonga is probably to most tourists, be they Spaniards or foreigners, the supremely interesting spot in the province. In the great cave, which is now a shrine, there lived in the eighth century (according to the legend) a hermit who gave protection to the

[1] *Santander y su provincia* (Santander, Librería Moderna).

fugitive Gothic chief Pelayo, his family, and his retinue, and lodged them until they had collected the nucleus of a new army. On August 1, 718, is said to have taken place the battle of Covadonga, in which the Moorish invaders received their first serious check, being surrounded and put to total flight. This battle may be described as the beginning of the reconquest of Spain.

The devotion which is still found at Covadonga dates from the time of King Pelayo's son-in-law, Alfonso I, who founded a church, dedicated it to Santa María de Covadonga (the name means "the cave of the Lord"—*cova dominica*—the reference being either to God or the king), and caused the remains of his great predecessor to be buried there. About the same time was founded a Benedictine monastery, which has long since disappeared; part of the monastery which succeeded it, and was built on the same site in the sixteenth century, is still standing, and contains two fine tombs and a number of interesting relics. Perhaps the chief attraction of Covadonga to many visitors is the interesting cloister of the monastery, which contrasts so strikingly with the modern church on the hill above.

But no! the principal charm of the place must always be its situation, deeply set as it is in a valley of smiling green, with sharp peaks in the background and the nearer hills smothered in foliage. It has an unforgettable approach, through what is now a national park and by a road which winds so much as to give the illusion of great height, though in reality it stands only some 800 feet above sea-level. And from the terrace

near the church there is a prospect as broad as it is gentle, a delight to contemplate, in summer at least—and only a few hardy Spaniards know it in winter.

To motorists Covadonga is easy of access, and the roads are good. From Oviedo it is but a little over fifty miles, from Santander rather more than double that distance. It is therefore primarily an Asturian excursion, which is as it should be, since it was the little kingdom of Asturias that Pelayo founded. There is an excellent hotel here, and this makes it possible as a centre from which to organize excursions into the Asturian mountains. Lake Enol and Lake Ercina, in the peaks of Europe, are only seven or eight miles away, while the Gorge of Sella, a half-day motor-ride, provides one of the great views of Asturias, and extends southward into the province of León.

Comparatively few tourists see Oviedo, the capital of Asturias, principally because the train services from Santander are slow, and the coast road and railway line do not continue thence to Galicia. It is a prosperous city, set in the midst of a large mining district, with a cathedral and a university, of which the former alone is commonly visited. Alfonso II first erected a church on its commanding site in the ninth century; the present building dates from the fourteenth, and is a pleasing, though not an outstanding, example of Gothic architecture in Spain. Its five-storied Renaissance tower is the feature of the cathedral most generally admired, but perhaps its chief treasure is the beautiful fifteenth-century glass of the *capilla mayor,* so exquisitely set in the delicate tracery of the win-

dows. The treasures of the Cámara Santa, itself a fine building, are proudly displayed, but their interest is mainly historical. The cloister, of approximately the same date as the cathedral, is richly ornamented, but less attractive than some of the other cloisters that we have visited. There is not much more to see in Oviedo besides its cathedral. The traveller who has admired the Visigothic tombs at Covadonga, however, will not wish to miss the churches of Santa María de Naranco and San Miguel de Lino, little more than a mile out of the city, but less readily accessible in bad weather than the distance might suggest. These may be taken as representative of the Visigothic churches of Asturias, of which there remain a not inconsiderable number.

Gijón, on the coast, nineteen miles north-east of Oviedo, has the distinction of possessing a name on the pronunciation of which more foreigners come to grief than on any other in Spain.[1] A larger town than Oviedo, and a no less prosperous one, it is nevertheless of small interest, and no one would imagine that eleven hundred and fifty years ago it was the seat of the Asturian kings. Like the little coast-towns in the province of Santander, it has had an interesting though a chequered history. It harboured, for instance, most of the ships which found their way back to Spain after the fiasco of the Invincible Armada. But it never sank to the depths of San Vicente de la Barquera and the nineteenth century brought it a new life. With

[1] Both the *g* and the *j* are pronounced approximately like the *ch* in Scots *loch*.

the coast-towns of Galicia it shares the quality of affording some splendid views, but only when the atmosphere is clear. And this, strange to say, though we are still in Spain, is by no means always, for to those accustomed to the brightness of the southern provinces and the sharp, hard effects of the Castilian plateau, the Asturian and Galician landscapes seem quite northern in their mistiness and shrouded in an Ossianesque half-gloom. It may safely be said, nevertheless, that true Northerners will report very differently.

Motoring Routes

SANTANDER—Oviedo (132 miles).
SANTANDER—Covadonga (103 miles).
OVIEDO—Covadonga (51 miles).

CHAPTER XII

León

"To WALK into León Cathedral is my idea of walking into the glory of God!" The commentary was made by an American bank clerk, a tourist such as those for whom this book is written, whose name is unrecorded [1] and who could find no better words in which to express his emotions on first beholding "León the fair." His words, in one respect, are precisely what is needed to convey the impression of ineffable beauty which a sensitive traveller will probably never wholly lose, though it may be equally true to say that he will never wholly recapture it.

A visit to León can be taken conveniently from Oviedo southward, or on the way to Galicia from either Madrid or towns between Madrid and the French frontier. It is not a city to linger in during the proverbial nine months' Castilian winter. The approaches, over plains and ploughland, are bleak and discouraging; the winds are keen and the atmosphere is inhospitable. Nor has the city much to boast of apart from the sights that tourists visit it to see. It is a shabby, second-rate place, which seems to have

[1] The phrase was used in private correspondence, and is quoted by C. H. Sherrill in a delightful book entitled *Stained Glass Tours in Spain and Flanders* (New York, Dodd Mead, 1924), which all who love glass should read.

awakened some years ago to find smaller towns of Spain outclassing it. So it set to work feverishly to become a Modern City. Streets were dug up and laid down again, public gardens planted, new blocks of apartments erected, and new municipal buildings raised—a wonderful secondary and technical school, and a new post office recalling Our Lady of the Communications (p. 54) in Madrid. There are few cities in Spain which the traveller has more justification for leaving hurriedly once he has seen its lions. The cathedral, the convent, the collegiate church, and the Roman walls which have given it fame can be seen, after a fashion, in a day. Some will then proceed on their way thankfully; others will be literally unable to leave the cathedral; all will note in their memories that León is a place never again to be passed on a railway journey without a halt of at least a few hours.

León Cathedral

At first sight, when it has been tracked to the east end of the city, the cathedral is apt to prove disappointing. It is sufficiently removed from the buildings which surround it to lose nothing by its situation. The west front with its three fine doors, however, the peculiar view of the apse, and the unspoiled north view from the cloister are, though interesting enough, all surpassed, even in Spain.

It is when one enters that the peculiar merits of León Cathedral become apparent. The first note it strikes is colour; the second is grace. In Spain, its

collection of glass is unapproachable; few cathedrals in the world can surpass it. Its two hundred windows and eighteen hundred square yards of stained glass represent every stage in the art of painting glass, from the thirteenth century until to-day. And even details like this are nothing beside the ineffaceable impression which an entry by the west door makes upon one. Even the fact that the least beautiful windows are the nearest passes almost unnoticed. A gorgeous stream of colour from the far east window of the north nave meets us. A few paces toward the centre of the church, and we are looking straight up the choir, through the glass door of the *trascoro* to the magnificent windows of the sanctuary, which glow with colour all day long, so that the vast *retablo* beneath them seems dead. And in the glass, to our greater emotion, is reflected the great rose window of the west.

In no direction can one look without some blaze of colour meeting the eye. For the most part, they are far above one, those great Perpendicular windows which are one mass of glowing jewels from below. Their colours are indescribable. To say, as guide-books do, that the blues and the reds, the purples and the golds "predominate," is to say nothing, for it leaves undescribed the sheen of the purples, the dazzling brightness of the crimsons and the scarlets, the liquid light which pours from the golden glass, and the exquisite purity of the varied and sunlit whole.

As to the grace of León Cathedral—the famous phrase "This cathedral has no walls!" is an apt de-

scription of the impression, again hardly communicable, which its architecture leaves upon one. It is perhaps most reminiscent of Amiens. Measured in feet, and compared with Toledo and Seville, it is small; but no one thinks of its size, for its lightness is such that, in walking among its naves, one seems to walk, as it were, upon air, and the sensation is never lost that this fairy-like temple is about to rise from the ground, with its slender pillars and all, and soar upward till it reaches heaven.

One of my own most precious remembrances of Spain is of a High Mass, on St. Mark's Day (April 25), in León Cathedral, which has left me with a desire always to recommend those who wander about the Peninsula to go there. It was not that the rendering of the service was more beautiful than elsewhere—rather the contrary. It was that, as the organ played soft music and the shrill voices of the choristers were hushed, a veritable cloud of witnesses rose up and added to their number. Of the myriads of jewels in those great, high windows, every one lent its beauty, and danced and sang, while the naves, the piers, and the arches seemed to lift us up to heaven, giving us the feeling that we were within no four walls at all, but in some vast unbounded place—indescribably full of colour, light, and music, combining to give glory to God.

San Isidoro and San Marcos

León is another of the places in Spain that has Roman remains: it was named after one of the Roman

legions (the derivation, from *legionem,* is not intricate) which had its headquarters there, and the foundations of its walls, parts of which are in good preservation, date from the third century. Interest, however, centres usually in two later monuments. The collegiate church of San Isidoro (Colegiata de San Isidoro) was founded in 1005 as a sepulchral edifice for the remains of the celebrated Sevilian bishop whose name it bears. It was completed and consecrated a century and a half later, but, though its queer mixture of styles intrigues many visitors, its pantheon, containing the remains of more than twenty sovereigns, is still its most attractive feature. The Convent of San Marcos lies a little way outside the city and is now a national monument, parts of which are put to the dissimilar uses of an artillery barracks and a museum. The convent, erected on the site of a former hospice for pilgrims to Santiago de Compostela, belongs to the sixteenth century. It has a characteristically ornate façade, an imposing chapel, and a number of curiosities in its museum. It is worth a walk if you want to "see all there is to see" in León—as so many of us do when we are unlikely to visit a place again. Perhaps it is because I have been there often that I say it—but I am bound to add that I should consider the time better spent in the cathedral cloister and ambulatory, where, besides the tomb of the Leonese king Ordoño II, which every guide-book knows, there are many more antiquities than in San Marcos.

Astorga and Palencia

Two cathedral cities are within easy distance of León, both of them with histories no less venerable. Astorga, the nearer, and the next town of any size on the railway to Galicia, was in Roman times the capital (Asturica Augusta) of the Southern Asturias, and an important military centre. The walls of the city are Roman; its cathedral, which has some good carving, is Renaissance.

Going southward from León, it is a pity not to make a few hours' stay at Palencia, though the result may be disappointing for those who have left León with reluctance. They will appreciate the beauty of its cathedral much more if they find themselves caught between two trains for a few hours at the draughty and cheerless junction of Venta de Baños, and charter a conveyance of sorts, or take a convenient *mixto,* to Palencia, which is only seven miles away. There is nothing to see there of the same rank as the cathedral, a great part of which was built in the fourteenth century, but which is remarkable mainly for several features of later date. It stands some way from the principal streets, in a quiet square not improved by a recently erected statue. The first impression which its interior makes is one of light. Groups of slender white pillars are united in masses of strength. Through the plain glass windows bright sunlight is allowed to enter, illumining the delicate tracery of the arches and the finely vaulted naves. One has to search for "dim religious light" in Palencia Cathedral.

The *capilla mayor,* with its vast reredos and rather attractive screen, is of only passing interest; the ambulatory has some interesting glass; the choir some fair carving; the sacristy a number of fine pictures. The part of the cathedral that generally wins admiration is Gil de Siloe's *trascoro.* This has not only a small altar and *retablo* of its own (as is usual in Spanish cathedrals), but also a finely carved wooden pulpit. One leaves Palencia Cathedral with a very clear remembrance of its plateresque sculpture, together with an impression of brightness and one of solitariness, for it seems to be sought out less for purposes of devotion than most churches of its kind in Spain, and it certainly attracts few tourists.

Motoring Routes

MADRID—Valladolid (131 miles (see p. 49)—Palencia (160 miles)—León (216 miles).

LEÓN—Astorga (28 miles).

CHAPTER XIII

GALICIA [1]

THE four provinces which comprise the region and former province of Galicia are even less known as a holiday ground by English-speaking travellers than is the province of Santander. Nor is this due chiefly to the unenviable reputation which it enjoys for rainy weather. At present, it is badly served by its railways; from Madrid the journey is extremely long, and from anywhere else at the same distance in Spain, considerably longer and ten times as uncomfortable. The trains seem almost to be arranged so as to keep visitors away; those who live anywhere but on the main line from the capital to La Coruña or Vigo will not quickly forget the experience if they attempt to travel there.

The best way, then, to Galicia is by boat to either of the ports just mentioned—a way, unhappily, which none but the few will ever take. When the railway journey from Irún to Santiago is as rapid and easy as it now is to Santander—which it is not being too exacting to expect within this generation—then the lovely

[1] For more detailed information on the subject of this chapter two quite modern books may be recommended: *Guía de Galicia,* in Spanish, by Ramón Otero, a most comprehensive, yet compact volume of 450 pages, published in 1926 by Espasa-Calpe of Madrid, and *Spanish Galicia* (New York, Duffield, 1922), by Aubrey F. G. Bell, an excellent and companionable volume for a holiday.

Galician country will quickly be opened up to a nation of tourists and become more popular even than the Montaña. Its beauty is grander, wilder, more romantic than that of the Santander country. Its green meadows, rushing streams, azure *rías,* tall mountains, and ocean views, ever changing, are the culminating surprise to those who, having entered Spain by Santander or Irún, and made a rapid tour of the entire peninsula, throw away the remains of their kilometric ticket at Vigo and prepare to embark for home. Disappointed in not finding the Morocco that they had hoped for in Spain, they reap real, if belated, consolation by discovering Switzerland in it. For Galicia may not unfairly be called the Switzerland of Spain.

To other books, which deal at length with this fascinating region, must be left the task of exploring the greater number of its unknown yet delightful holiday retreats, where living is still cheap and one's hosts in the conventional sense feel themselves to be one's hosts in reality. All that can be attempted in this chapter is a description of that little corner of Galicia where at present tourists most do congregate—namely, the country between La Coruña and Vigo, which embraces the convenient and attractive holiday centres of Santiago de Compostela and Pontevedra. By visiting these four centres, and making a number of excursions from them, a sufficiently good idea of Galicia can be obtained to make one long to visit it in the following summer.

Let us suppose, for the sake of continuity, that we have not embarked for La Coruña by boat, but are

making the wearisome journey from the centre of Spain or the French frontier, and have visited in turn Palencia, León, and Astorga. For hours on end we pass through undulating, cultivated country, with low hills in the background, and, in the foreground, chestnut woods and fields of dull blue cabbage; it seems a long time before the tiny granaries raised on their granite legs and the bright head-kerchiefs of the women proclaim that we have reached Galicia.

At Monforte de Lemos, a town most picturesquely situated, the railway divides, and the Vigo portion of the train is seen no more. Save for the prevalence of the vine, the scenery is no different, though occasional charmingly set villages and castle ruins break its monotony. Not till we have passed Lugo—another Roman town with walls worth seeing if we have the time to spare or can stand the journey no longer—does the landscape grow more attractive. Heather-clad plains bounded by cloud-like mountains—for the mists of the north are upon us—give place to rolling hills and wide prospects, lovely either in early morning or in the soft evening twilight. As we near Betanzos, interest grows to a climax, for the first Galician estuary (*ría*) comes into sight. Maize-fields, vineyards, and pine-woods speak of increasing fertility. The *ría,* at first seen stretching far away in the mist, appears again and then is lost to view. Soon we sight another—that of La Coruña. A long run down to it by the side of pine-woods brings us to the nearer shore. The estuary broadens into a bay. The sea appears in the distance,

very still and blue. We round the shore still farther, and at length enter the city: La Coruña.

La Coruña

No sooner have we walked round the Corunna of English history than we feel we have done quite the wrong thing in coming by train. The city is laid out entirely, or so it seems, with the aim of impressing upon the visitor who disembarks in its harbour a sense of the prosperity of Spain. This is the place, let it be said at once, where the tourist should purchase his souvenirs of Galicia before he goes any farther. The handsome shops, of which the finest are unsurpassed in Madrid; the large, imposing hotels which front the bay; the broad avenues stretching on either side of it; the palm-planted Alameda and Paseo de Méndez Núñez; the luxurious clubs and *cafés* and the electric sky-signs: all these strike a note of easy opulence. But a Spanish writer has well compared the city to a giant ocean liner. Those who travel across the Atlantic in super-luxury see much of the gorgeous suites and saloons and promenade-decks of their "floating hotel": they see nothing whatever of the emigrants' quarters, know nothing of the miseries of the steerage. And many leave La Coruña without even suspecting the extent or the poverty of its slums, to which the smart streets and the rows of tall houses with their glass-framed balconies soon give place. Yet the regulation guide-book walk to the grassy headland on which stands the Torre de Hércules (not very Herculean, but a tower for all that, commanding a splendid view) is

quite sufficient to correct this false and precipitate impression. Unevenly paved streets and ungainly squares, among which it is easy to get lost, lead upward, past the barracks and above the Ayuntamiento, to the straight road called the Calle de la Torre: this is the *décor* of the Coruña which most of its own inhabitants know.

The extraordinarily modern-looking tower, which nevertheless has a history going back to the days of the Romans, is (unless we count the port of El Ferrol, reached by a useful service of boats across the bay) La Coruña's principal monument. It should be added that for the view aforementioned a comparatively clear day is essential.

On the way back to the town a *détour* should be made to see one or two of La Coruña's churches. Santa María del Mar, the name of which bears witness to the devotion to it of the fisher-folk, is one of the oldest, and has an interesting Romanesque façade. Santiago is also Romanesque, and is no less deserving of a visit, though it has been rather drastically restored. San Francisco may also be hunted out by lovers of Gothic. The churches which to-day are most crowded at festivals are for the most part modern.

La Coruña has a long and varied history, dating farther back than Roman times and reaching a climax of importance in the Middle Ages when the neighbouring city of Santiago was also at the height of its prosperity. Froissart called it the "Key of Galicia." For Englishmen the most attractive parts of its history centre in the sixteenth and the early nineteenth cen-

turies. On July 22, 1588, the Invincible Armada sailed from its harbour, and, in the next year, after the same harbour had received a few of the maimed vessels that returned, Drake sacked the Pescadería and other parts of the town, as a result of which the walls were later reconstructed. A moment of Spanish history in which England played the part of an ally and entrusted to La Coruña's care the body of one of her heroes came in 1809, when Sir John Moore gave battle to Soult, in the cause of Spanish independence, two miles out of the town. Moore was mortally wounded in driving back the French, and it is well known how he refused to unbuckle his sword, so that it might go off the field with him, and how, succumbing to his wounds as he heard that his army had been victorious, he was buried at dawn on the ramparts (January 17, 1809).

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

The stone was raised in due course by the Spaniards, and may be visited in the Jardín de San Carlos, above the fortifications.

Little more remains to be seen in La Coruña. There is a fascination about its harbour which, though not too easy to describe, is felt by all who stay near it for

long and contemplate its silver greyness in a summer twilight, the twinkling lights which relieve its nightly darkness, its unrestrained magnificence under a beclouded moon. But, sooner or later, we shall wish to go farther afield. And, first and foremost, we shall be eager to see Santiago.

Santiago de Compostela

The days when it took six hours to cover the forty odd miles of steep country between La Coruña and Santiago are still commemorated in out-of-date guidebooks, but have with that exception disappeared from everything but human memory. Though there is still no railway connecting the towns, a two-hourly service of powerful motor omnibuses accomplishes the journey in two hours and a half. It is a ride not quickly forgotten. Now the road switchbacks in a dead straight line so that its course is visible for miles. Now it winds round hill-side moors, patterned brightly in gorse and heather. Now it runs high above the country on either side of it, giving long views, of sun-bathed meadows and dark patches of pine-wood, as far as the horizon. If the last few miles become in themselves uninteresting, they are gilded with expectancy by those who are all alert to catch their earliest glimpse of Santiago's towers.

As every one knows, Santiago de Compostela sprang into fame—it might almost be said, into existence—with the discovery of the tomb containing the relics of St. James the Apostle (Santiago Apóstol) who is

credited with having evangelized Spain and is the country's patron saint. This discovery is said to have taken place in the early ninth century, the date most commonly given being July 24, 813, which, it will be noted, is the day preceding the Apostle's festival. Theodomir, bishop of the ancient see of Iria Flavia (p. 198), instructed by a hermit who in his turn had been guided by angelic songs and a bright star, found in a field (whence the name *Campus stellæ,* or Compostela), a "little house containing within itself a marble tomb," as the old records say, where the present cathedral stands. The reigning monarch, Alfonso II of Asturias, founded a church on the spot, and a Benedictine monastery was built on the ground adjacent to it. At the end of the century there followed a more spacious basilica, most of which was destroyed by a Moorish onslaught a hundred years later. Even so early as this Santiago de Compostela was a "holy city," and was recognized as such by the Moslem enemies who endeavoured to destroy it. But its temporary eclipse only made it in the end the more famous, and with its rebuilding began the era in which it became one of the most sacred shrines in all Christendom.

In their way the pilgrimages to Santiago are as much a feature of medieval history as the Crusades. The story runs that Charlemagne was divinely instructed in the cult of the Apostle, and that a starry road in the sky was revealed to him which would lead him to the sepulchre. Be that as it may, the great religious personalities of the Middle Ages are known, almost

without exception, to have made this pilgrimage: St. Francis, St. Dominic, St. Bernardino of Siena, St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Louis of France, and many more. People of all tribes and tongues thronged the holy city. "Some sing to the sound of the cithern," says a twelfth-century manuscript,

> some to that of the lyre, others to trumpets, harps or viols, others to divers instruments of music beside these. No tongues or dialects are there which cannot be heard here. Neither by day nor by night are the doors of the basilica closed. The darkness of night flees from that venerable temple which shines like noonday with the light of lamps and candles.

In all Spain I can think of no medieval city of the intrinsic interest of Santiago which is still so little spoilt. That does not mean that the city is insensible to modern influences. On the one hand it has an Alameda, a beautifully kept park, and a walk called from its shape the Paseo de la Herradura; on the other, a number of blatant modern excrescences, which, though they can hardly be overlooked, need not here be described. Fortunately they are so few, and so far from the centre of the city, that the general effect of Santiago remains medieval.

The cathedral is of course the city's chief glory. Its construction took over a century: begun about 1080, it was consecrated only in 1211. It is perhaps most attractive from without; from whatever angle it is viewed, there is interest and beauty to be found, though the *barroco* effects of its west front ("El Obradoiro"), which is the best known, do not please every critic. Behind the west doors, however, is a work of art which

it is difficult to overpraise. This is the triple narthex known as the Pórtico de la Gloria, which extends across the complete breadth of the cathedral naves and is richly adorned with sculptured figures remarkable for the expressiveness of their faces as well as for the beauty and harmony of the total effect to which they contribute. One is laughing, another lost in meditation, a third passing judgment on some weighty matter.

> Isaiah discreetly turns from the ribald mirth of Daniel, and the gorgeous devils grin terribly and a gaping hobgoblin sprawls below. . . . At the back of the Portico is the figure of its maker, Maestro Mateo, kneeling facing the High Altar to ask forgiveness for the profanity of some of his sculpture. It is famous to students as the Imaxe dos Cloques, since those who knock their heads against its head are supposed to receive the gift of memory, and so pass their examinations, although in practice this has not always proved as effective as was hoped.[1]

Apart from the Portico, the interior of Santiago Cathedral is perhaps a little disappointing. The Capilla Mayor, beneath which lies the crypt containing the Apostle's relics, is small, and looks even smaller than it is, by reason of its late and heavy gilt work. The four huge and over-decorated square pillars, the projecting canopy of the high altar, and the large hanging chandeliers all contribute to this impression. The choir, too, is unusually near the Capilla Mayor. The long lateral naves, on either side of the centre nave, on the other hand, are very striking in their proportions, and the chapel of the Corticela (reached by

[1] *Spanish Galicia*, p. 80.

steps leading from the north transept) has a lovely Romanesque arch, the simplicity of which contrasts only too painfully with the *barroco* which meets the eye elsewhere. The square stone-paved Renaissance cloister of the cathedral is large and peaceful. There are no treasures shown to visitors in the cathedral itself which are of any great interest: the chief object of the tourist's curiosity is the huge silver censer, called the *botafumeiro,* which on the greatest of festivals is swung from its position between choir and altar.

> Seven strong men pull the ropes, and it moves slowly at first with a graceful gliding movement, as if to say, "See how easy it is," as the men toil (hidden in the crowd), but soon swiftly and more swiftly, like a thing inspired, higher still and higher, till in a glory of exultation it sweeps to the very roof and descends rushing, trailing clouds of incense, a few inches above the heads of the assembled people. And still as it swings, and in its sheer joy (for indeed for an inanimate thing it seems strangely human and visibly delighted, as though the flaring incense had breathed into it the breath of life) seems as if it must swing for ever, the organ crashes out its music and the pilgrims sing the hymn of Santiago. At length its flights gradually become slower and shorter till it sinks to earth, and is rapidly seized and carried away, still flaring, on a pole by two men, laughing like the bunch of grapes from the land of Canaan, to its confessional-like box in a quiet corner of the library of the *Sala Capitular.*[1]

Lightness, elegance, and spaciousness of situation are the chief impressions which the visitor carries away from Santiago Cathedral; all three impressions are reflected on a bright summer's day (and in spite of Galicia's reputation there *are* such days!) when he

[1] *Spanish Galicia,* p. 79.

SANTIAGO: PÓRTICO DE LA GLORIA
Photo Ksado

SANTIAGO: HOSPITAL REAL
Photo Ksado

stands in the Plaza de Alfonso XII (also called Plaza del Hospital. On his right is the great west façade of the cathedral; on his left are the white and gold effects of the Palacio Consistorial. Behind him the Escuela Normal, with its handsome Renaissance gateway; before him the Royal Hospital founded by the Catholic Monarchs, the splendid front and courts of which are as fine as anything of the same period elsewhere.

There is much more to see, and more still to "feel," in Santiago. Its paved and arcaded streets are so full of character that one grows more attached to them, I think, than to any other streets in Spain. The escutcheons of churches, public buildings, and private houses are no less characteristic. So if one stays on at Santiago to look at some of its numerous churches, ancient and modern, to inspect the well-known library founded by Don Gumersindo Busto—the Biblioteca América, to wander among the villages of the plain which lies around the city, to purchase the lyrics of Rosalía de Castro and try to decipher her Galician, or to read Pérez Lugín's vividly written student-novel, *La Casa de la Troya*—there is always the possibility that these varying occupations are only after all an excuse for lingering in a city which casts its spell on others beside pilgrims.

Pontevedra

Continuing southward, our unambitious little itinerary takes us next to Pontevedra, by a road (or a railway) which runs downward toward the sea,

through cuttings and pine-woods, to gentle streams, and fields, which are almost seas, of maize. The church of Esclavitud, a village named after its dedication, has two lofty towers which recall the cathedral we have just left. Padrón, the Iria Flavia referred to above (p. 193), retains no relics of its former distinction. At Villagarcía de Arosa we are tempted to linger, so beautifully is it set on the south shore of an idyllic *ría.* After leaving it the railway turns inland, and makes its way through vineyards and maize-fields till a new *ría* comes in sight, and with it Pontevedra. The approach to the town provides a wonderful river view of the reflection of houses and trees in the silky stillness of its tranquil water; and to follow the *ría* to its mouth, by road, is an experience not soon to be forgotten.

For about four miles, as far as the little town of Marín, an archaic street-car system will serve those who possess, or can hire, no car. Beyond that they must walk, and, even if driving, they will be compelled by curiosity and love of beauty to descend often and take wooded paths down to the water's edge—but we are anticipating. As far as Marín the road is level; whether the day be clear and blue, or whether, as so often, it be hazy, the smooth surface of the water, the white seagulls, the tall dark trees on the farther shore combine to form the most notable features of delightful views. From Marín a good road of rather more than seven miles leads to Bueu, almost at the end of the *ría,* but few pedestrians who set out for that town ever arrive at it, so dusty is the road, and so irresistible

are the patches of fir, gorse, and heather that lead down to the water's edge.

There is no more charming corner of Galicia than this. Little bays of white sand and clear, rippling water invite the bather. So vaguely outlined is the farther shore that the desire for a boat overmasters every other and it is difficult to take one's eyes from the white villages which the sun picks out through the mist. All around lie the hills, save that far away to the left is the narrowed outlet of the estuary which except on a bright day is hardly visible. There is no life in this tranquil scene but for the cry of a gull, the splash of a naked child bathing from the rocks, or the call of some boatman to his comrade fishing in mid-stream. The colouring of the clear green water, and indeed the entire scene, is like nothing so much as a quiet corner of the Lake of Geneva or of Lake Como. In such spots we learn the secrets of the Switzerland of Spain.

Pontevedra itself has less interest than its surroundings have beauty. Its great "sight" is the Gothic church of Santa María Mayor, which stands in a commanding position overlooking the river and has an ornate façade and a good deal of carving, part of it being symbolical and another part depicting graphically the adventures, largely imaginary, of Adam and Eve. In the very centre of the town, surrounded by modern buildings, are the ruins of a medieval monastery church, Santo Domingo, which have been preserved in a manner that might be imitated in other parts of Spain. Both the handsome perpendicular

windows and the beauty of the creeper-covered ruins as a whole are enhanced by the charm of the garden which has been planted around the church and allowed to grow just wild enough to be in harmony with it.

Vigo

From Pontevedra to Vigo, which is on the next *ría* southward, and rivals La Coruña as a port, is a pleasant journey though almost wholly an inland one. After crossing the peninsula between the two estuaries, however, there is one of the glorious *ría* views of Galicia, one's first glimpse of what, as the railway runs along its shore, becomes Vigo Bay.

Vigo itself as a town suffers at first glance by comparison with La Coruña. It is shabby, sordid, and tired-looking, though there is a purposeful, determined energy about its inhabitants which no doubt accounts for its evident, if quiet and unostentatious, prosperity. Rising in terraces from the bay, the town is best approached from the sea; on landing, one discovers that it rises less steeply than one has supposed; there are plenty of climbs to make in it, but they are not steep climbs.

There is little to detain one in Vigo, but all around it is fine country with extensive sea-views which no one would readily miss. The classical excursion is by car or tramway to Bayona, a fishing-village thirteen miles to the south-west of Vigo, situated at a point on the shore very near the open sea. The country through which the road passes is one of particular

fertility; the road runs inland for a time, then touches the coast and henceforward reveals sea-views of great brilliance which, on clear summer days, remind one of the Mediterranean and the Spanish Riviera. In the bay can be seen the rocky islands of the Cíes, of which a glimpse was caught on the way from Pontevedra. Passing behind a rounded grassy promontory we skirt a new arm of the bay before reaching Bayona. Here, from the village street, there is another of the views which remain with us long after we leave Galicia. A blue bay, fringed with a white rim of sand; in the foreground, dark irregular promontories clothed with forests; behind them a misty, uneven, encircling Sierra. On a height to the left, a castle surrounded by trees; below us and around, a busy yet restful scene—fishermen net-mending, boats lying in the harbour, women with their gay Galician head-kerchiefs sometimes almost hidden by the heavy loads set upon them, hardly needing to be steadied by even an occasional touch of the hand.

The monuments of Bayona, which, though a village of less than two thousand inhabitants to-day, was once a prosperous port, illustrate its history. The parish church, built as a collegiate church in the twelfth century, witnessed the occupation of Bayona by the Portuguese in 1370, and by the English in 1386. The castle, which is nearly four hundred years old, was attacked by Drake three years before the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and it was feared that the English reprisals for this would be directed to it, though actually they fell on La Coruña. As San Vicente de la

Barquera and Laredo declined with the rise of Santander, so Bayona gradually sank into somnolence with the growing importance of Vigo. To-day it lives in a backwater, hardly remembering its past.

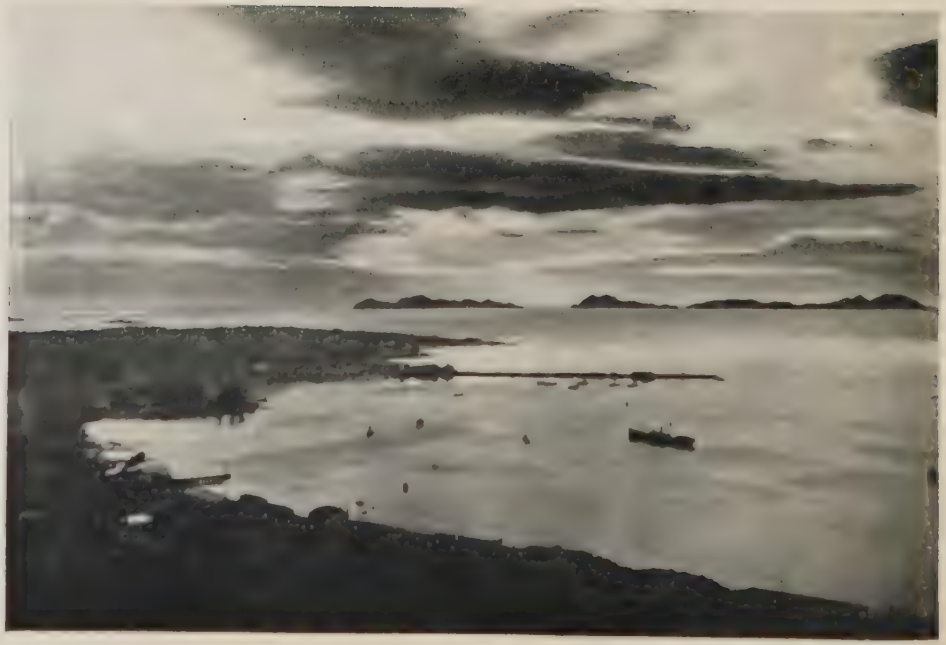
Another excursion from Vigo, which can be made quite easily by boat, is to Cangas, across the bay. On the way there is a good view of the Cíes jaggedly outlined against the horizon. The principal view, however, is of course that of Vigo itself, which will serve as a consolation to those who have not arrived by boat there. Cangas is merely a large fishing-village of no interest, but by climbing up to the hills which lie behind it further views of Vigo and its bay are obtainable.

Eastward from Vigo lies the *balneario* of Mondariz, the journey to which, rather longer than that to Bayona, is worth making for its magnificent glimpses of the interior of this region. As far as Porriño, about fifteen miles from Vigo, the country is similar to that already described. Then it suddenly takes on a grandeur more pronounced than any we have yet encountered.

> The purple sierras of great granite boulders tower above the dark green of pine-forests; small granite houses, massive and chimneyless, are half-hidden in vine-trellises which are sometimes taller than the houses and hang their tapestry of brown and crimson and purple below the pines. The granite posts, usually white, on which they are supported, more rarely have a pink or topaz or yellow hue, and the white road of many curves throws into relief the rich harmony of colour.[1]

[1] *Spanish Galicia*, p. 125.

SANTIAGO: RUA DEL VILLAR AFTER RAIN
Photo Ksado



VIGO
Photo Kuado

After Punteareas, we leave the main road to Orense and turn up northward to Mondariz, only a few minutes' drive away. For a Spanish spa, the "Vichy of Spain," as it is called, has developed very rapidly, and a number of small hotels, as well as the inevitable "Grand Hotel," standing in its park, bear witness to its prosperity. Every English visitor to Mondariz remarks on its likeness to an English spa, and in summer and early autumn it is a delightful place for its walks as well as for its waters.

To describe further excursions from Vigo is to go rather too far afield for the scope set down for this chapter. It must suffice to mention Tuy, the last town before Portugal is reached, and its sombre, fortified, and fortress-like cathedral; La Guardia, eighteen miles beyond Bayona, a much larger town, but, apart from its museum, of no greater interest; and Orense—with a drive to which may be combined a visit to Mondariz—a city whose cathedral recalls that of Santiago.

Motoring Routes

For Irún to Venta de Baños, see p. 41; for Madrid to Palencia, see p. 185; for Santander to Palencia, see p. 180.

Venta de Baños—Palencia (7 miles)—León (63 miles)—Astorga (91 miles)—La Coruña (269 miles).

La Coruña—Santiago de Compostela (40 miles).

Santiago de Compostela—Pontevedra (36 miles)—Vigo (57 miles).

Vigo—Bayona (13 miles).

PART IV

CHAPTER XIV

THE EASTERN GATE

THOUGH the eastern gate into Spain lacks some of the attractions of the western, it has at least two advantages over it: that Barcelona, the traveller's usual goal, is only a short distance from the frontier, and that from Paris to the frontier itself there is a choice of several routes. As far as Toulouse, one may take the short route by Cahors and Montauban or the longer road which allows a stop at the wonderful little town of Rocamadour—a medieval pilgrim-centre—and continues through the country of the Tarn. From Toulouse, where the church of St. Sernin should be seen by all who know Santiago de Compostela, and the picture-gallery by all without qualification, the road and railway both continue to Narbonne by Carcassonne, a medieval city set on a hill, and complete with its fortifications. A second route to Narbonne, also offering alternatives on the way, goes through Millau (near the celebrated Gorges of the Tarn) and Béziers, and there is even a third and longer route for those who wish to study medieval France as well as Spain, passing towns the very names of which suffice to evoke desire: Lyon, Vienne, Valence, Orange, Avignon, Nimes, Montpellier. Beyond Narbonne, the line continues by way of

Perpignan—a peculiarly southern and un-French little town—reaching the sea very soon after passing in turn the little seaside resorts of Argelès-sur-mer, Collioure, Port-Vendres, and Banyuls before arriving finally at the French frontier-station, Cerbère.

Catalonia and Its People

Now before he has even entered the tunnel which connects Cerbère with the Spanish frontier-station, Port-Bou, the traveller is conscious of being in another atmosphere than that with which he has been familiar in France. A very short time on the Spanish side convinces him further that he is not in Spain—or in any of the Spains—which he has known on former visits to the Peninsula. He is reminded neither of Castile, Vizcaya, Asturias, Galicia, nor Andalusia. Not merely is the soft humidity of the air combined with a southern diaphaneity in a way which none of these can parallel. Not merely is the country so fertile that no part of Spain so far north can surpass it and the population so industrious that the steep frontier slopes cultivated in terraces are but an every-day instance of their laboriousness. The character of the people differs from that of other parts of Spain in more than mere industry. The bustle, the energy, and even the traces of method in evidence at Port-Bou are the most striking contrast to the good-natured tranquillity of Irún. More than this the inexperienced traveller may not yet observe, but it is the key to much that he will observe later.

One further remark he is sure to make before so much

as passing the Customs at Port-Bou: the prevalence of "dialect." This tongue, however, which is neither Spanish nor French, and is used by first-class and third-class travellers both, is, by every test that differentiates the two, not a "dialect," but a "language." We can listen to the Catalan language not only in Barcelona and its environs, but, with very slight variations, in Tarragona and Valencia to the south, and, to the north, some little way beyond Perpignan. In general, Catalonians use their own language exclusively except when pressure from without or the convention of politeness or tradition forces from them a Castilian which they speak indifferently. In medieval times the principality of Catalonia, before its final union with Aragon and its ultimate fusion in the Spanish nation, was an entity, not only with a language of its own, but with ideals and methods of its own, and a character very much its own. The energy and activity which are its basis inspired the Catalonians to retake from the Moors portions of the country which lay near to them, to look across the Mediterranean and attack parts of what today belongs to Italy and even to penetrate to Asia Minor and conquer and reign in Athens. The same qualities, together with others, have on the one hand given a new life to Catalan literature, art, and the forms of culture, and, on the other, caused Spain's four Catalan provinces [1] to excel both in agriculture, so that they are all but self-supporting, and above all in manufactures, so that in many kinds of industry they are unequalled in all Spain.

[1] Viz., Gerona, Lérida, Barcelona, and Tarragona.

It is well to realize this before passing the boundaries of Spain's eastern gate, travelling southward through Catalonia to the semi-Catalan province of Valencia and arriving finally at the southernmost provinces of the Mediterranean, where all that is typical of Catalonia is merged and lost in qualities which are generally associated with Andalusia. By applying to Catalonians the standards used in dealing with other regions of Spain we can never hope to understand them, and for the benefit of those whose first experience of Spain is gained in Catalonia it may be added that the contrary proceeding is not only equally impossible but is more likely to lead to disaster.

Port-Bou to Barcelona

Port-Bou is a fishing village, which offers fewer invitations, in the shape of hotels, to break the journey there, than does Irún: Barcelona is too near, in any case, for them to be acceptable. Yet Port-Bou is a charming spot in which to spend a day in spring if one can brave the local *fonda*. The village is pressed together, as it were, by two cliffs, which look as if once they had met but had parted again to admit the few houses which comprise it. All around are the hills—and the flora of the Mediterranean hill-sides is as varied as are the aspects of the Mediterranean itself. The same may be said of the country for most of the way to Barcelona. As early as March there will be blossom-laden trees, fields of purple and white clover, and wayside flowers to give us greeting.

The motorist is able to take a coast route from Port-Bou to Barcelona, a hilly road and often a winding one, but revealing vistas of the Costa Brava, as the Catalonians call this stretch of coast, for which the traveller by train will be able to find parallels only farther south. He will, however, have the satisfaction of passing the city of Gerona, dominated by a finely situated Gothic cathedral, and, if he is wise, he will contrive, either going or coming, to spend at least part of a day there. According to tradition, it was here that St. James first preached in the Peninsula, but history records little earlier than its capture by the Moors about 713 and its reconquest by Charlemagne in 785. Soon after this latter date the Moors again took possession of it, yielding it eventually, with the rest of northern Catalonia, to the counts of Barcelona. After the union of Spain the troubles of Gerona were not over. In the War of the Succession it supported the losing side and suffered accordingly, while a hundred years later it endured the terrors of a seven months' siege by the French, and, though by doing so it contributed notably to the cause of Spanish independence, it suffered material losses all of which were not made good.

The cathedral as it stands to-day was begun as early as 1316, but the main part of the edifice was finished only late in the sixteenth century, and its façade is later still. The high altar, which is richly decorated, will give the visitor some idea of Catalan sculpture, and in the treasury are examples of artistic work in different media and of high merit. The tombs of one of the counts of Barcelona and his consort are as old as the

cathedral itself, while the cloister is some two centuries older, having belonged to the original church built (or reconstructed) on the site where Gerona had been finally reconquered from the Moors.

Besides the cathedral, a number of Gerona's churches will repay a visit. Quite near it is the collegiate church of San Feliú, begun in 1245, with an octagonal bell-tower which is only less striking from a distance than the cathedral. This, too, has a cloister, and a number of tombs, two of which are Roman. San Pedro de Galligans (St. Peter of the Cock-crow), some little way off, belongs to the Romanesque period, and is of no less interest, especially as the cloister, small but very beautiful, is used as a museum and contains some Greek and Roman sarcophagi discovered in the province and a number of pieces of medieval sculpture.

Enough has probably been said to persuade all but the time-pressed to spend a few hours, or many, in a city which is practically unknown to the English-speaking tourist. If any who see it are attracted sufficiently to make it a centre for excursions, there are several which can be made more easily from here than from Barcelona. A branch line of the railway runs out to Gerona's nearest *playa,* the port of San Feliú de Guixols, and another branch line to Olot, mounting a valley and eventually reaching a district where there are no less than fourteen extinct volcanoes, some of which it is quite easy to inspect at close quarters. Besides the road from Gerona to Olot which is parallel with the railway, there is another running through the little town of Bañolas, near which are several pleasant villages.

Between Gerona and Barcelona—the main line joins the little coast-line at Empalme—there is no place of sufficient importance to warrant a second stop. A halt of a few hours at Gerona, therefore, is the better worth making, since it is the centre of a region which one would not otherwise see. From Barcelona itself our excursions will nearly all lead us southward and westward.

Motoring Routes

PARIS—Toulouse (422 miles[1])—Perpignan (558 miles)—Le Perthus (577 miles)—Gerona (616 miles)—Barcelona (679 miles).

PERPIGNAN—Bourg-Madame (62 miles)—Barcelona (168 miles).

PARIS—Perpignan (by Clermont-Ferrand and Narbonne) 536 miles)—Port-Bou (566 miles).

PORT-BOU—Castellón de Ampurias (30 miles)—San Feliú de Guixols (72 miles)—Mataró (128 miles)—Barcelona (145 miles).

[1] By Cahors and Montauban. There are several longer routes.

CHAPTER XV

BARCELONA

THE train runs alongside a platform which seems interminable. It draws up with a creak and a sharp shock. . . . Where are the porters? . . . No sooner are we outside the station than we know. Two long lines of porters, cab-drivers, luggage-boys, and hotel attendants await us—shouting, inviting, gesticulating, threatening, compelling, beckoning, pressing, coaxing, entreating, blaspheming. . . . We run the gauntlet in silence, and, selecting a cab whose owner is not of the crowd, make our entry into Barcelona.

First impressions are not always to be trusted, but these, at least, are a fair preparation for the impressions which are to follow. Intense activity, considerable prosperity, and pleasurable variety are the characteristics of modern Barcelona. Every time you return to the city there are new features in it and extensive changes. The main streets seem always to be "up". New stations have always been added to one or other of the Metros. New public buildings have been erected; new blocks of offices have appeared where formerly there were unpretentious rows of shops; new *cafés,* "bares," and cinemas have sprung from nowhere. Avenues are widening; transatlantic skyscrapers are

invading this Mediterranean city; the Gran Vía Layetana is growing out of all recognition. Above all, the city is pushing out more and more into the suburbs. Some day, presumably, there will come a halt in this chronicle of progress, but that day is not in sight as yet.

Let this be a testimony to Barcelona's activity. Her prosperity and variety go hand in hand. Though we may never visit her harbour, we cannot for long forget that we are in a port, so many are the foreigners that can be seen, and the languages that can be heard, in the streets. A walk through the central thoroughfares will tell its own story. Start at the stately, palm-lined Paseo de Colón; stroll past the landing-stages and the extensive if unattractive buildings that are a modern commentary on the handsome monument to Columbus; turn up the Rambla de Santa Mónica, between banks and barracks; and continue along the broad and shady Rambla del Centro, passing a number of the oldest established hotels and theatres. On the right is a narrow street—by night a fairyland street, lit with clusters of hanging arc-lamps: it is the Calle Fernando VII, formerly the Bond Street of Barcelona. Turn sharply to the left again at the Plaza de la Constitución, noting on either side its handsome public buildings. A few steps up one of those side-streets and you are in Old Barcelona: the streets are narrow and winding; within a minute's walk is the medieval cathedral. But leave this for the moment and continue still as nearly as possible in the same direction, asking for the Calle de Fontanella, which, when you have found it,

proves to be a wide, modern, shopping street, leading into the spacious Plaza de Cataluña, Barcelona's Puerta del Sol, the centre of the principal aspect of the city's daily life. Walk along the side of the Plaza, then turn to the left again down the Ramblas: all the long, straight, plane-shaded avenue of which you have only seen a part goes by that name. The Rambla de Estudios will offer the strange spectacle of a morning bird-market; the Rambla San José, the more attractive one of a daily flower-market, in which roses, carnations, dahlias, or whatever blooms may be in season are spread out in royal profusion. This market continues as far as the Rambla del Centro which you left but just now.

This is only a short walk, and misses such characteristic parts of twentieth-century Barcelona as the magnificent Paseo de Gracia, the Gran Vía, and the public gardens. But in the course of it there has been ample opportunity to observe the activity, the picturesqueness, the colour, the cleanliness, and the animation of the most progressive city in Spain. And the interested visitor may also have remarked more than one monument of the city's past.

The Cathedral and the Churches

Of these monuments, we must first visit the cathedral, which has the disadvantage of being surrounded by other buildings so that we come upon it unexpectedly and have no general view. The predominant impression which it leaves on most of those who see it is one of extreme darkness. The windows are small and

glazed, so that even on the brightest day but little sun can enter. Now and then the great doors to the north-east and south-east of the choir are thrown open, admitting a feeble measure of daylight. At all other times the sensation one receives is that of inky darkness, which disperses but little as one becomes accustomed to it.

Barcelona Cathedral as it now stands was built, like so many churches in this part of the country, by the powerful and (according to their standard) devout kings of Aragon, of whom the greatest was James I, surnamed the Conqueror (1208-76). At least two churches existed on this site before the present cathedral was begun in 1298, the first of them, like its successors, being dedicated to St. Eulalia, patron of Barcelona, whose remains still lie in the crypt. The completion of the cathedral was the work of several centuries: indeed, the west front is barely forty years old. The portion of the exterior which is most admired (when it can be seen) is the two octagonal towers, which are handsome enough to repay the trouble of mounting a skyscraper to look at them.

The usual way of entering the cathedral is by the Calle del Obispo (near the Plaza de la Constitución) which leads into the cloister dating from the fourteenth century and having a good deal of character. Its arcades are of unequal breadth; on the capitals are carved scenes from the Bible, some of which are as striking as any that we have yet seen in Spain. There are several chapels around the cloister, and an entrance on the west side, to the Sala Capitular, which contains some interesting specimens of old Catalan painting.

Lastly it must be mentioned (for this is what the visitor always remembers best!) that the cloister is planted with palms and other trees and has a fountain and pond complete with white geese (Fuente de las Ocas). It is not every cathedral cloister of which so much can be said.

The Puerta de San Severo, which leads from the cloister to the cathedral, opens into the transept, so that a few steps conduct one directly into the square central space between choir and Capilla Mayor. Facing the latter, the visitor at once notices the steps leading down below it to the crypt, in which is a marble mausoleum, resting on eight pillars, and containing St. Eulalia's relics. The Capilla Mayor has nothing of great interest, except possibly the raised Gothic altar, which is more attractive than the high altars of most Spanish cathedrals.

There is little to see in the side-chapels of Barcelona Cathedral, and what there is can hardly be seen at all for the darkness. The south-west chapel of San Olegario (which also has an entrance from the cloister) contains the alabaster tomb of the saint of that name, a bishop who died in 1136. The central south chapel contains the relics of San Ramón de Peñafort, a medieval Catalan saint of great renown, who was born in 1175 and lived to the great age of a hundred. In the ambulatory, the fifth chapel from the Puerta de San Severo contains a crucifix (El Santo Cristo de Lepanto) which is said to be that borne by the galleon of Don John of Austria on the never-to-be-forgotten day when he won for Spain and Christendom the great naval vic-

tory of Lepanto (p. 58) over the Turks (October 6, 1571). In this connexion attention may be drawn to the Moor's head—a lifelike representation, to be found here and elsewhere in Catalonia—in the transept below the organ.

The choir-stalls are richly carved, in part by two German artists of the fifteenth century, in part by Spaniards of the same epoch: the dais over each of the upper seats is particularly remarkable for its grace and delicacy. Above these upper seats are painted the names and arms of the first knights of Charles V's Order of the Golden Fleece. Better lighted than either the choir or the chapels is the *trascoro,* which has four basreliefs representing scenes from the life of St. Eulalia.

Rightly or wrongly, visitors to Barcelona Cathedral, while recognizing that there is much in it of great purity and beauty, are apt to be a little disappointed with it, and certainly it hardly shows itself to advantage, either within or without. With the church of Santa María del Mar, on the other hand, it is impossible to be disappointed, and one comes to think of it as a second cathedral. Its length, breadth, and height are comparable with those of Barcelona Cathedral. Its construction dates from the same epoch. Its situation is far more advantageous, for it stands high and erect, in the square of its own name (Plaza de Santa María), between the cathedral and the harbour. Next to its imposing appearance the most memorable feature of this church is the unusual position of the choir, behind the high altar. In the heart of a busy working-class district, Santa María del Mar should be seen upon a pop-

ular festival to be thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed.

A number of other churches in Barcelona have the appeal of age. Santa Ana, a twelfth-century church which has been greatly modified, is situated off the street of the same name which leads from the top of the Rambla de Estudios: it is cruciform and has a little medieval cloister of its own. San Pablo del Campo, which lies to the west of the Rambla del Centro (it is reached by the Calle del Conde de Asalto) is even older than Santa Ana, and has several interesting features: the construction of its naves, the Romanesque façade and the twin columns and complex arches of its little Gothic cloister. Let us pass for a moment here from ancient to modern by recommending those who are interested in present-day Catalan art to visit the remarkable Church of the Holy Family (Iglesia de la Sagrada Familia) in the newer quarters of the city, not far from the Paseo de Gracia. Still unfinished, it is a work of extraordinary power, though, both in conception and design, it is beyond the powers of appreciation of many.

Public Buildings

Of Barcelona's public buildings, both old and modern, several should be visited without fail. Little has been said up to the present of the history of the city: it is a long and frequently troubled one, yet a history of which any city may be proud. Carthaginians, Romans, Moors, and Franks disputed in turn the sovereignty of a town so admirably situated. For some

three hundred and fifty years Barcelona enjoyed an epoch of prosperity under its counts and sovereigns. After the union of Catalonia and Aragon in 1137 it still flourished as the chief port of a kingdom which had as Mediterranean possessions the Balearic Islands, Sicily, Sardinia, and Naples. Its tribulations began (though not its decline) when the kingdom of Aragon-Catalonia became part of united Spain. More than once, as a survey of Spanish history shows, Catalonia has been the theatre of wars which have brought it little but evil. The rising of the Catalonians in defence of their privileges in 1639 led to a civil war which lasted for more than eleven years, during which Barcelona was occupied by Don John of Austria and endured great hardships. In 1714 it was severely besieged during the War of the Spanish Succession, and, when at length Philip V established himself on the Spanish throne, was humiliated for having opposed him. A century later, Barcelona suffered, with the rest of Spain, in the War of Independence, and again, more than once, in the civil wars of the later nineteenth century. The present era has also brought it into the European limelight none too favourably. Yet its vitality is so remarkable that, in spite of its constant unrest, the last years of the nineteenth century found it more prosperous than ever before, and its prosperity has grown notwithstanding the bombs and rumours of bombs with which its name was, for rather more than a decade, intermittently associated. There was a time, not so long ago, when the aspirations of the Catalonians for a fair measure of autonomy, to which many think

their nationality, history, and character all entitle them, were apparently on the way to realization. Since the establishment of Primo de Rivera's dictatorship, in 1923 (Barcelona, incidentally, was the scene of his initial declaration), these hopes have, probably only temporarily, been cruelly disappointed. In great and small things alike, Catalonian regionalism has been repressed to a degree which has exasperated even the more moderate of its representatives. The effect upon it of more recent political events remains to be seen.

These reflections are suggested by a visit to the adjacent edifices of the Diputación Provincial and the Audiencia, which stand opposite the Ayuntamiento, in the Plaza de la Constitución. The oldest parts of these buildings antedate by more than a hundred years the union of Spain. The Diputación Provincial, a fine and extensive building which dates from the fifteenth century, was the seat of the Mancomunitat of Catalonia, a strikingly effective experiment in semi-autonomy which the four provinces owed to the patriotic and statesmanlike Prat de la Riba, and which was abolished by the Spanish dictatorship. A cultural work of great utility still goes on, though gravely hampered by lack of money, in the Institute of Catalan Studies (Institut d'Estudis Catalans) which is housed in the same building. Its library contains many notable works, including the finest Cervantes collection in existence, but, to a student who has experienced the inefficiency of so many public libraries in Spain, the most noteworthy thing about it is its extremely practical and efficient organization; its regulations are as strict, and its books as well

kept, as those of any public library in the world, and (wonderful to relate) its card catalogue, instead of being kept behind bars like the relics of a saint, can be consulted by all who enter.[1]

The Audiencia is entered from the Calle del Obispo, and above the door has a medallion representing St. George (the patron saint of Catalonia as well as of England) slaying the dragon. Its Gothic courtyard is particularly beautiful and stands out among the courtyards of Catalonia and Majorca, which are both fine and varied. The Patio de las Naranjos (Court of the Orange-trees) is as different from that of Córdoba or Seville as two *patios* can be. On the right of it is St. George's Chapel (Capilla de San Jorge), of the same date as the courtyard.

The University of Barcelona has a good, open position on the Plaza of the same name, but is of no historic interest, apart from the wealth of its library, since it was only built in the nineteenth century, after the transference to Barcelona of the University of Cervera. This, by the way, was founded, by Philip V, in 1718, at Cervera, in the province of Lérida, as one way of punishing Barcelona for having opposed his claims to the Spanish throne. It did not enjoy a long life, and is now forgotten.

[1] Lest any reader should be surprised that what to him is an ordinary condition of affairs should be so highly praised, I may state here, without naming any names, that I have worked in at least half a dozen university or provincial libraries in Spain in which it has been possible to hold up books and pamphlets to the light and look through the worm-holes, or to open a book supplied for study and find worms crawling inside it. The libraries which belong to religious orders, it may be added, are usually much better kept. *Cf.*, p. 231.

The chief museums of Barcelona are grouped around the fine public gardens (Parque Municipal) not far from the railway-station for France (Estación de Francia). The gardens are less forbidding than the Retiro of Madrid, though they lack the charm of the latter's Parque del Oeste. At one corner of them lies the Museo de Pinturas, or picture-gallery, which contains much more than the shortest of its various titles suggests. Sculptures of many ages are to be seen in it; objects of archæological interest, mainly Greek and Roman; ceramics, glass, lace, embroidery, furniture, and metal work of all kinds. The paintings belong chiefly to the medieval Catalan school, and can be supplemented easily by a visit to the Museo de Bellas Artes, on the Paseo de Pujadas, just outside the gardens on the farther side from the Museo de Pinturas. The Natural History Museum of Barcelona (Museo Martorell) lies roughly between the two and outside the gardens also. A number of other buildings of related interest are to be found in the vicinity.

Environs

Round about Barcelona, both near and far, are many escapes of the kind essential to a city with such a busy and progressive life and a climate sufficiently hot in summer to make welcome the tempering sea-breezes and the coolness of the mountains. Of these escapes a few lie along the Spanish Riviera and will be treated in the next chapter, while others, in the Pyrenees, will more appropriately enter another

volume of this series. There remain some short excursions to be made from the city, and a single long one.

Let no one persuade the tourist into visiting the popular resort of Tibidabo except on a day so clear as to make the view irresistible. The story that it is the mountain to which the Devil led Christ saying: "All these things will I give Thee (*tibi dabo*) if Thou wilt fall down and worship me," is, for all its absurdity, suggestive enough to make one feel that it ought to be visited at all costs. Actually, the result of a ride in two street cars and a funicular railway, with the changes and waits inseparable from it, is a group of hotels which, to use their own language, "suit all purses," but chiefly modest ones. Automatic machines and similar delights, fully utilized on Sundays and holidays, it is unnecessary to come to Spain to see. The view, however, though easily and rapidly clouded over, is at its best magnificent.

The same may be said of the rather different view from the height of Montjuic, which is now beautified, turned into palatial gardens, and used from time to time for exhibitions. Tibidabo is more than two and a half times as high as Montjuic, but the latter has a striking position on the harbour, and what the view loses in splendour it gains in interest. The fort which crowns the mountain dates from the troubles of 1639 already referred to; it has been taken and retaken in each of the wars in which Barcelona has figured. Those able to do so should walk rather than drive, or, at the least, drive slowly, as some of the best views are obtainable from points on the route upward.

Of the suburbs of Barcelona, each has its distinguishing characteristic. Barceloneta, for example, as its position suggests, is given up to maritime pursuits; San Andrés is industrial, like Sans and the Corts de Sarriá, though near the latter district is the palace presented to King Alfonso XIII in 1924; San Gervasio is the favourite quarter of foreigners; Atarazanas is aristocratic; Sarriá, served by a railway starting from the Plaza de Cataluña, is a district full of schools and convents. Of these last, the Franciscan monastery, founded in 1326, is too seldom visited. It has a magnificent Gothic church with an octagonal tower, an alabaster tomb, finely carved choir-stalls, and a three-storied cloister. Beyond Sarriá, a funicular railway leads to the hill known as Vallvidrera, another Tibidabo, and though of lesser altitude, hardly less frequented in summer. The Villa Juana, on Vallvidrera, contains a memorial to the modern Catalan poet Jacinto Verdaguer, one of the re-creators of modern Catalan literature, who, after a peculiarly sad and troubled life, died here in 1902. A walk from Vallvidrera to Tibidabo, by a footpath which runs along the side of the hill which joins them, is on a clear day no less enjoyable than the ascent to either mountain. There is a view all the way, and, except at times when Barcelona is on holiday, the path is not greatly frequented.

Montserrat

The one excursion which it is absolutely essential to make from Barcelona is to Montserrat, Catalonia's

sacred mountain, the shrine of shrines in modern Spain, which has nevertheless a history going back for many centuries. Even if only two days can be given to Barcelona on the journey southward, one of them should be spent in Montserrat. And only those who have no more time at their disposal should spend so little as the inside of a day there. To go one morning and to return on the night of the day following is to leave with the desire to come again and the regret that no more time remains in a place of which it may fairly be said that the like exists nowhere. To go and return in a day is to feel that though everything may have been seen with the eyes, there is something indefinable which has entirely escaped one, and that feeling, caused by imperfect assimilation of the beautiful in one who by nature is capable of such assimilation, is perhaps among a traveller's most tantalizing experiences.

The monastery of Montserrat has a history which takes us back to the ninth century, though tradition alone recounts its foundation and it is uncertain who were its earliest inhabitants. It was probably first founded below the mountain, at Monistrol (now the junction of the rack-and-pinion railway and the Barcelona line); after its destruction by the Moors, it was refounded in the mountains, and in 976 it passed into the hands of the Benedictine community of Ripoll, a town on the lower slopes of the Spanish Pyrenees. The original foundation is connected with the celebrated Black Virgin, a wooden image venerated in the monastery church to this day, carved, according to the tradition, by St. Luke and brought to Spain by St. Peter.

The present buildings are comparatively modern; even the handsome Renaissance church has a nineteenth-century apse and façade; the guest-houses and parts of the monastery itself are quite recent; and of the house which existed when the church was built there remain only ruins.

The first and most natural feature of the monastery to impress the visitor is its situation. Whether he travels by rail or by road, he is conscious, some time before reaching Monistrol, rather more than thirty miles from Barcelona, of an irregular mountain range, with fantastic, rocky, finger-shaped peaks, toward which turn both the road and the rack-and-pinion railway. As they rise gradually above the valley of the Llobregat, and the olive groves and vineyards give place to forests of oak and pine, there is less temptation to look down over the vast prospect below than upward at the curiously shaped peaks of the "Jagged Mountain" (Mont-serrat) among which can be discerned the hermitages belonging to the monastery. After winding its slow way along for about an hour, the little train, which in its latter stages follows the road very closely, comes to a rather abrupt end at the terminus-station, and we find ourselves at the foot of the steps leading to the somewhat narrow terrace on which the monastery stands.

Those proposing to spend the night as the guest of the monks will make at once for the *despacho de los aposentos* where the guest-master will hand out a key and the necessary bed-linen. The better rooms are somewhat bare and chilly, except in summer, but

clean, well lit, and not uncomfortable: in theory they are let gratuitously for a maximum period of three days, but in practice a fixed sum is indicated, to be given as alms, not notoriously lower than would be charged in a hotel of similar standard. As the Montserrat hotels are no better, and are either somewhat expensive, or some distance away, most visitors choose to benefit the monastery, and do wisely. *Table d'hôte* meals are obtainable at the hotels by non-residents and provisions of a rough kind may be bought for picnic luncheons.

The visitor's first glance is generally directed to the church, which, however, except for its proportions, is in itself in no way remarkable. The Moreneta, or Black Virgin, can be seen at close quarters by mounting the steps behind the high altar which lead to her sanctuary (*camarín*): at times of festival this is thronged by the faithful, who come to do her reverence and seldom fail to leave a coin, if a humble one, with the life-size statue of a choir-boy which stands there to receive their offerings. More notable than the church itself is the singing of the choir, which reaches a standard unusually high in Spain, where unbroken voices are unpleasingly shrill, even in the cathedrals. The Montserrat choir-school, or Escolanía, is of great antiquity, being recruited formerly from families of good birth to the exclusion of all others. The choir can be heard either at the Salve Regina in the evening (sometimes the Rosary is also sung) or at the Mass of the next morning. At festival seasons it is as well to enquire what special services are to be held in addition.

Of the Spanish visitors to Montserrat the majority may, in the broader sense of the word at least, be described as pilgrims. The number of such is estimated at from sixty thousand upward annually, of which number about two thousand could, were it necessary, be housed in the precincts at the same time. Kings, statesmen, poets, warriors, and saints have knelt here, and the winding mountain path leading to Montserrat from the Llobregat valley must have seen many sights in their way as picturesque as those of the star-marked road to Santiago. Alfonso the Wise, Ramon Lull the mystic, and the chancellor López de Ayala, Charles V, and Philip II are among those who are associated with the pilgrimage, while from the time of James the Conqueror onward one monarch after another has granted the monastery privileges. But perhaps the greatest pride of Montserrat is that one day four hundred years ago there came to the monastery a wounded soldier who was forging for himself ideals which were to change the lives of millions: Ignatius of Loyola, afterward founder of the Society of Jesus. Welcomed kindly by a prudent confessor, he remained at Montserrat for the full period allowed to pilgrims, then as now, retiring to Manresa, a city of the plain which is full of memorials of him still, and in which his ideals slowly took shape. Those who have been to Loyola (p. 230) will not fail to visit Montserrat and Manresa also.

In those days Montserrat was a progressive centre of learning, for which the Benedictine order has always been distinguished. Printing had not long been intro-

LA GUARDIA
Photo Ksado

MONTSERRAT FROM THE VIRGIN'S GROTTO
Photo E. N. A.

duced into Spain when, in 1499, the great abbot García de Cisneros founded a printing-press in the monastery. In latter days the glory of that foundation has been restored. Behind the cloistered walls where few may penetrate, learned Benedictines are carrying on researches and themselves publishing the results of them. The splendid new library, a creation of the last few years, has already gathered more than 100,000 volumes, thus repairing to some extent the ravages which the monastery suffered at the hands of the French during the War of Independence. More striking still are its publications: the yearly *Analecta Montserratensia;* the collections of documents relating to Catalonian monasteries, the works on church music, the editions of mystical writers, and, above all, the new and monumental translation of the Bible from the original languages in Catalan. The monks are not limited in any way by the isolation of their surroundings. Many of them have studied and worked in Italy, France, Germany, and the Holy Land, and bring back continually the fruits of their researches; others go out into all Europe in search of books and manuscripts, bringing these back also for others to work upon. The justice of the comparison of Montserrat to a hive of industry is seldom realized by those who look at it casually, as it were, from the outside. The comparison is inexact only in this—that here there are no drones.[1]

Having seen something of the worship and life of

[1] My grateful acknowledgments are due to the Reverend Father Abbot, Dom Antonio María Marcet, and to Dom Anselmo Albareda, by whose kindness I have worked in the Montserrat library and am thus able to give these details of it from personal knowledge.

Montserrat, it is delightful to wander at will about the mountain-side and taste of the solitude which, even among so many pilgrims, is peculiarly a gift of its own. Anyone will find his way through the great courtyard to the so-called Monks' Belvedere (Mirador de los Monjes), whence can be enjoyed the full view only partially obtainable on the journey upward. The Virgin's Grotto (Cueva de la Virgen) is, as its name implies, the place where the Moreneta was found in the ninth century: all the signposts, as well as a number of devotional stations, point the way to it. Another short walk in the same direction leads to the chapel of San Miguel. Considerably longer is the climb to the chapel of San Jerónimo, whence the view is wholly rewarding. Thence one may descend to the village of Collbató, situated on a spur of the Sierra, from which there is a car route to Barcelona alternative to that by Monistrol. There is also a direct path to Collbató from Montserrat: to walk there and back is the work of an easy morning.

Motoring Routes

Barcelona—Monistrol (26 miles)—Montserrat (31 miles).

CHAPTER XVI

ZARAGOZA AND ARAGON

Of Zaragoza, Teruel, and Huesca, the three provinces lying to the west of Catalonia and comprising the medieval kingdom of Aragon, only the first receives much attention from the modern tourist. The opening of the Canfranc Tunnel has made the province of Huesca somewhat better known, and the cities of Huesca and Jaca, of which it will be more convenient to treat in the volume on the Pyrenees, are coming into a degree of popularity due principally to their being on the new main line to Madrid. Teruel, on the other hand, and various places of historic interest which lie on the route from Valencia to Calatayud, sleep as peacefully as ever: there seems even less likelihood that they will be widely visited by foreigners than that the beautiful story of the *Lovers of Teruel,* which centres in the tombs shown in Teruel's church of San Pedro, will be widely read in foreign languages. Yet Marsilla and Isabel, the Spanish Romeo and Juliet, deserve at least this tribute of remembrance.

All that the tourist commonly sees of medieval Aragon is that part of it which is visible from the railway from Barcelona to a point beyond Zaragoza where he either turns southward toward Madrid or continues

in a north-westerly direction to Pamplona and thence onward to the Cantabrian coast or the Pyrenees. Though Zaragoza lies almost due west of Barcelona, the railway runs alongside the coast as far as San Vicente de Calders and we have some idyllic glimpses of the Spanish Riviera. Then it turns westward, toward the grey background of mountains, and runs through innumerable tunnels, emerging each time into country, never majestic, it is true, but fertile to the limit of description. Vineyards, olive-groves, almonds, figs, and corn remind us of everything that was ever said of Lebanon.

The principal stop, where slow trains generally make a halt for passengers to take a meal at the station buffet, is the uninteresting town of Reus, the manufacturing centre of this productive agricultural district, and a suitable place to stay for a night in visiting Poblet (p. 250). An hour or more, and we come upon the majestic Ebro, which we may have seen as a tiny stream at Reinosa (p. 171), but which here, after traversing one of the sides of the Spanish heptagon, presents itself with as much dignity as the Garonne at Toulouse and with a sluggish greyness which sets off the landscape to perfection.

In this company we pass from fertile Catalonia to the barrenness of Aragon, to a country impressive enough indeed, as much so as the heights of Old Castile, but bleak and cheerless beyond words. On either side, hilly deserts: save for occasional oases, only a few trees and shrubs are growing. Everything is brown or grey. The stations are mere halts in the

desert, and more frequent than rivers or streams are dry river beds or miserable rivulets trickling down a stony slope which cries out for a refreshing rain.

Yet this is the country which has nursed some of the most courageous, earnest, and lion-hearted of Spain's peoples. The contrast between the landscapes of Catalonia and Aragon is not more striking than that between the temperaments of their inhabitants. The Catalonians, for all their industry and energy, have a Mediterranean cheerfulness and gaiety which make them the best of companions. The Aragonese wear their industry with a difference: they are earnest, determined, obstinate, even gloomy and morose. Both peoples, nevertheless, have a history of which any nation might be proud, and though, after the union of Spain, both suffered deprivations, and perhaps injustices, at similar periods, neither has forgotten its splendid past. There is that in the character of any Aragonese peasant which makes us still feel a little nearer understanding the famous oath of allegiance taken by the nobles of the kingdom before their sovereigns for a period of over six hundred years. It begins thus:

> We who are as good as you, and are more powerful than you, elect you king on the condition that you preserve our rights and liberties, and that between us and you there is some one who shall have more power than you [the Chief Justice who received the king's oath], AND IF NOT, NO.

The Aragonese *si no, no* is the outward expression of a spirit which even to-day is not extinct.

Zaragoza

On the fertile Ebro—broad and placid, its dull grey-green sorting well with the olive-groves on its banks, stands the city of Zaragoza. Visit it for its two cathedrals: you will not be disappointed.

In the midst of sordid streets and an odour of olive-oil stands the old cathedral—La Seo[1]—with a rare oasis of green grass before it and a gaily flowering Judas tree. It is dark, the Seo, and gloomy: most visitors stay in it hardly long enough to listen to the eulogies of a broken-down verger, who, in toothless Aragonese, offers for an insignificant remuneration to "explain" it. Their hurried homage includes the somewhat overloaded chapels, the *retablo* of the Capilla Mayor, a number of tombs and monuments erected to persons who have now sunk into insignificance, and some paintings, in the Sala Capitular, by Zurbarán, Ribera, and Goya. They look in puzzled fashion at the exterior of the Seo, as well they may, for its construction embraces three centuries and its ostentatious and unwieldy tower was erected at the end of the seventeenth century, a hundred and fifty years after the rest of the building was completed. On the whole the impression made on them by the Seo is an unfavourable one, and they make expectantly for their next objective.

On the very banks of the Ebro, standing out boldly against the blue sky, its domes gaily decked with *azulejos* of yellow and purple, white and green, is the

[1] Literally "the See"—*i.e.*, the cathedral church of the diocese.

vast cathedral of Our Lady of the Pillar—El Pilar. Unimposing except for its size, and dating only from the eighteenth century, it is one of the great religious magnets of Spain. For it enshrines the sacred pillar on which the Blessed Virgin is said to have appeared to St. James, Spain's patron saint, and thousands visit it annually to touch that relic which thousands more venerate almost daily.

Perhaps the real thing to see there is the devotion of the people. Not of foreigners, nor, except at certain times of the year (notably on October 12, the chief day of the Fiestas del Pilar), of strangers. But of the good people of Zaragoza itself—the peasant women, who bring their market-baskets with them; the children, unshepherded and even unattended, the little girls arranging handkerchiefs on their heads as they enter; the men, completely devoid of self-consciousness, worshipping with an ardour seldom seen in the north. The mere sight of the Pillar, which is supposed to be still where St. James placed it nearly nineteen hundred years ago, pales beside this. Yet as we enter we move instinctively toward the centre of the devotions: the domed shrine known as the chapel of Our Lady of the Pillar, sumptuously decorated and surrounded by a forest of lighted candles. One may do one's homage before the three altars of this sanctuary, or walk behind them and kiss the portion of marble pillar exposed for osculation as millions have done in the past and thousands are doing daily all the year round. A touch of the secular is given to this religious fervour by the flags of the Spanish-American republics

which are fixed to the great pillars of this part of the church in testimony of their adherence to the Virgin of the Pillar even though they have shaken off the yoke of Spain.

The chapel is situated at the east end of the cathedral; the remainder of the building contains nothing very remarkable, though the choir-stalls are sufficiently good to attract the attention of many and the high altar has a fine alabaster *retablo*. The theme of the Pillar is portrayed even more insistently than that of San Ildefonso in Toledo. Not only does it appear in painting and in carving in wood, stone, and alabaster, but also on charms and medallions, in photographs, drawings, and pictures sold everywhere, and needless to add, on innumerable picture postcards. The devotion to the Virgin of the Pillar is even connected in the popular mind with Zaragoza's nineteenth-century history, to be described hereafter. It symbolizes, not only the religion and the civic spirit of the Zaragozano, but also his patriotism as a Spaniard. It is as firmly established as the thousand-year-old devotion of Santiago de Compostela, as the lines to be read everywhere in the city emphasize:

Besa el incienso tus sienes,
Tu manto los pequeñuelos,
Tu pilar los que te quieren
Y sus cimientos el Ebro.[1]

[1] "Thy brows [literally 'temples'] are kissed by the incense, thy mantle by the little children, thy pillar by those that love thee, and its foundations by the Ebro."

Only after staying for a time in those two cathedrals, the ancient and the modern, which present so extraordinary a contrast, can we bring ourselves to wander through the streets of Zaragoza and look at its other buildings. From a distance, the city is reminiscent perhaps of Salamanca, but, as soon as we enter, it reminds us rather of Valladolid. There are broad boulevards with trees and flowers fully out and fragrant even in early spring. There are modern shops and good hotels, though both are a little shabby if compared with Madrid or Barcelona, and both lie in unmistakable proximity to narrow streets and unsanitary houses reeking of olive-oil.

Zaragoza has some fine public buildings. The Audiencia, in the middle of the city, was an old manor, and is situated in a quarter where several medieval palaces are still preserved. The Aljafería, outside the ancient line of fortifications, and to-day a barracks and military prison, is said to have been built by a Moorish noble (Ben Aljafa) and has been palace, convent, and seat of the Inquisition. Opera-lovers will remember it in *Il Trovatore,* and readers of Spanish drama in García Gutiérrez' *Trovador,* in both of which the scene is laid in and near Zaragoza. Returning to the town, we can admire the Renaissance building standing almost on the banks of the Ebro and known as the Lonja, or Exchange, which combines Gothic and Plateresque, not always happily. But really, apart from the Pilar and the Seo, what one chiefly remembers in Zaragoza is the general view from the other side of the Ebro, in which the Pilar chiefly figures.

Cross the Ebro by the Puente de Piedra, near the Lonja, and look back at the city from the other side. The river is bordered by double rows of trees. Behind them rises the Pilar, more massive by far than when seen from the streets or at close quarters from its little green Plaza. Gaily tiled against a clear, blue sky, it is the centre of a group more imposing, if not more lovely, than the corresponding view from across the Tormes at Salamanca. Both cathedrals come into the group, together with some half-dozen slender, minaret-like towers which supply the element of grace.

A very different and equally attractive view is to be had from the Torrero hill, a hundred and fifty feet above the city, which is reached by a pleasant, if often muddy, road, through Zaragoza's suburbs. The view is an extensive one, with the Pyrenees in the background, the fertile basin of the Ebro stretching below and around the city, and the desert land of Aragon making a wider circle still. The contrast of colours from this point of vantage is as remarkable for its vividness as that of the *azulejos* which are everywhere in the city. The ripening crops, the verdure of the woods, the red loam, the warmth of the sandstone buildings, the white *torres* (country-houses), the greyish-green river, and the azure sky are a striking tribute to Spain's variety of colouring and richness of light.

The Siege of Zaragoza

On the way to the Torrero we have passed along the Paseo de Santa Engracia, also known as the Calle de

la Independencia, a promenade at one end of which is the Plaza de la Constitución and at the other the Plaza de Aragón. The Paseo was named after a convent (Santa Engracia) founded by the Catholic Monarchs, but its second title recalls the events of 1808 in Zaragoza, during which the convent was all but destroyed. Never did the best qualities of the Aragonese appear to greater advantage than in the stubborn defence of their chief city which won it the titles of "ever-heroic" and "immortal."

Their courage was not inspired by the King or the royal family, who had shown a lack of spirit so contemptible as to excite derision (*cf.* p. 63). Nor did it find its source in their own natural leaders, many of whom sided with the enemy. The obstinate resistance of the Zaragozanos to the French, like that of the bulk of Spaniards, was the resistance of a people in arms. It created its own leaders. When the news of an approaching army came, José Palafox, a young aristocrat of eight-and-twenty, assumed command of the city and its half-ruined fortifications; the Captain-General and his subordinates were deposed. Palafox and a handful of leaders from the people took their place; and for two months (June 15 to August 15, 1808) Zaragoza struggled against vastly superior forces.

The course of the siege has been described again and again. "On August 3," says Martin Hume,

> the heavy French artillery had completely riddled the old walls with breaches, and, after a tremendous conflict, the invaders poured in. Then from every window, from every salient corner, from every recessed doorway in the narrow, winding streets, muskets

and blunderbusses belched forth death. . . . Mad with fury, the Zaragozanos took no heed for their own safety, so long as they could stalk and kill a Frenchman. For seven hours without cessation the carnage went on, until the gutters ran blood and the heaps of dead and dying, assailants and assaulted, mingled in horrible heaps, barred the passage of the streets. Behind barricades of their own poor chattels men, women, and children fought till they fell.[1]

It was now that the French, driven into a corner, entrenched themselves in Santa Engracia, which they blew up a few days later when they fled.

A few months later, at the end of December, Zaragoza was again invested, by an army, this time, not of eight thousand but of thirty. For sixty days more the agonies of siege were endured with heroic fortitude and the citizens—men, women, and even children—fought for their lives. "I have never seen so stubborn a defence," wrote Marshal Lannes to Napoleon in the last days of the blockade. "Women are in front of every breach, permitting themselves to be killed. Every house needs a separate assault." "To the last wall!" was the cry of the Zaragozanos, and, long after the walls of the city had fallen, to the last wall of the last house the city was defended. Only on February 21, 1809, when the French had long since made their entrance, did the remnants of the garrison surrender, thus terminating one of the fiercest and greatest sieges known to history.

Motoring Routes

BARCELONA—Igualada (42 miles)—Lérida (100 miles)—Zaragoza (191 miles).

[1] *Modern Spain* (New York, Putnam, 1900), pp. 136-137.

CHAPTER XVII

THE SPANISH RIVIERA FROM BARCELONA TO VALENCIA

FROM Port-Bou to Gibraltar the Spanish Mediterranean coast may in one sense be described as a Riviera, with considerably more justice than the short strip of coast near Lisbon which is called the Riviera of Portugal. But three stretches of Spain's warm and sunlit eastern sea-line have in largest measure the characteristics of the French and Italian Rivieras: the Costa Brava north of Barcelona, and the Costa de Pendiente between Barcelona and Cape Tortosa, both of which are partly inclined toward the south, and the Gulf of Valencia, extending from Cape Tortosa to Cape San Antonio near Denia, a town which has the same latitude as Lisbon. In this chapter we follow the coast southward from Barcelona to Valencia, stopping at the principal places of interest and occasionally making short excursions into the interior.

The seaside resorts immediately south of Barcelona are in the nature of escapes from the cosmopolitan clamour of the Catalan capital. Few who work here can seek for long the solitude of the Pyrenees or bathe in the medieval drowsiness of Tarragona. And so, northward and southward alike along its Riviera, there are tiny resorts where one can woo the Mediterranean,

and, in summer, enjoy a breeze which is conspicuously to seek in the city. Sitges, for example, or Villanueva y Geltrú.

Sitges, twenty-six miles south of Barcelona, will, without any kind of doubt, become the Barcelona-by-the-sea of to-morrow. It is the first place on the coastward journey toward Tarragona where the rocks recede to any distance and there is a broad stretch of safe and level sand. Comparatively recent as is its development, it has already acquired a fashionable suburb and united this to itself with a brand-new asphalt promenade. This whole district looks as new as if it had been completed yesterday.

There is nearly always a breeze at Sitges, and, to aid it in its work, a long avenue of palms and flowering-laurel, together with pine plantations where, on Sundays, *bourgeois* families cook revoltingly greasy meals and play noisily together to digest them. In the town the glare of the summer sun on the gleamingly white houses is hardly bearable. All new arrivals make at once for the sea, which is seldom without its complement of brown bodies bathing or lying in the sun.

Beyond Sitges lies Terramar—the suburb just referred to—which has fewer bathers, but on the other hand has tamarisks, a Grand Hotel, a golf course, an expensively laid out promenade, and a growing number of aristocratic-looking villas, complete with gardens and bearing names which describe the whole locality: "Blanc Sojorn," "Esguard Blau. . . ."

Villanueva y Geltrú, a little farther from Barcelona, has always attracted me as being the home of a young

Romantic poet, Manuel de Cabanyes, who died at the age of twenty-five, in an old-world mansion outside the town, commanding wide views over fertile Catalonia. In the quiet little hall of the stone-floored library of Villanueva the brief records of Cabanyes' life, and the original editions of his poems, will be shown to anyone who is interested enough in poetry to ask to see them. Outside, the shady, plane-lined streets, the charming miniature promenade and the large, clean and handsome station prophesy that here is another and a growing outlet to Barcelona.

San Vicente de Calders, already mentioned as the junction for Reus and Zaragoza, is of no interest in itself, but makes a convenient stopping-place for the Portal de Bará, some three miles away, a triumphal arch erected by the Romans about the second century A.D., on the Via Augusta, a road which led from the Pyrenees to Cartagena. At San Vicente the coast-line to Barcelona joins the line which goes through Martorell and passes near a Roman bridge, called by the familiar name of Devil's Bridge (Puente del Diablo). From San Vicente southward to Tarragona is an uneventful run of twenty-five miles, for the most part along the sea-coast still.

Tarragona

Of all the cities, towns, and villages on the east coast of Spain, there is none to which, for its own sake and from pure preference, I return so readily as to Tarragona. The city stands on the Mediterranean coast, five

hundred feet above the level of the sea; it has surely the most wonderful walls in the whole of Spain, and a cathedral which is certainly hard to rival in impressiveness; further, it has an almost perfect climate, an "old town" as picturesque as that of Toledo, and a surrounding country of the greatest interest. Few places anywhere can offer so much as all this.

Few places, too, can claim its antiquity. It was certainly founded in prehistoric times by the people whom we call the Iberians, and of whose civilization remains have been found in the locality. It was taken by the Romans in the second Punic War (218 B.C.), and made a leading colony (Tarraco), of both maritime and administrative importance. From being one of the four centres of Hispania Citerior it was transformed by Augustus (26 B.C.) into the capital of a province. After a brilliant history of some centuries, reflected in Latin literature, Tarraco was destroyed in the fifth century by the Goths, and, after making a partial recovery, spoiled by the Arabs in the conquest of 713-714. It may fairly be said that it has never regained its position since the Romans left it, and in that respect is almost (though, as we shall see, not entirely) unique in Spain. It is the seat of an archbishopric, for example, which bears to the primatial see of Toledo a relation similar to that of York to Canterbury. But this it owes principally to its antiquity, for its archbishopric dates from before the Gothic era. In no other respect has it won any preeminence since the Moorish invasion. In the Middle Ages it suffered from its position between Barcelona,

re-Christianized early, and Valencia, which remained in Moorish hands, with but one brief interval, for three hundred and fifty years longer. After the reconquest of Granada, it sank to a lower position in united Spain than it had occupied under Catalonia and Aragon. It played a part in most of the later events in which Barcelona figured, but each time a part of so little significance that its history is hardly worth detailing. It does a considerable trade to-day, mainly in wine and olive-oil.

For the sightseer, a week will not be too much in Tarragona if the city is to be used as a centre for visits to Santas Creus and Poblet as well as to places more easily accessible. It is a great mistake to think that, because it is smaller than Barcelona or Valencia, which require a week between them, it can be seen in a day: still worse is the error of attempting to see it between two trains, on the journey from one of these cities to another. The sights of the city itself can no doubt be looked at in a few hours—as what sights cannot?—but neither Barcelona nor Valencia has the atmosphere of Tarragona, and atmosphere requires time.

The cathedral of Tarragona, less rich and less inspiring than many Spanish churches, is of a severity so imposing that one can never forget it. Fortunately, it loses nothing by its situation, which raises it well above the city. It was begun at the conclusion of the twelfth century, and, in the main, completed comparatively quickly: its late additions, therefore, though numerous, are not of great importance. Every visitor, as in duty bound, records his admiration for Tarragona Cathe-

dral, and, having done this, proceeds to explain with great emphasis how and why he is either strangely attracted or definitely repelled by it. Those who dislike the Renaissance cathedrals of Spain for the most part delight in its austerity, and find it more appealing even than Toledo. Others think it desolate, forbidding, and even heavy—more like a fortress, they say, than a cathedral. The diversity of judgments is due to temperamental causes, but it seems a pity that about so noble a pile there should ever be two opinions.

The edifice itself, rather than anything it contains, is the principal object of admiration. The finest single part of it is undoubtedly the cloisters, which, if I had to name the most beautiful cloisters in Spain—an almost impossible task—I think I should choose. They were about the last important part of the cathedral to be constructed, dating from early in the thirteenth century, and they have every kind of beauty one could wish: proportion, lightness, grace, adornment, and careful preservation, to say nothing of a central garden planted with palms and lemon-trees and lit with the southern sunshine. The carvings of the capitals are famous: every one knows that one of them represents the burial by rats of cats who are only feigning death and come suddenly to life. There are other whimsical, perhaps in part allegorical, subjects of this kind, as well as more improving ones.

The north and south transepts, their rose windows, the cimborium and (in the proper light) the rose window over the west door are the next features which call for attention. Near the *trascoro* is the tomb of

King James the Conqueror, brought here in 1856 from Poblet (p. 250). The *retablo* of the high altar is generally much admired by guide-books, but personally I fail to find anything of great interest or beauty in the cathedral beyond the features already mentioned. An exception must be made in favour of the west front, which belongs to the late thirteenth century and is as remarkable for the gracefulness of its form as for the wealth of its sculpture. The figures which adorn it are more easily examined than most, since they come down almost to the ground.

Tarragona has two fine plane-lined Ramblas, competing in dignity with those of Barcelona—one of them is light and wide, the other dark and narrow. At the end of its excellent sea-wall, opposite the Puerta de San Antonio, is a charming little garden. A mossy fountain, shaded by chestnut-trees, banked with geraniums and planted with white lilies, makes this as pleasant a spot from which to contemplate the Mediterranean as any in the neighbourhood. Palms, acacias, lilac-bushes, and climbing roses complete the picture.

Only those who have allowed themselves ample time, however, can afford to dream in gardens. Others must hie them away to the archæological museum in the Casa Consistorial, which, as may be imagined, is unusually rich in objects of art dating from the earliest times. And here we are on the way to the celebrated Cyclopean walls, some two miles in length, which run along the upper part of the city at various heights. The foundations of the walls are as old as the primitive colonizers of Tarragona; above them come additions

made in early Roman times (some of the stones have Iberian marks); higher still there are signs that the wall was added to in the Augustan era, and in more than one place are traces of Moorish work.

Outside Tarragona is another Puente del Diablo still, a Roman aqueduct not approaching in size that of Segovia (p. 67) but in other respects of no less interest. This is hardly more than an afternoon's walk —less than three miles each way. A rather longer excursion, of some six miles, can be made to the Roman monument called the Tomb of the Scipios (Sepulcro de los Escipiones); these warriors, who were responsible for the capture of the city during the Punic War, died in battle shortly afterward, but the monument belongs to the early Christian era. There are various other Roman remains in the district, particulars of which are best obtained locally, since all of them are not given in the guide-books.

Poblet and Santas Creus

Two medieval monasteries which rival each other in beauty are Poblet and Santas Creus, accessible to the motorist from a number of centres, but most readily so from Tarragona, so that they may best be mentioned here. Tourists depending on trains and omnibuses will find that the itineraries described are meant chiefly for their benefit.

The excursion to Poblet can be done by anyone in a day, though certainly the greater part of the day is spent upon the journey. Those who dislike long expe-

THE CISTERCIAN ABBEY OF POBLET:
THE CLOISTERS
Photo E. N. A.

THE GIPSY'S SONG
Wynne Apperley, R. I
By permission of the Artist

ditions by train can save an hour or two by visiting the monastery from Reus, or stay a night at Espluga de Francolí. Others will take an early *correo* for Lérida, which travels at the rate of about twelve miles an hour, alight at Espluga, and at the station hire a vehicle to Poblet, or walk, for the distance is only two and a half miles. One can count in this way on having from four to five hours at the monastery and being back in Tarragona in ample time for the rather late Spanish evening meal.

Santa María de Poblet was a monastery—it is now no longer inhabited—which Count Ramón Berenguer IV of Barcelona founded in 1153 for the Cistercians. It was one of the most renowned religious houses of medieval Spain. Acquiring royal favour, it was endowed by the sovereigns of Aragon, who not only built themselves a palace near it, visited it and resided in it, but for centuries made their last resting-places in the monastery church.

Needless to say, Poblet flourished materially under this royal patronage. It amassed immense wealth, received only well-born and therefore financially profitable novices, and became the centre of a large community which in one way or another served it. With the union of Spain it lost the high position which it had held in the royal favour, but lived on for more than three hundred years with prestige diminished but not destroyed. Its end came in 1835 with the civil wars which followed the death of Ferdinand VII. Armed bands of marauders had already attacked Poblet some years before, driven out the monks, robbed

the church, and burned the choir-stalls and organ. When again, ten years after the monks' return, rumours of similar happenings in the district reached them, they anticipated the enemy, removed such treasure as they could, and dispersed without risking bloodshed. The mobs, supervening, found much to do in the way of robbery as well as of desecration. They did it all.

It is as painful to relate the full story of these events as to go through these noble ruins and witness the degradation into which they have fallen. Santa María de Poblet is a "national monument": unhappy fate! The bitterness of it is that the number and extent of the buildings enable us to reconstruct so exactly those days of prosperity, which have now vanished for ever. It is all there still: the fine old church built by Alfonso II of Aragon, sadly defaced, but preserving the alabaster *retablo* given by Charles V; the cloisters, in comparatively good preservation; the refectory, kitchen, parlour, dormitories of monks and novices; the particularly beautiful chapter-house, beneath which are buried eleven of the abbots; ruins of the abbatial palace and guest-house; the two great libraries, ruined too for all the books they still contain—this and much more, together with walls, towers, and gates which make one realize the strength of this medieval community.

Santas Creus was the rival of Poblet in more senses than one. The rivalry was natural: both monasteries were Cistercian, both were founded by the same Ramón Berenguer, Santas Creus four years after Poblet, and both met their fate in the same way and

the same year. Santas Creus, accessible enough by an indifferent motor road, is hard to reach by train, being seven miles from the station of Valls, which itself is far (in time, if not in distance) from Tarragona. The general effect of Santas Creus is of much greater severity than that of Poblet. The three-naved church, remarkable for its fine proportions, contains the tombs of two great kings of Aragon: Peter III ("the Great"), son of James the Conqueror, who died, still quite young though already famous, in 1285, and his brother James II, who died in 1327. By the side of these alabaster sepulchres is that of Roger de Lauria, the celebrated Italian admiral who played a large part in the Neapolitan wars in Peter's day. In the choir are the tombs of two of James the Conqueror's bravest warriors, who fell in 1229, during the successful attack on Majorca (p. 287): Ramón and Guillermo de Moncada. Further search will reveal, in the chapels, a number of other Aragonese royal tombs, which shows that favours were not unequally divided between the rival houses. Peter III and James II, indeed, had palaces here, of which ruins alone remain.

The cloisters at Santas Creus date from the early half of the fourteenth century, and contain an extremely large number of tombs, and a hexagonal fountain of marble which projects into the fragrant and well-planted *patio*. Many dependencies can be seen of a similar kind to those of Poblet which do not require separate description. It will be gathered that if only one of the two monasteries can be visited, Poblet is the more accessible and, on the whole, the

more rewarding. On the other hand, Santas Creus is dissimilar enough to make one feel that it was worth while visiting both, and it will always make a special appeal to the student of medieval Aragonese history.

Tarragona to Valencia

From Tarragona southward, the train journey, however slow, is a delight, and this not only as far as Valencia, but for a great distance beyond it. The first fifty miles run alongside the coast all the way: sometimes over patches of barren ground and tracts of heath, scrub, and fir-trees, but more commonly passing undulating stretches of sandy soil planted with magnificent olives.

Near Tortosa we run inland for a few miles to that city, crossing the Ebro, which enters the Mediterranean at Cape Tortosa, and making for the coast again immediately, though hereafter we hug it less closely. The stretches of sand and the charming little creeks and bays are gone for a time, but the olive groves persist and the red soil against which they stand out so picturesquely grows more frequent. At some stage in the journey from Tortosa to Valencia the traveller unaccustomed to Spain will be conscious of a long-promised thrill when at some wayside station children hold up for sale long branches of half-a-dozen golden oranges with the leaves still attached to them. Tiny girls some of them are, with white orange-blossom tucked in their scarlet sashes and twined in their dark hair.

"Buy, señores, buy!" they cry, looking up into the faces of the carriages above the low platform to see how many foreigners they can attract. "Fine oranges, just gathered from the tree!"

We are hardly Northerners, or tourists, if we resist them. This sight, more than all the groves of oranges, lemons, nuts, and olives through which we are passing, convinces us that we are rapidly progressing southward. Anyone travelling southward and anxious not to lose, at one fell swoop, all the illusions which he has cherished of "sunny Spain" would do well to go by Barcelona rather than by Madrid.

Sagunto

The most noteworthy stop on the line to Valencia is Sagunto, which, being only eighteen miles from our terminus, can easily be visited from it. Yet, for those who wish to break the journey somewhere, there is no place more suitable. Tortosa's cathedral, palace, and Dominican convent hardly merit a day from any but a lengthy tour, while Castellón de la Plana is a modern town, forming the centre of an intensely productive district of which it exports the fruits. It would be more interesting, though not necessarily more comfortable, to spend a night in one of the villages at which we have stopped *en route*.

Sagunto—also, for a period in its long history, known as Murviedro—made its name in the Second Punic War, at about the time when Tarragona was conquered by the Romans. Young Hannibal was besieging the

city (219 B.C.) which then occupied the slopes and crest of the hill at the foot of which lies the modern town. The task proved more formidable than he had expected. As at Zaragoza two thousand years later, the besiegers succeeded at length in forcing their way through a breach in the walls, but had even then to fight for every inch of their new position. Hand-to-hand combats in the streets ended in the repulse of the Carthaginians, and it was only after eight months' fighting that the doughty inhabitants were obliged to give in to superior forces. But it was when the decision to capitulate was taken that their crowning act of heroism was accomplished. Rather than allow Hannibal to profit by his victory or accept his offer of safety provided that they would leave behind their possessions, they set a part of their city on fire, burned everything in it that they could lay their hands on, and finally threw their wives, their children, and their very selves upon it to complete their sacrifice.

After five years, the city, which had to be largely rebuilt, was taken by the Romans, who amplified it and erected several buildings of great importance, parts of which still remain. Thenceforward it went through the cycle of changes with which we have grown familiar in these pages: Goths, Moors, and Christians occupied it successively—not as Saguntum, however, but as Murviedro, the "City of Old Walls" (*muri veteres*). Its last siege was during the War of Independence, and it last figured in history as the scene of the *pronunciamiento* which gave the crown

of Spain to the boy-king Alfonso XII, father of the reigning monarch.

Coming southward from Catalonia, and breaking the journey here, we find ourselves attracted first of all by the view from the castle hill, which reveals a part of the country seen hitherto only imperfectly and from the level. The valley of the Palancia (Sagunto's rather inefficient river), the luxuriant *huerta* of Valencia, and the blue sea in the distance, no longer washing the city's walls as it once did, are the component parts of this brilliant landscape.

If we have come up to Sagunto from the south, where the views are finer and no less plentiful, we shall probably go straight to the Roman theatre, which would be in better preservation than it is now had not the French in 1808, when endeavouring to re-fortify the city, used a part of the walls for this purpose. The theatre, built on the slope of the hill, has a diameter of 180 feet and seated 8000 people; its plan and chief divisions can be clearly seen, and some pieces of Roman sculpture are preserved and shown to visitors.

Continuing up the hill by a winding path, we eventually reach the castle which crowns it and which bears in itself testimony to the long series of changes which it has undergone; its nineteenth-century vicissitudes are not less apparent than those which it suffered under the Romans and the Moors. The view here is better than from any other point in the neighbourhood, and though the town in the plain can also boast Roman remains (a bridge over the Palancia, a doorway or two,

and the foundations of the circus) a brief time is better employed here than below.

A night spent in Sagunto will enable us, unless an early start has to be made the next morning, to run out to Segorve, a beautifully situated little town on the way to Teruel, sleeping, like so many other of these fortress-towns of the Levante, after a long series of struggles of which the majority were terminated before the Christian era. Travellers northward who eschew the beaten track and have no fear of poor roads or a more than usually dormant railway-train may care to forsake the glamours of the Mediterranean coast for the interior of Aragon. By way of Segorve and Teruel they will reach the very Moorish town of Calatayud in rather less than ten hours: the distance is 170 miles, and there is one *correo* a day and a so-called *rápido*, which takes six hours and a half to do the journey, but runs on alternate days only and rests from its labours on Sunday. From Calatayud to Zaragoza is but sixty miles, and, these towns being on the main line from Barcelona to Madrid, the change from the one train to the other is for the better. Those going to Madrid by this route will be able to see the imposing but little-known Cathedral of Sigüenza and the old university town of Alcalá de Henares where Cervantes was born. I do not, however, expect to make many converts from the beauties of the Mediterranean by "facilitating" (as the Spaniards say) this information.

Motoring Routes

BARCELONA—Sitges (26 miles)—Villanueva y Geltrú (31 miles)—Tarragona (61 miles).

BARCELONA—Molins del Rey (10 miles)—Villafranca del Panadés (29 miles)—Tarragona (60 miles).

TARRAGONA—Espluga de Francolí (31 miles)—Poblet (34 miles).

TARRAGONA—Castellón de la Plana (116 miles)—Sagunto (144 miles)—Valencia (157 miles).

TARRAGONA—Tortosa (57 miles)—Sagunto (160 miles)—Valencia (173 miles).

CHAPTER XVIII

VALENCIA

As FRANKNESS begets confidence, I will begin this chapter by saying that Valencia is a city for which I have never been able to summon up much enthusiasm. The fault may be mine, for I have visited it almost wholly for library work, and appreciation of the city's beauties has had to be relegated to hours when none of the various libraries was open. And I gladly set down that both the country around Valencia and its climate are superb. There is one line describing them admirably in the *Poem of My Cid*, on which I lecture every winter; I generally stumble upon this on one of the coldest and rawest mornings of a British February. It is simple enough, but it never fails to strike a chord which reverberates till I find myself once more in the land which has at least clearness and sunshine if not perpetual warmth. It says just this:

El ivierno es exido que el março quiere entrar.[1]

Oh, happy land where February heralds summer! Oh to spend every March in the Valencian *huerta!* The thick, white dust of April has hardly begun to

[1] "Now has the winter past and March is about to come in."

gather. An occasional soft shower reminds us that the deep azure of the sky has still to harden into the relentless blue of May. In the Valencian gardens the fragrant acacia bloom shimmers against these depths. Clumps of golden genista, masses of tropical scarlet stand loftily in their regal grace. Within those calcined walls are verdant *patios* bright with clusters of hydrangea, fragrant with the first carnations of March. And before many weeks have passed the first small strawberries will have been plucked from the *huerta* and sent to Madrid to do duty till those of Aranjuez are ready.

All this and some of the loveliest landscapes of the Levante are Valencia's inalienable possessions. Can one ever forget how the Cid received his wife and daughters in the Alcázar of the city newly conquered for Christendom?

With my Cid to the Alcázar went straight his wife and daughters.
Once there, he led them to the highest point of all.
There did fair eyes look on all sides around.
At their feet they behold the city, Valencia, where it lies,
And yonder on the other side within their view is the sea.
Then they gaze upon the Huerta, wide and luxuriant that it is,
And upon so many things else fair and agreeable to the sight.
Raise they their hands to heaven for to God they fain would pray,
Giving Him thanks for that heritage so good a gift, and so great.

But Valencia itself, the city of Spain proverbial for its gay and merry disposition, the city of a hundred

fiestas, each with its characteristic customs, is to many tourists, as I have reason to know, a disappointment. They cannot, after all, see enough of it to know many of its festivals: those of St. Vincent on January 22, of St. Joseph's Fires on March 19, of St. Vincent Ferrer shortly after Easter, of the Virgen de los Desamparados, Valencia's patron, in May; of the *jocs florals,* the *feria,* and all the rest. They find the animation of Valencia, on an ordinary day, rather ostentatious; the city rather blatantly and unpleasingly modernized; the inhabitants, courteous as everywhere in Spain, but less interested and interesting than in a smaller town or a country village. So, deciding in addition, after a day in the city, that there is less to see there than around and about, to a smaller town or a country village they accordingly go.

The history of Valencia is the usual one of Spain's Levantine cities: its original colonization was anterior in date to its conquest by the Carthaginians, after which came Romans, Goths, and Moors who finally lost it to James the Conqueror of Aragon in 1238. The best-known part of its history, however, is that of its conquest in 1094 by the Cid, whose exploits we have already come upon in Burgos. After his death, his widow Jimena held the city for some years, but it was eventually retaken by the Moors, not, however, before it had received the name Valencia del Cid, which has stuck to it ever since, as an epithet distinguishing it from the remaining Valencias of Spain.

There is, however, less to connect Valencia with the

Cid than Burgos, except that as so much of the *Poema de Mío Cid* is concerned with the country round about, the traveller in this part of Spain who knows Spanish should not fail to read the book through in an excellent modern verse translation, the work of Dr. Pedro Salinas.[1] To anyone who has as long as a month to spend in Eastern and East Central Spain the greater part of the Cid's wanderings can be followed quite easily, and thus a narrative which is in itself an abiding joy to know becomes permanently linked up with one's own personal experiences.

In Valencia itself a day or two can be well spent, for, though the city has lost vastly more of its character than Toledo, and as much at least as Seville, it has a number of notable monuments. The best of all is possibly the Silk Exchange, or Lonja, whose wonderful Gothic hall, with twining columns supporting a magnificent roof, is very nearly unique in Spain. The Renaissance Audiencia and the medieval Torres de Serranos, two noble towers forming the northern entrance to the city, are the other lions of Valencia, with the exception, of course, of its cathedral.

This is not one of Spain's most notable cathedrals. Its most pleasing feature is a beautiful bell-tower, called the Miguelete, the principal bell having been dedicated on St. Michael's Day, the anniversary of its reconquest by James I for Christianity. The view from the top of the tower gives an excellent idea of the city, with its numerous churches, and domes of blue *azulejos,* of the surrounding *huerta,* and the sea some

[1] Madrid, Revista de Occidente, 1926.

way distant, and (not least important) of the octagonal cimborium of the cathedral just below.

The treasures of the cathedral are few and scattered: an *Adoration of the Shepherds,* by Ribera, in the so-called "modern chapter-house"; two indifferent Goyas in the chapel of San Francisco de Borja; James the Conqueror's bridle in the Capilla Mayor. Many a humble convent can do better. As to paintings, there are more to be seen than anywhere else in the picture-gallery (Museo Provincial de Pinturas) which is one of the best, the Prado of course excepted, in Spain. Valencia has always been a home of Spanish painting, from the fourteenth century (well represented in this gallery) down to the modern period typified by Joaquín Sorolla, whose death is quite recent. Of painters already alluded to in this book, there are several works by Ribera and Morales, together with a well-known self-portrait by Velázquez. But the chief interest of the gallery is historical: the variety of its exhibits is remarkable, and even more so is the extent of the period which they cover.

Two or three things more must be said about the city of Valencia which are mentioned in every published record of the tourist's Spanish wanderings. On Thursdays at noon, outside the Puerta de los Apóstoles of the cathedral, is held the Tribunal of the Waters, which dates from Moorish times, and adjudicates disputes concerning the irrigation of the *huerta.* The eight members of the tribunal, representing the eight canals of the *huerta,* are elected by the peasants from among their numbers; they deliberate in public, though

not, as formerly, seated on the ground; and their sentences are final and binding.

A very different ceremony takes place on Friday mornings in the little church of Corpus Christi which forms part of a Renaissance palace called the Colegio del Patriarca. Behind the altar of the church is a *Last Supper* by Ribalta, which by mechanical means is made to disappear, black curtains covering it and a crucifix appearing in its place, while the *Miserere* is sung, the picture afterward reappearing in its accustomed position. There is nothing of great interest or edification in these proceedings, of which, for conjecturable reasons, a good deal is made, the ceremony concluding with the rather perfunctory exhibition of a number of relics in a chapel behind the altar.

From all this, as from the strident animation of the city, one may be allowed at length to escape in the direction of the sea, perhaps with a novel of Blasco Ibáñez' in each pocket—two of those early novels, unhappily little known except to Spaniards, in which, before his art became degraded by commercialism, he painted his native Valencia as few had done before him and none has done since. In spite of their occasional immaturity (for their author was then young) they are fresh, vivid, and poetic, like nothing that he ever wrote later. With great faithfulness and sensibility they portray, not only the city of Valencia, but its Grao or Port, the *playa* of Cabañal with its short summer season, the *huerta* in all its luxuriance and the phenomenally fertile Albufera or marshland lying

to the south of the city. It is to the crops of the Albufera that the rhyme refers which runs in English:

> Valencia is paradise:
> Wheat to-day; to-morrow rice.

This district is the scene of *Cañas y Barro,* a realistic and regionalistic story of fisher-life. The *Cuentos Valencianos* can be read suitably in Valencia itself. *La Barraca,* which has probably immortalized the little *barracas* or thatched and white-washed cottages of the peasants, takes us to the villages of the *huerta,* as also does *Entre Naranjos,* the scene of which is laid in the orange-groves of Alcira, a town with a now growing population near Carcagente.

But if we escape from Valencia on a hot and noisy afternoon, the most natural retreat is Cabañal, the best of the little *playas* which lie near the city. And here the novel to take with one is *Flor de Mayo* (*Mayflower*), probably the most appealing of all Blasco Ibáñez' works; it is hard to say whether the descriptions or the characters are finer, and the comparison of the author's art with that of Sorolla is a just one.

The scene is Cabañal. Tona, the sturdy and independent widow of a fisherman who has been lost at sea, is left with two little sons, Pascual and Tonet. Having no possessions save her husband's broken boat on the sands, she makes a living by starting a little tavern in it and prospers exceedingly. The boys grow up—Pascual to be thrifty and industrious, Tonet to indulge in drink and *amours*. While Tonet is away on a voyage, Pascual marries a girl named Dolores on

whom his brother has looked favourably. On his return, Tonet says little but marries another girl, Rosario. All apparently is well. But one day Pascual discovers that Dolores has been false to him, and that Pascualet, her son, belongs not to him but to his brother. Passion strives with reason for the mastery of him. How, if he kills the intruder, can he ever live peaceably with the woman who has deceived him and a child not his own? Only a single way of escape is possible, and he takes it. On one fateful day, when stormy clouds are gathering on the horizon, the two brothers and the child who has come between them go out in Pascual's boat *Flor de Mayo* to meet the tempest. They never come back. . . .

Motoring Routes

VALENCIA to Tarragona, see p. 258; Valencia to Murcia, p. 282.
MADRID—Valencia (220 miles).

CHAPTER XIX

PALM-LAND

THE south-eastern corner of Spain, from Valencia to Cartagena, is one of the least known and most beautiful regions in the country, and, though it has few attractions save those of Nature, it is hard not to urge one's friends to go there, except in summer. Till the plague of dust begins, late in April, winter and spring in the province of Murcia are delightful. The people are of a peculiarly African type; the vegetation is semi-tropical; the air is usually clear and the sky blue; and the Mediterranean is—the Mediterranean.

So (lest we spend more space in eulogizing what there is room only to describe) let us board the train once more, at Valencia, for the first part of our journey, to Denia. Thence we take the coast-route for Alicante, proceeding south-westward to Elche and Murcia and finally dropping a few miles by a branch line to the most easterly town on Spain's southern coast: Cartagena.

From Valencia the railway-line runs inward to Alcira and Carcagente, through country which it is pure self-indulgence to describe. Miles of forest-clad hills appear on either side in the distance; groves of

fruit-trees cluster in the valleys; the sea for a time, is out of sight.

Carcagente, a town planted (as it seems) in one vast orange-grove, is the junction for Játiva, ten miles inland, the birthplace of the "Spagnoletto," Ribera, and the ancestral home of the Borgias. Unless we prefer to travel inland to Alicante, in which case Játiva is passed and there is time (or used to be) to visit its castle between the morning *expreso* and the afternoon *mixto,* we turn eastward from Carcagente toward the coast, still proceeding between the forest-clad hills and through the orange-groves. This is the entrance to palm-land, and perhaps the tall, dignified and graceful palms are seen at their very best where they form an avenue dividing two plantations of oranges.

The scent of orange-blossom is all around, and the sea of glossy, green leaves spangled with white star-like blooms extends on either side of the railway. All the windows of the stuffy carriage should be opened to let the fragrance enter, or, if the coach is one of those which resemble the inside of a tram-car and have open-air platforms outside, the most agreeable way of passing the hours of the journey is to stand on the platform and take one's fill of beauty.

Half-way to Denia, surrounded by a *huerta* even more abundant than that of Valencia, is the town of Gandía, which has the interest of having given its name to the Borgia family, who were dukes of Gandía. Its old Palace of the Borgias is now a Jesuit college: St. Francis of Borgia (San Francisco Borja), it will be

remembered, was converted from a life of luxury, somewhat dramatically, by a sight of death, and became, first a Jesuit priest, and afterward third General of the Society.

Denia

For the whole journey of forty-two miles from Carcagente to Denia the scenery is superb—perhaps unsurpassed in Spain. And one's first view of the little town whose oranges and raisins England imports so freely comes as a fitting climax to the afternoon's experiences. A rugged mountain in the background; a sandy harbour; a hill crowned with the ruins of a castle; an approach through orange-groves and vineyards.

The origin of Denia becomes instantly evident when it is given its Roman name: Dianium. Iberian in origin, it was colonized (as some think Sagunto also was), by Greeks, probably from Marseilles, but its greatest epochs were those of the Romans and the Moors. Its cult was that of Diana of the Ephesians, and a temple of Diana, fashioned as an exact model of that goddess's Ephesian temple, was built at the foot of the hill on which the castle now stands.

The monuments of Denia, apart from a few Roman remains, are quite modern. Its picturesqueness, and the varied walks around it, culminating in the ascent of the Mongó, the rugged height which dominates it, are its only attractions. But add to that that Denia is a convenient resting-place in a long journey southward which is no less tiring because the train travels

slowly and the surrounding country is magnificent. These considerations will probably result in the journey from Valencia to Alicante being given two days instead of one, and in the spending of the night at Denia.

Denia to Alicante

The railway-line from Denia to Alicante by the coast, being a comparatively new one, will not be found in old editions of guide-books. Like the preceding stretch of line, it is served by no rapid trains, its fifty-eight miles being never covered in as little as four hours.

It may also be said to rival it in picturesqueness. If there are fewer orange-groves, and more slopes covered with olives, the fields of barley and oats give variety to the southern landscape, while after a short time spent in crossing Denia's broad headland, the line reaches the sea-coast and hardly leaves it for the remainder of the journey.

Bravely the little train plods onward, threading its way behind cliffs or around them, running along by the light green or deep blue of the Mediterranean, revealing curious little creeks or bays, with just one palm to distinguish them from their relatives at home, or stretches of sand which remind us of home all the time.

Some part of this journey, or of the preceding section, should be undertaken toward the end of a perfect spring day, when the sun has been shining relentlessly

in a sky of steely blue, the oats are ripening and the vines are still young, giving a freshness which the weary greys of the olive plantations seem to welcome. As the sun sinks and darkness comes down rapidly through the brief southern twilight the scent of orange-blossom mingles with the salt tang of the sea. We turn, to see a blaze of fire going down in the west behind hills which disappear in the distance as we near Alicante.

Only a leisurely journey along this route will reveal the wealth of historical memories which those now unknown villages have to show. But here and there, before the light goes, we can distinguish the ruins of a Roman castle, the outline of a fortified church, a minaret, a walled town—recalling the days when Romans, Goths, or Moors did battle for this fair corner of Spain, which, as we approach Alicante, renowned for its wines, takes on more and more the aspect of a vineyard.

Alicante to Elche

Alicante is a curious town. It can be visited in a few hours, which is as well, as there is so much still to see beyond it, and it is hard not to have lingered upon the journey here. It is never quite possible to convince oneself that there is no more to be seen in it, for it has all the fascination of a port, but the fact is that, if you depart from the view and the harbour, you find yourself at once among chimneys. For Alicante is by way of being an industrial town and has simply no

lions at all. On the other hand, its climate is ideal, and to sit on a winter's day in the pleasant little *plazas* of Alicante or walk about its fine *paseos* is to rest indeed after a prolonged journey southward.

The town is grouped round its harbour and backed by high yellow hills, of which the near centre hill, crowned by a castle, is the most conspicuous. It consists of new or modernized broad streets, diversified with a minority of older ones not meant for the stranger's eye. Some of these last are paved over and closed to carriage traffic.

The glory of Alicante is (or ought to be) its huge palms, arrayed in double rows along the main promenade, and impressive no less by their girth than by the effect of their broad spreading leaves. The most ludicrous sight in the place is the little mule-drawn street-cars which run along beside them. Alas, that they may have disappeared before ever these lines appear in print! Such pleasing anachronisms are quickly passing away in modern Spain.

The palm-lined promenade reminds one that thirteen miles away is the centre of Spanish palm-land, the town of Elche. An hour, and the train reaches it —an hour pleasantly spent in turning one's back on the sea, traversing the *huerta* of Alicante, and sighting the first palm-groves. But at the view of Elche, even the palms are for a moment forgotten. Whatever else the traveller may not do here, he should without fail ascend the tower of the church (itself of no great interest) to obtain a general impression of the town which on three sides is surrounded by a palm forest. Nothing

more Oriental can be seen in Spain than this: the narrow streets, the white-washed houses with tiny windows and flat roofs serving as terraces; the arid plain, parched river-bed, and bareness of distant mountains. Here, it may fairly be said, is an entirely new impression of Spain to add to the scores of dissimilar ones which we have already noted.

Even apart from the surrounding forest, palm-trees are everywhere. It is worth while to remark upon the peculiar individuality of the tree. Here are two, for example, planted one at each corner of an orange-grove, like sentries placed there to guard it. Here, again, is one acting as a guardian deity, its feathery leaves swaying tenderly over a tiny white cottage. And, seen after Easter, whole stretches of them look like great clumsy animals, for not many weeks before they will have been stripped of their foliage for Holy Week, figuring in Palm Sunday processions all over Spain and afterward being nailed to the walls of houses to be bleached by the sun and incidentally to bring the householders good fortune.

The palms look their worst when they form, as from the roof of Elche church they may seem to do, the oasis of some distant desert. Here are twenty or thirty of them, some cropped, some crooked, all awkward, no two of the same size. They are no longer battalions of trained soldiers as on the promenade at Alicante, but a motley group of recruits awaiting the tailor. Had one seen them nowhere else than here, one would have no suspicion of their beauty.

But a descent from the tower and five minutes' walk

through the town suffice to present the palm-tree at its best, as we see it in its native forest. A taller species grows here than the promenade variety, whether of Alicante, Barcelona, or Madrid. Follow a path for a hundred yards and you are surrounded by the giants, waving their feathers hardly perceptibly in the breeze —like battalions of soldiers trying to stand at attention in a gale. But walk among them for an hour or two, and gradually a change comes over them—or yourself. You are getting used to them; they are no longer beings, but things.

Only here and there one monster seems more human than the rest: a tall one, perhaps, which has outgrown its strength and has to be propped up from below. It resembles nothing so much as an ostrich trying to reach a leafy meal, with a neck ten times the ordinary size.

But though the palms change their aspect in the forest, they never lose the stateliness of their mass and tremendous height. You look up at them: they tower far above and beyond you. And it is then that you realize their greatest beauty; for you are gazing, not now at palms at all, but at the blue southern sky gleaming through the delicate tracery of their feathers.

The "Mystery of Elche"

In its situation Elche is unique among Spanish towns. It becomes unique in another sense on August 14 and 15 of every year, when within its church is performed a mystery-play (the *Misterio de Elche* or, in

Lemosín, *Misteri d'Elch*).[1] The words are in Lemosín, and set to music throughout; the theme is, as will be imagined, the Death and Assumption of Our Lady. For the purpose of the play, the church is transformed into a theatre. Rehearsals start on the 10th. On the evening of the 13th the celebrations of the festival begin with the letting off of fireworks in the streets, and, at midnight, from the tower of the Ayuntamiento, there follows a similar display to the populace dispersed on the flat roofs of their houses. The next day, being the eve of the Assumption, sees the performance of the first part of the mystery.

The Virgin, accompanied by the other two Marys, enters Jerusalem, where an angel announces to her her approaching death. She desires that the apostles may come and bury her. Accordingly, with the exception of St. Thomas, they are brought by a miracle from all parts of the earth. The Virgin then takes leave of them and dies, whereupon, to the sound of mysterious music, her soul ascends to heaven.

On the next day, the festival itself, the mystery reopens with the gathering of the apostles around the body of the holy Mother which they are about to bury. There enters a company of Jews who dispute with the apostles and afterward struggle with them, maintaining that they have no right to take the body away. In the end the Jews are all converted. The final scene represents the arrival of St. Thomas, who has

[1] A full account of the mystery, in English, will be found in Mr. J. B. Trend's *Picture of Modern Spain* (Boston, Houghton Mifflin, 1921), pp. 213-231. Since it was written, however, the play has been considerably "restored" in parts under the direction of Don Oscar Esplá (1924).

been preaching in the Indies, and the Assumption of the Virgin's body into Heaven. At the culminating moment in the Mystery, she pauses in her ascent, and, to the strains of the Gloria Patri, a crown descends from the Blessed Trinity and rests on her head.

The play in its present form dates from 1639, but in essence it is very much older. The story goes that on December 29, 1370 (other and much earlier dates are also given), a soldier on guard at Santa Pola saw an enormous chest, hermetically sealed, floating on the sea. Though it bore the inscription "For Elche," it was found in waters which, according to the laws of the time, belonged equally to Elche, Alicante, and Orihuela. So the authorities decided to set the chest on a cart and allow blindfolded horses to draw it whither it was destined to go. They drew it to Elche; and, on being opened, it was found to contain an image of the Virgin, together with a parchment (no longer extant!) prescribing the ceremonies to be observed on her festival. And here, so the story goes, we have the beginning of the *Mystery of Elche*.

Murcia and Cartagena

From Elche to Murcia by railway is a distance of thirty-five miles, and there is one train daily which performs the journey in two hours. The country is rather less attractive than hitherto, the best view in the journey being the backward look at Elche from the viaduct crossed by the train on leaving it. There are fertile valleys and charmingly situated little snow-

white villages with their blue-domed, temple-like churches, but there are also bare mountains and scrubby tracts which no river waters. The only place of any importance on the journey is the cathedral city of Orihuela, which has a few buildings worthy of notice and lies fifteen miles north-east of the capital of the province which we are visiting.

Murcia, for its own sake, demands no more than a day; the district and the people deserve as long a stay as one can give them. Though we have at last passed out of the regions where Catalan and Lemosín are most commonly spoken into a city where a local dialect of Castilian is heard, the African type of face predominates and we have no feeling of kinship with Madrid. There is always interest in the unfamiliar flora of the countryside, in the rope-making and basket-making outside the cottages, in the magnificent oxen of the region, and in a score of such objects of ordinary observation. The city itself, on the other hand, is, in spite of its palms and blue-domed churches, rather dull; nor has it any "sight" of more than secondary interest.

The two principal streets of Murcia cut each other at right angles and are paved and closed to vehicles. One of them, the Príncipe Alfonso, leads straight to the cathedral, impressive enough in its proportions, and containing a splendid tower, but spoilt by a mixture of styles and the predominance of *barroco*. None of the other churches, and there are many of them, has any more to offer. The Ermita de Jesús has some striking *pasos* by the eighteenth-century sculptor Fran-

cisco Zarcillo (or Salcillo), a Neapolitan who migrated here. They are not to every one's taste, being intensely realistic and of a realism somewhat popular at that. But they add greatly to the impressiveness of Murcia's Semana Santa, which is at least comparable in its solemnity with that of Málaga, though attended mainly by Murcianos. There is more Zarcillo in the Museo Provincial, together with a good collection of antiquities.

As the cities and villages of palm-land go, Murcia is quite a modern foundation. It can trace its history, not back to the Iberians, like Elche, but only as far as the eighth century, when it was established by the Moorish invaders. Cartagena, however, to which no one who has reached Murcia would fail to pay a visit, is supposed to have been founded as a "New Carthage" by Hasdrubal and was a city of commercial as well as of administrative importance under the Romans. It had to be reconquered twice by the Christian armies of the Middle Ages, so elusive was it: St. Ferdinand took it in 1242, shortly before the conquest of Seville, and, finally, it was won, in the latter years of his life, by James the Conqueror. A glance at the map will show how irresistible a prey it must have been for Drake, who sacked it light-heartedly on his way to Jamaica. Its later history is more important than might be supposed, but is chiefly concerned with Spain's troubled internal life during the nineteenth century.

Once more it must be confessed that we have a city the chief interest of which is its situation. Its rocky

castles are in themselves without distinction; its arsenal is "not shown"; and neither its streets nor churches are as interesting as its distant views and its harbour are beautiful. The few antiquities of the place are in its archæological museum and it seems to have obliterated itself at some unknown period in its history more effectively if less dramatically than the ancient Saguntum. Gazing down upon it from the Castillo de la Concepción, one thinks of the words which Hérédia wrote in his *Trophées* of that other—the Colombian—Cartagena:

> Et dans l'énervement des nuits chaudes et calmes,
> Berçant ta gloire éteinte, O Cité, tu t'endors
> Sous les palmiers, au long frémissement des palmes,
> Entre le ciel qui brûle et la mer qui moutonne.

Murcia to Granada

Since the suggestion was made above (pp 135) that the route from Murcia to Granada by rail is a possible one, let it be added here that it is extremely tedious and slow. Nor can Lorca, Baza, or Guadix—the chief towns passed on the journey—be said to invite one to spend a night or two in their *fondas* and so relieve the monotony of a fourteen hours' journey at the average rate of rather less than thirteen miles per hour. The fact that few foreigners travel by this route makes one more liable than usual to the attentions of the beggars at the railway-stations. On the other hand, there is ample opportunity to get to know more of the customs

of Southern Spain, to photograph southern types, whether with a camera or in one's mind, and to form and record impressions during the long halts of the train.

I have made this journey once in either direction, each time in the spring, and it is only right to say that, monotonous as it was, the last few hours on both occasions made the monotony seem worth while. Going eastward toward Murcia, the country from Guadix to well beyond Baza was disappointing in the extreme. Barren hills, dried-up watercourses and chalk- or sand-pits belied the name of scenery. Only occasional green oases broke the tedium of desolation. But as the train ploughed its way into the *huerta* of Lorca, and the azure sky took on a peculiar softness, the country became progressively more beautiful; we changed trains at Alcantarilla feeling positively entertained by it all and eventually entered Murcia between waving palms and in the fragrant accompanying atmosphere of acacia bloom.

Travelling westward, especially if one has had one's fill of fragrance, as is possible in a comparatively short space of time, the end of the journey is equally attractive. For after the disillusionments of the section from Baza to Guadix a beauty entirely unlike anything to be found in the Levante compels and enthralls one. Need it be said that it is the beauty of the huge snowy Sierra Nevada, which appears and reappears as the train winds slowly along, preparing one for the days to be spent in its company in the city which it has watched from the city's birth?

Motoring Routes

VALENCIA—Alcoy (72 miles)—Alicante (106 miles).

VALENCIA—Gandia (42 miles)—Alicante (115 miles).

MADRID—Albacete (158 miles)—Chinchilla (167 miles)—Almansa (203 miles)—Alicante (263 miles).

ALICANTE—Elche (14½ miles)—Orihuela (37 miles)—Murcia (53 miles)—Cartagena (83 miles).

MADRID—Albacete (158 miles)—Murcia (250 miles)—Cartagena (286 miles).

MURCIA—Lorca (40 miles)—Baza (112 miles)—Guadix (142 miles)—Granada (175 miles).

EPILOGUE

CHAPTER XX

MAJORCA

WERE I writing a geography book, a guide intended to be exhaustive, or an academic treatise, I should be obliged to add a chapter on the whole of the Balearic Islands—of which the chief are Majorca, Minorca, and Iviza—and this would give the principal place to Majorca though not the sole one. But because I am merely trying to accompany the ordinary traveller about Spain, I shall say nothing of Minorca, which is quite accessible, but of interest mainly to antiquarians, nor of Iviza, for which persons who believe themselves to be good sailors frequently set sail from Palma before finding that they are mistaken. The ordinary traveller, for the next generation at least, will probably continue to be content with the island which is in every way one of the best winter resorts in Europe: Majorca. Of this, therefore, this final chapter will treat, and if it stands out from the plan of the book as being the only chapter not dealing with the mainland, it may the better serve to draw attention to a place which itself stands out in the memories of all who have visited it.

In at least three respects Majorca is superior to Minorca and Iviza as a holiday ground. It is larger

and its scenery is more varied. Its vegetation is incomparably richer than that of the barren island of Minorca. And while unsophisticated little Iviza is not without its charms, Majorca can claim to possess, not only large regions which are quite unspoiled and where little else than the Balearic dialect of Catalan is understood or spoken, but also two or three centres which have something of the civilization of the mainland, and one—its capital, Palma—where English-speaking visitors are expected, understood, and made welcome.

Because Palma is only some forty-six hours' journey from London and is reached by boat from Barcelona, it is commonly, but erroneously, supposed by those who do not study maps that it has about the same latitude and climate as Barcelona. In actual fact the latitude of Palma is approximately that of Valencia, the route taken from Barcelona being almost due south. The position of the Majorcan city being the more sheltered of the two, its winter climate is more agreeable, while in summer its heat is tempered by the waters of the Mediterranean. All through the darkest months of the year Majorca is a mass of blossom. November and December see its orange-groves in flower; in January and February acres of almond orchards bloom; by March the temperature is that of an English summer, and carnations, roses, irises, and a host of other flowers are more advanced than on the mainland.

The history of the island is not unlike that of the Levantine towns of Spain and need not here be re-

ELCHE: ON THE ALICANTE HIGHWAY
Photo E. N. A.

DEYÁ

Photo Hans C. Stiebe

capitulated in detail. After its Carthaginian and Roman epochs, Majorca passed to the Moors at the end of the eighth century, and, except for a brief period when Count Ramón Berenguer III of Barcelona held it only to lose it again (1115), remained in the hands of the Moors till 1229. As a pirates' base, it became, with its sister islands, ever more dangerous to the Christian kingdoms of the Mediterranean, and when James the Conqueror, hardly out of his teens, began to consider the extension of his already numerous dominions, he thought first of all of the Balearic Islands, which lay so near at hand.

The story goes that, as a youth of twenty, James was the guest of honour at a banquet given at Tarragona by a wealthy merchant named Peter Martell. During the festivities, his host began to describe the attractions of Majorca so realistically that the barons present urged the king to attempt its reconquest. The idea of doing this having already occurred to him, he convened the Catalan Corts, or parliament, at Barcelona (1228); and, preparations once made, the campaign began in the summer, reached a climax with the landing of a Christian host in September and achieved definite success on the last day of the year 1229 with the taking of Palma, then known as the City of Majorca, after a siege of three months' duration.

Though the ancient walls of Palma have of recent years been rudely and in great part demolished, Palma has many reminiscences of these early days in her Christian era, chief among which is her really magnificent cathedral, begun at James the Conqueror's com-

mand in the year after the taking of Palma, though completed only at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Its magnificent and striking position on a height overlooking Palma Bay, its warm, golden-brown hue, its fine proportions, and its graceful interior all combine to give it a place in the traveller's affections equal to that occupied by any other cathedral in Spain. The choir not being in the centre of the cathedral, it is possible to obtain an uninterrupted view of the east end from the western door. This is a view of which the Northern visitor always regrets the absence in Spanish cathedrals, the view occasionally obtainable through the choir, as at León, in no way satisfying him. Beyond the royal tombs and the treasury, there is little detail to see in Palma Cathedral, but its unfailing treasure is itself.

Several other churches in Palma may be visited with profit in the course of a short morning. My own favourite is San Francisco, which, in spite of its ostentatious eighteenth-century façade, has two medieval features of great interest and beauty. One is its Gothic cloisters, which never fail to excite admiration; the other the tomb of Majorca's most famous son, Ramón Lull, who was martyred in 1315 at Bugia, in North Africa, at the age of about eighty-three. A mystic, a scholar, and a literary figure of outstanding merit, as well as a Christian missionary, Ramón Lull, who was in his boyhood a page to James the Conqueror and later the tutor of his sons, led a life of considerable licentiousness till his conversion at the age of thirty. The thirteenth-century church of Santa Eulalia is said

to be the scene of an amorous exploit of his which is probably apocryphal: according to the legend, he entered this church on horseback in pursuit of a lady whom he loved unlawfully and who had gone to worship in it, being forcibly ejected only after a most unedifying struggle.[1]

Other churches in Palma worth seeing are the convent church of San Jerónimo, the partly Moorish San Miguel, the ruined church of Santa Margarita, the fine single-naved San Jaime, and Santa Magdalena, all of which are pre-Renaissance. But more attractive to most visitors than these are those streets of Palma which have preserved so much of their ancient character, notably the Calle de la Almudaina, near the Casa Consistorial, and some of the mean and narrow thoroughfares the names of which denote that they were formerly occupied by persons engaged in some particular trade or occupation. Not every visitor is able to obtain access to the fine private mansions which abound in the city and are full of antique furniture and of specimens of that Majorcan art which has never died out entirely since the times of the Arabs. But through the open street-doors of many of them may be obtained glimpses of courtyards of picturesque simplicity which make rambles in Palma streets an occupation of which one seldom tires.

Finer even than the Lonja of Valencia is that of Palma, situated on the shore of the harbour and con-

[1] For this and other details in the life of Ramón Lull which can be studied in their setting in Majorca, I may refer readers to my *Ramon Lull, a Biography* (New York, Macmillan, 1929).

sisting of a single hall, lit by windows of great beauty, and characterized by the same spiral pillars as in the Valencian Lonja. Other buildings to be visited are the Almudaina, opposite the cathedral, formerly a royal palace; the Colegio de la Sapiencia, which has a particularly attractive *patio* and a good library, and the Museo Diocesano, housed in part of the Bishop's palace, which contains some antiquities of great variety.

Environs of Palma: Randa

The excursions to be made around Palma are remarkable rather for their scenery than for their historical associations. Along the western shore of the bay extends the residential quarter of El Terreno, with its hotels overlooking the water and its rows of villas rising in terraces behind the road. In the background, and on the heights, is the fortified castle of Bellver, from the tower of which is to be had a superb view. Continuing along the main road, and leaving the Terreno suburb, we pass Porto Pí, where in 1229 the first battle was fought with the Moors by the Christian conquerors, and reach a charming spot known as Ca's Catalá, where the road dips down almost to the sea before continuing its somewhat dull and dusty way to the town of Andraitx and its pleasant port. The other excursions from Palma—to Bendinat, to Génova, to Raxa, to Son Sardina—need not here be described, their attractions being very much on the surface, though none the less real for that. Too few

visitors to Palma, however, go to Mount Randa—its twin peaks can be seen across the bay from El Terreno —and this is a drive which no one should fail to take. Some account of it is given here because it is not in most of the guide-books.

The austerity of the mountain, in an island of such luxuriant vegetation, is the more attractive by contrast with the beauty of the views over the surrounding country. It was here that Ramón Lull came, some years after his conversion, and, while living like a hermit in a cave, was vouchsafed, as he believed, a divine vision which revealed to him his life's work and taught him the way to accomplish it. On one of the crests of the mountain stands the Franciscan convent of Cura, where, in a humble way, Ramón Lull's teaching work is continued, though the pupils are but peasant children from the village below.

The road that leads eastward from Palma to Randa is as monotonous as it is long, except, perhaps, in February, when the almond groves which border it on either side are white with bloom as far as the eye can see. Here and there the endless verdure is relieved by tracts of red, clayey soil, the soft, grey foliage of the olive, and glimpses of the sea which we are leaving behind us. By way of Lluchmayor, a compact little town of sun-browned houses, we reach the village of Randa, whence a steep path leads upward, past the remarkably situated shrine of Gracia overhung by a cliff, to the summit. Save for the magnificent sea-views, the scenery is not inviting. Boulders are strewn about the path, and little but scrub grows plentifully.

Arriving at Cura, we pass along a roughly kept terrace with superb views over the surrounding country, until we reach the cave of Ramón—"to which," as the Catalan inscription has it, "he withdrew that he might be with God. As he was in lofty contemplation, there appeared to him Jesus crucified, Who, when Ramón embraced Him, disappeared, leaving His Cross in his arms."

Another of the legends connected with this terrace and cave relates that on one night Ramón kept vigil by a lentiscus bush and passed the hours of sleep in contemplation. In the morning he found that the leaves of the bush were engraven with characters of the Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldean, and many other alphabets, the occurrence denoting the languages in which his great book, the *Ars Magna,* was to be taught to the heathen. A lentiscus (*mata*) with strange markings is certainly to be found in this locality, but the legend-loving pilgrim has carried away most of the sprigs in the last few years, and one will soon have to search laboriously among the marigolds, which grow about the grass, to find any.

Valldemosa and Miramar

A visit to Miramar ("Sea-view"), in the north-west of Majorca, will recall another epoch in Ramón Lull's life—the foundation there, in 1276, of a college for the training of missionaries to the heathen. Miramar is a spot as idyllic and luxuriant as Randa is austere: the latter typifies well the missionary's ascetic self-prepa-

ration; the former, the first fruition of his efforts. The usual road to Miramar runs through Valldemosa, a village some 1650 feet above sea-level and perhaps the pleasantest part of Majorca in the heat of the summer. At Valldemosa is a celebrated Carthusian monastery which has been secularized for over a century and is now converted into maisonnettes. Soon after its secularization it was visited by George Sand, who came here in 1838 in company with Chopin. The view, from some little distance, of the village and monastery is particularly pleasing, but it yields, both in picturesqueness and grandeur, to the views from the slopes of Miramar itself on a clear day in spring. No lovelier spot can be found along the Majorcan coast-line, nor, for that matter, down the whole of the Levantine coast of Spain.

> Wide sweeps of silver-grey olive-groves set off the azure sea, and above the grounds which once belonged to the monastery dark overhanging pines lend grandeur to what without them might seem a too effeminate beauty. The contrast between the ascetic hermit . . . and the successful founder . . . is not more striking than that between the austerity and bareness of Randa and the fair prospect of Miramar glimpsed from the grey, wooded heights above it on a day when a sunset spreading gloriously over the ocean encourages the illusion that the scene is too wonderful to be real.[1]

Miramar to-day is associated chiefly with the name of Louis Salvator, Archduke of Austria, who as a young man of thirty purchased the whole property in

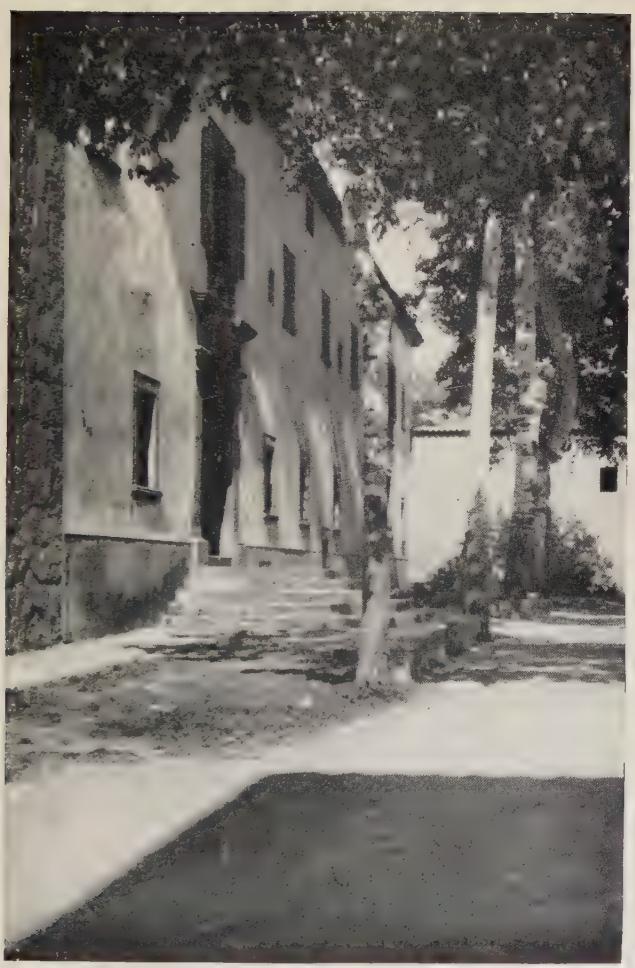
[1] *Ramon Lull, a Biography*, p. 133.

1867, resided in it at intervals till his death in 1915, and preserved and enriched it so as to deserve the gratitude of all lovers of Majorca, whom he always made welcome to his estate during his lifetime. Now that both the Archduke and his fortune are gone, the estate is less well cared for, but the belvederes which he erected will be a permanent tribute to his memory.

From Miramar we may either return to Palma or prolong our excursion in one of two directions, keeping all the time among the hills of the north-western range, which provide the finest scenery in the island. Returning to Valldemosa we may turn off to the right and run through Esporlas to Bañalbúfar, continuing thence south-westward along another beautiful stretch of the coast to the hilly village of Estallenchs and so by a winding descent to Andraitx, en route for Palma. None of this country, which is largely given up to tomato-growing, boasts any railway communications, which are limited, as far as the north-western Sierra is concerned, to a single line between Palma and Sóller. The other suggested drive from Miramar being through the picturesque little fishing-village of Deyá to Sóller we may now consider this town separately, as it is the best inland holiday centre in Majorca.

Sóller, Lluch, Pollensa

The road, or railway-line, from Palma to Sóller, which is rather more than eighteen miles in length, runs through groves of oranges and almonds, then heads for the hills, and finally climbs, with olive



THE MONASTERY OF LLUCH
Photo Henry C. Shelley

ARTA
Photo Henry C. Shelley

plantations in view all the way, until the broad valley in which Sóller lies comes into sight and the line descends in steep curves till it runs alongside the river.

The modern name of Sóller comes from an Arabic name for it meaning "valley of gold." In itself, as well as by contrast with the steep and stern mountains surrounding it, of which the highest is the snow-capped Puig Mayor, Sóller resembles a garden full of blossom and fruit—at its best perhaps in early spring, when oranges and lemons, both largely exported, are ripe, and plum, pear, apple, cherry, and peach are in flower. There are no "monuments" in the town, and the sole reason for staying there for as long as a week, or even longer, is that a different and a wholly delightful excursion can be made each day and that the scenery offers considerable variety to those who know only Palma.

Deyá, Miramar, and Valldemosa, all within easy reach of Sóller, have already been mentioned: Sóller Port (two and a half miles from the town) can be utilized for boating excursions, of which the best is that to the Torrent de Pareys, which can also be visited from the interior by way of the mountains. To the north-east of Sóller lie the finest walks. Beyond the little villages of Biniaraix and Fornalutx the mountains rise steeply, and the path upward runs up a ravine known as the Barranco, and passing through woods strewn thickly with ferns, comes out at the foot of the Puig Mayor. This climb forms the first instalment of the two-day excursion from Sóller over the mountains to the monastery of Lluch and back.

Rounding the base of the Puig the path continues along a ridge with splendid mountain-views on all sides, eventually descending by way of the Blue Gorge (in Catalan, Gorch Blau) and hence by woods and winding path to the plain in which stands the monastery. The whole walk from Sóller to Lluch should only be attempted by good walkers, or on mule-back, and demands on the average from seven to eight hours.

Lluch is a solitary spot, the hamlet consisting only of the monastery and a few houses, surrounded on three sides by hills, with a single road leading away from them to join the central Majorcan railway-line at Inca. The monks give hospitality, more genuinely gratuitous but less inviting than that of Montserrat. The bedrooms are lofty, cold, unlit, and bare as can be; the sheets and blankets are not infrequently wringing wet. But no other shelter is available, and it must be admitted that the pilgrims' refectory is good, its prices are moderate, and the service is cheerful and ready, if nothing more.

A further day's walk, mainly over rough or stony hill-paths, brings one in sight of the north-eastern coast of the island and the beautiful Bay of Pollensa. At the end of the day we arrive at Pollensa Port, having passed through Pollensa itself, some four miles inland, on the way, and visited its Calvary or the fortified medieval chapel on the Puig de Santa María. Until recently, the Pollensa country was one of the least sophisticated parts of Majorca; and even as late as 1925, in Pollensa itself, I was charged only five pesetas (then seventy-five cents) for an excellent supper

of several courses, a bedroom with electric light, two windows, and a spotless bed, and the usual Spanish breakfast of rolls and coffee. But tourists are invading this corner of the island, foreign painters are bringing their palettes and brushes for extended periods; and Pollensa is discovering that civilization consists in more than the possession of a cinema. Yet some years will elapse before the district can attain to complete sophistication; meanwhile there are (and presumably there will still be even then) the superb walks to the long and hilly Cape Formentor, to the picturesque Cala de San Vicente, and to the Castell del Rey, a ruined castle which belonged to James the Conqueror set in a rugged and majestic spot on its rocky foundations. Just across Pollensa Bay is the Phœnician and Roman town of Alcudia. Near as it is to Pollensa, its inhabitants are of a distinctly less friendly and obliging nature, and it is best visited from the neighbouring town or port. Its ruined Roman amphitheatre, however, and its medieval walls should be seen, and a walk out to the promontory, which partially bounds Alcudia Bay and overlooks its low, distant hills, is strongly to be recommended.

South-eastern Majorca

A straight line drawn on the map from Palma to Alcudia cuts off on the left most of the regions of Majorca which are chiefly visited by foreigners. Every part of the coast has its beauties, but the plains of Central and South-eastern Majorca are less admired

than the hills of the north-west. It will suffice to name a few of the places which can most easily be visited by means of the two railway-lines which run from Palma to Felanitx and to Manacor, or by the roads which correspond to these lines approximately.

Inca, the junction for Manacor, though at first sight an ordinary market-town with the usual indifferent *fondas,* proves to contain a number of interesting churches, to boast a history going back to the Moors and Vandals, and to have a more venerable possession in the shape of some of the prehistoric monuments, called *talayots,* for which archæologists chiefly visit Minorca.

Manacor is noted for its caves, seven miles out from the town, which has a palace dating from the thirteenth century, when Majorca was a separate kingdom from Catalonia. The Cuevas dels Hams have been discovered more recently than the Cuevas del Drach, which are the deeper and the more extensive. Their principal point of interest is a series of lakes, one of which is 350 feet in length and can be traversed in a rowing-boat. To the north-east of Manacor, served by a fairly good road but no railway, is Artá, which also has its caves at about the same distance as those of Manacor. These Cuevas de la Ermita are rather the least attractive of the three, for though their stalactites are variously described by natives as being the most wonderful in Majorca, in Spain, in Europe, and in the world, one seems to have seen quite similar ones elsewhere. The thick coatings of soot on the walls have been caused by the torches of generations of admiring visi-

tors, who have given the vaults the usual fantastic names of the "Organ Hall," the "Baptistery," the "Virgin's Hall," and so on.

Felanitx, another terminus of Majorca's railway system, is the least uninteresting of the towns of the plain, and not at all an unprofitable place from which to make excursions. As Majorca's towns go, it is modern, for it was founded by James II, the Conqueror's younger son, and successor as King of Majorca, in 1300. Its Calvary, like that of Pollensa, deserves a visit, both for its own beauty and for the view thence over the town. It has also a good Renaissance church, the exterior of which, with its tall tower, is particularly dignified when seen from the Calvary. Near it is the Puig de San Salvador, which should certainly be climbed for the sake of the view.

Conclusion

We have ended this chapter—and this book—upon a low note indeed, with nothing more than a humble catalogue of places that may conveniently be visited when the "lions" of the island have been seen and admiration has given place to curiosity. This procedure must not be allowed to convey a false impression. The North-western Sierra is worth all the rest of the island. Whatever be the object of a visit, Palma and Sóller are its two best centres, and a briefer stay at Pollensa will give all the variety that is needed. With a few books that are indispensable for a true appreciation of the island's history one may learn as much of perma-

nent value in Majorca as anywhere in Spain. Of such books, written in English, there are three. The *Chronicle of James I, King of Aragon,* in Forster's translation, will re-create the exploits of that powerful and amorous monarch who conquered Majorca. The *Book of the Lover and the Beloved,* now available [1] in English for those who like such things, can tell, only less eloquently than in its unrivalled Catalan, the secrets which made Ramón Lull a master-mystic. While a modern work,[2] combining history and description, by an author who knows the island all over, would accompany the reader on all his wanderings were it not for its bulk, and must therefore be relegated to the fireside as an indispensable companion for one's evenings both in Majorca and elsewhere.

With these lines our survey of Spain comes to an end. Do I regret having, as it were, torn up my peroration, and allowed this not ambitious, but I hope, companionable book to terminate as naturally as a conversation? No; for though I love Spain as much as any, and can write of her as one that loves her, I have tried in these pages not so much to induce my readers, by means of eulogies, to make the journey to Spain as to be of use to them when, from whatever motive, they have arrived there. Therefore, the aim of my book being to say in simple language what I should myself say to my readers if I were present with them, I have no desire to take my leave of them in any guise than that which I have assumed throughout.

[1] New York, Macmillan, 1923.

[2] *Majorca,* by Henry C. Shelley (Boston, Little Brown, 1926).

Motoring Routes

PALMA—Lluchmayor (14 miles)—Randa (19 miles).
PALMA—Sóller (19 miles).
PALMA—Valldemosa (10½ miles).
PALMA—Inca (18 miles)—Lluch (29 miles).
PALMA—Andraitx (18 miles)—Bañalbúfar (34 miles)—Valldemosa (46 miles)—Miramar (53 miles)—Deyá (56 miles)—Sóller (63 miles).
INCA—La Puebla (8 miles)—Alcudia (14 miles).
INCA—Pollensa (16 miles).
PALMA—Algaida (14 miles)—Manacor (31 miles)—Porto Cristo (38 miles).
MANACOR—Artá (12½ miles).

HISTORICAL TABLES

I. Chief Events in Spanish History since the Moorish Invasion

A.D.

711. Moorish invasion.
c. 718. Battle of Covadonga.
737. Death of Pelayo.
c. 874. Barcelona becomes an independent Christian county.
1035. Ramón Berenguer I becomes Count of Barcelona.
1085. Alfonso VI of Castile reconquers Toledo.
1099. Death of Ruy Díaz de Bivar (the Cid).
1137. Union of Catalonia and Aragon.
1212. Alfonso VIII of Castile defeats the Moors at Las Navas de Tolosa.
1213-76. Reign of James I of Aragon ("The Conqueror").
1229. James I of Aragon reconquers Majorca.
1236. Ferdinand III of Castile reconquers Córdoba.
1238. James I of Aragon reconquers Valencia.
1248. Ferdinand III of Castile reconquers Seville.
1252-84. Reign of Alfonso X ("the Wise") of Castile.
1312-50. Reign of Alfonso XI of Castile.
1350-69. Reign of Peter I ("the Cruel") of Castile.
1406-54. Reign of John II of Castile.
1453. Execution of Álvaro de Luna.
1469. Marriage of Isabel of Castile to Ferdinand, Prince of Aragon.
1474. Isabel succeeds to the throne of Castile.
1479. Ferdinand succeeds to the throne of Aragon. Union of Christian Spain.
1492. Reconquest of Granada.
1492. Discovery of America.
1520-21. Revolt of the Comuneros.
1560. Court moved to Madrid.
1571. Battle of Lepanto.
1588. Rout of the Spanish Armada.
1639. Beginning of the Catalonian Civil War.
1700. Beginning of the Bourbon dynasty.
1702-13. War of the Spanish Succession.

1704. Capture of Gibraltar.
1808. Invasion of Spain by Napoleon. *Dos de Mayo.* Siege of Zaragoza.
1808-13. War of Independence.
1898. Spain loses her last American colonies.
1902. Alfonso XIII attains his legal majority.
1923-30. Primo de Rivera's dictatorship in Spain.

II. Sovereigns of United Spain, with the Dates of their Reigns

Ferdinand V, 1479-1516, and Isabel I, 1474-1504.
Charles V, 1516-56.
Philip II, 1556-98.
Philip III, 1598-1621.
Philip IV, 1621-65.
Charles II, 1665-1700.
Philip V, 1700-46.
Ferdinand VI, 1746-57.
Charles III, 1757-88.
Charles IV, 1788-1808.
Ferdinand VII, 1808-33.
Isabel II, 1833-68.
Amadeo, 1871-73.
[Republic, 1873-74.]
Alfonso XII, 1874-85.
Alfonso XIII, 1886-

GLOSSARY OF SOME COMMON SPANISH WORDS

aficionado, amateur, person devoted to (sport, etc.).
ajimez, twin-arched window.
alameda, avenue, grove, public walk.
alcazaba, castle, fortified place.
alcázar, castle.
¡Anda! "Go away!"
aposento, room, apartment.
arco, arch.
artesonado, panelled, trough-shaped (ceiling).
ayer, yesterday.
ayuntamiento, town-hall.
azulejo, glazed tile.
balneario, spa, hotel, or other building where the waters are taken.
barro, mud.
bodega, wine-vault, wine-cellar.
¡Buen viaje! "Pleasant journey!" *"Bon voyage!"*
cama, bed.
caña, cane, reed.
capilla mayor, chancel.
carmen, country-house and garden.
Cartuja, Carthusian monastery.
casa de huéspedes, boarding-house.
coche, cab, carriage.
coro, choir.
correo, (1) mail; (2) mail-train.
corrida, bullfight.
cuento, tale, story.
despacho, office.
estanco, shop where goods are sold of which there is a State monopoly (*e.g.* tobacco, postage-stamps)
expreso, express train.
feria, fair.
fonda, small hotel.
herradura, horseshoe.
huerta (or *vega*), cultivated and irrigated land surrounding a town or city.
infierno, hell.
kilométrico, kilometric ticket (good for several thousand kilometres and purchased at a cheap rate).
lemosín, modern name for the Catalan of Valencia and its region.
Levante, Mediterranean (east) coast of Spain.
lonja, exchange.
mañana, morning, to-morrow.
mirador, belvedere, view-point.
mixto, slow train carrying both passengers and goods.
montaña, mountain.
naranjo, orange-tree.
paraíso, Paradise.
paseo, walk.
paso. See p. 123.
patio, courtyard.
pensión, (1) boarding-house; (2) inclusive terms for board and lodging (at a hotel, etc.).
playa, beach, *plage.*
plaza, square, market-place.
plazuela, little square.
pronunciamiento, rising, insurrection.
propina, gratuity.
puerta, door, gate.

rambla (literally sandy ravine or river-bed), name given to a broad avenue in Barcelona and elsewhere.
rápido, fast train.
reja, railing; *grille* (in churches), screen.
retablo, altar-piece.
saeta (literally arrow), short and often improvised religious verse.
Semana Santa, Holy Week.
sereno, night-watchman.
sillería, (choir) stalls.
simpatía, simpático. See p. 23.
templete, small temple or pavilion.
torre, tower; country-house.
trascoro, west wall of the choir.
tren, train.
vega. See *huerta.*
viajero, traveller.
zarzuela, musical comedy.

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Where one of the references given under a heading is more important than the others it is printed in heavy type.

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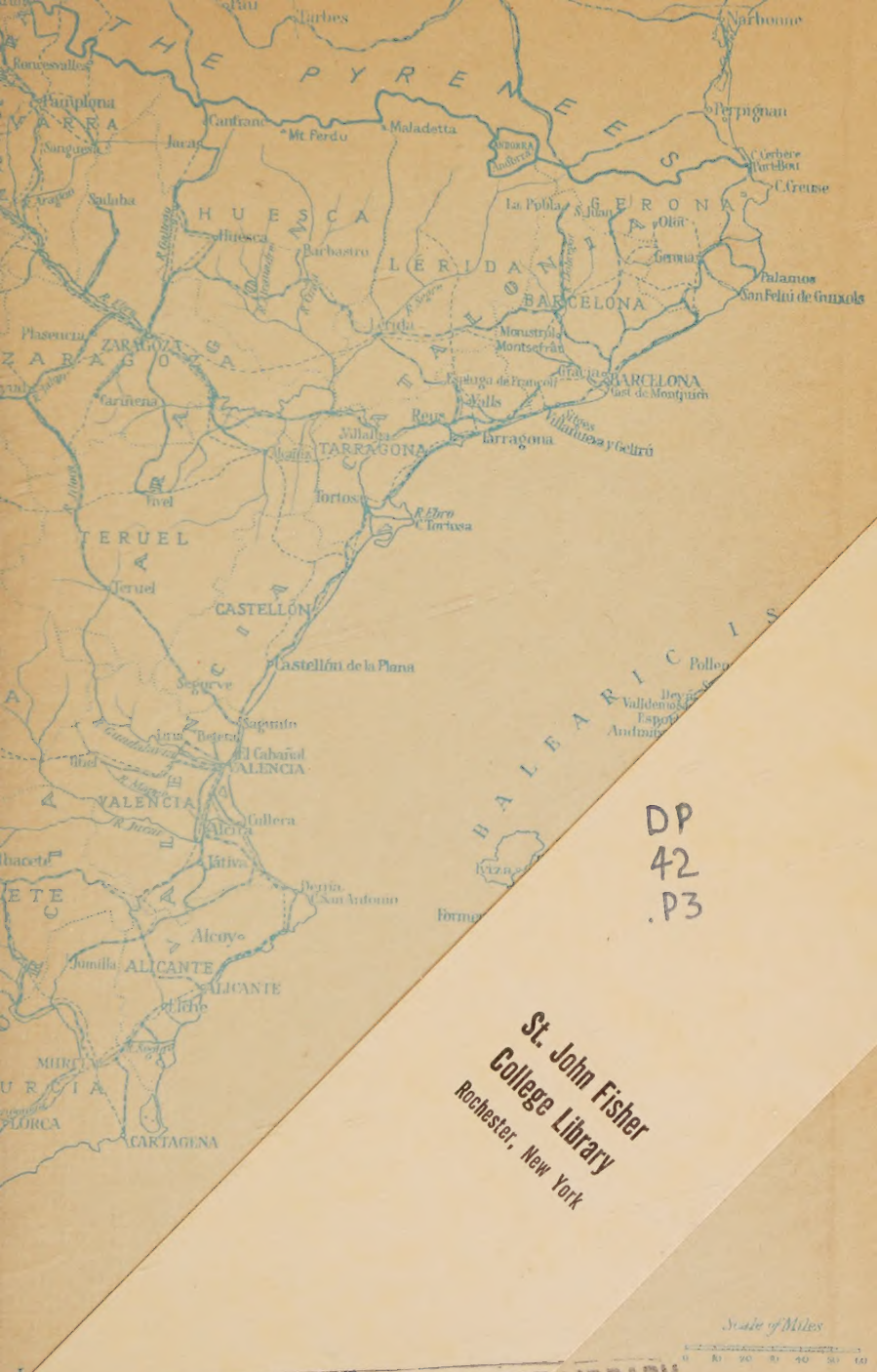

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